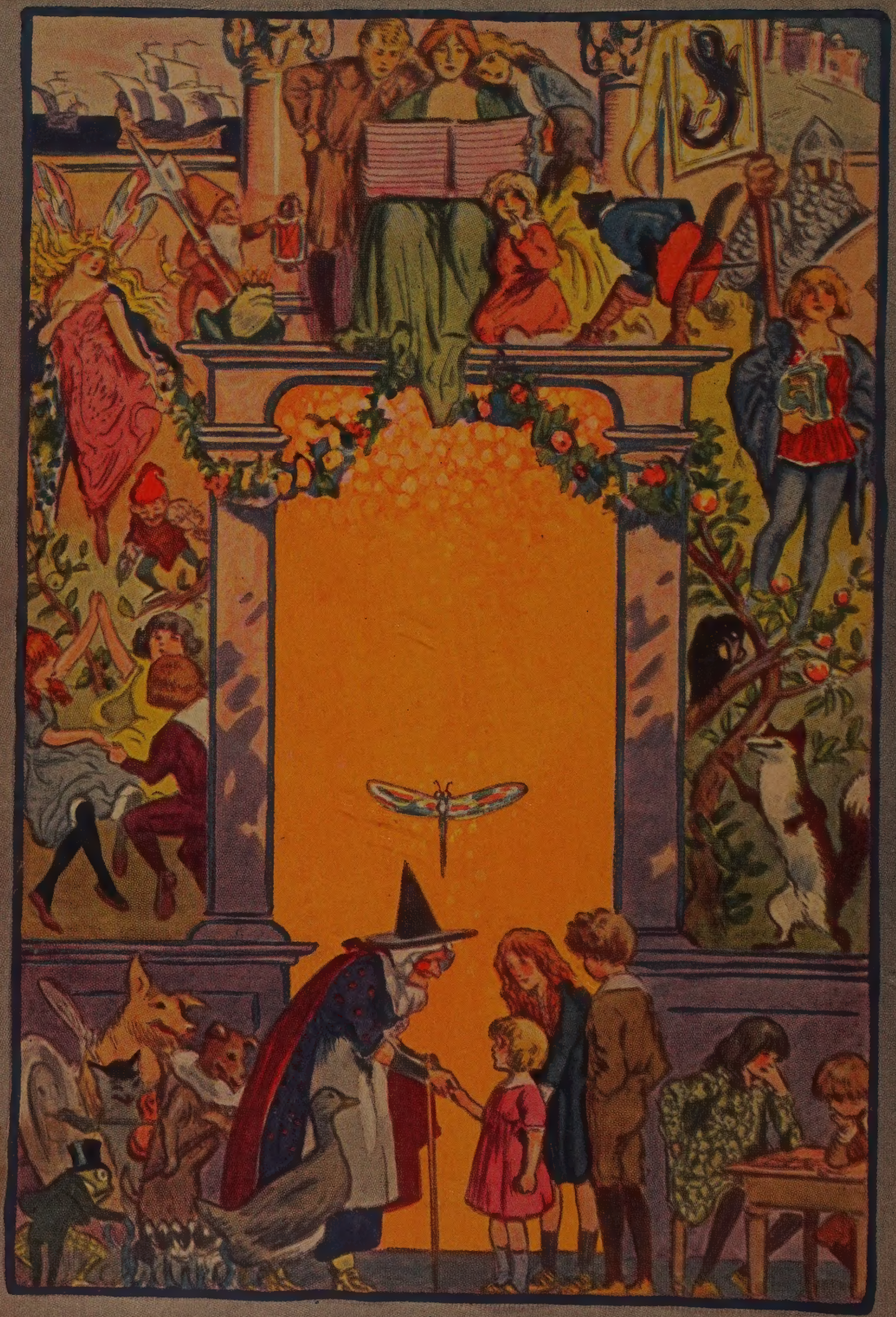

SCIENCE

THE MAGIC CARPET

FROM A DRAWING BY P. VINTON BROWN

The HOME UNIVERSITY BOOKSHELF

PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

THE EDITORIAL BOARD *of the* UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

VOLUME V

FAMOUS STORIES AND VERSE

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED
New York

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INTRODUCTION

FROM the standpoint of literary merit this volume is the most important of all. It is an introduction to the best in literature, in both prose and poetry. Whoever is still young in spirit will find these pages fascinating.

"Famous Stories and Verse" is a careful culling of gems from many world-famous authors. Glance down the inspiring list: Andersen, Dickens, Browning, Kingsley, Ruskin, Barrie, Swift, Defoe, Irving, Longfellow, Cervantes, Fouqué, Hawthorne, Macaulay, Lewis Carroll, Lamb, Rossetti, Maeterlinck, Kipling—these are only a few. Even old Chaucer is in the goodly company. Most of the stories are presented in the language of the masters themselves. Where the originals are too long for full inclusion, abridgements have been carefully made by competent critics, and always in the spirit of the author. For example, we cannot give all of Sir Thomas Mallory's "King Arthur and His Knights," but we can give a faithful reflection of the story and its spirit.

First comes a group of tales from "The Arabian Nights"—that wonderful series by an unknown writer which has come out of the Orient and been translated into nearly every tongue. Nine typical tales are presented, including "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," and "Sindbad."

Other famous tales included are "The Emperor's Old Clothes," "The Water Babies," "The King of the Golden River," "Peter Pan," "Undine," "The Blue Bird," and others by various authors—each a classic of its kind.

Stories of imagination in similar vein are such as "Pinocchio," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "A Mad Tea-Party" (from "Alice in Wonderland"); "Pilgrim's Progress," "Rip Van Winkle," and numerous others.

Still another type is that of adventure—"Prince Gareth," "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," "Una and the Lion," "Canterbury Tales," "At the Back of the North Wind," and the like.

Nor must we overlook the Verse. Altogether too often adults are heard to say that they have no use for poetry. The Editors believe that the attitude of these individuals is the natural result of their having been made to read when children, poems which were beyond their comprehension. Because roast-beef is good food and is enjoyed by older folk that is not a legitimate rea-

son for giving it to babies. The Editors have applied this commonsense principle to the selection of the verse in this volume. Each poem included has passed the two rigid tests: 1. Is it one of the world's best poems? 2. Is it within a child's ken?

While selected for entertainment, the content of this meaty volume is of value on higher grounds. Much of it is inspirational, although not obtrusively so. The stories teach nobility of character and high endeavor. And further, they give the young reader a taste and desire for the really worthwhile in the world's literature.

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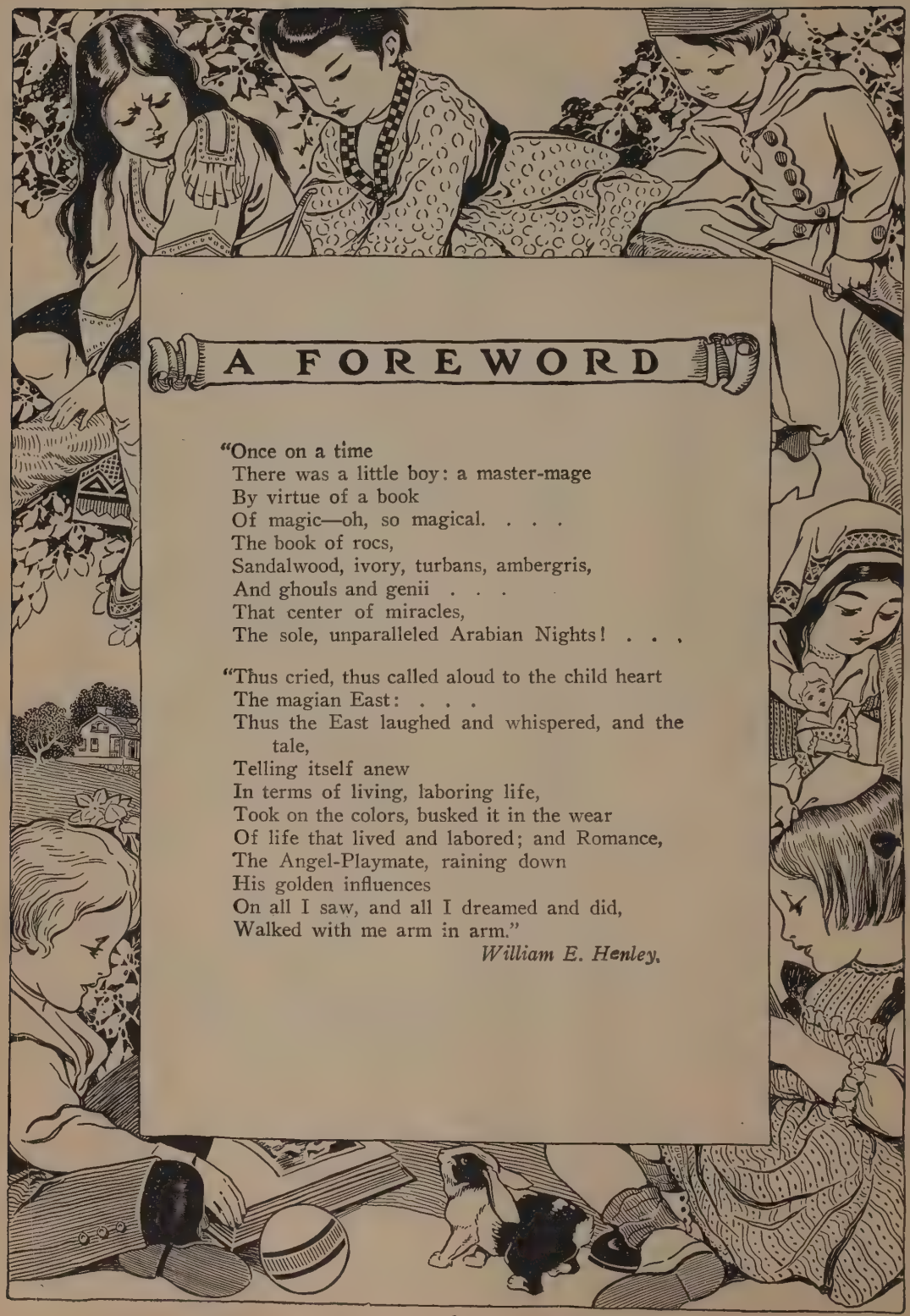
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



A FOREWORD

"Once on a time
There was a little boy: a master-mage
By virtue of a book
Of magic—oh, so magical. . . .
The book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
And ghouls and genii . . .
That center of miracles,
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights! . . .

"Thus cried, thus called aloud to the child heart
The magian East: . . .
Thus the East laughed and whispered, and the tale,
Telling itself anew
In terms of living, laboring life,
Took on the colors, busked it in the wear
Of life that lived and labored; and Romance,
The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm in arm."

William E. Henley.

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

ONCE there was a Sultan of Persia who found out that his wife loved another man (a slave) better than himself. So in his anger he ordered the Sultana to be killed; and he bound himself by a solemn vow that, to prevent such a happening in the future, he would marry a new wife every evening, and command her to be strangled the next morning. The result of this cruel edict was that, whereas his subjects before this had loved him, they now looked upon him with the greatest fear and hatred.

Now, the grand vizier, whose duty it was to conduct these unfortunate young women to his master, had two daughters. The name of the older was Schehera-zade; of the younger, Dinar-zade. Schehera-zade was a wonderful young woman. She had read everything, and never forgot; and her beauty was exceeded only by her goodness. The vizier was passionately fond of her.

To his surprise, one day she asked that she might be the next one to become the Sultan's bride. The grand vizier was horrified at this proposal, and pointed out to her the fearful penalty that would come to her.

"I have a plan," she explained, "which may make a change in the Sultan's mind and put a stop to this dreadful cruelty. If I die, my death will be glorious; if I live, I shall render a great service to my country."

At length, with the greatest reluctance, he yielded to his favorite daughter's wish.

Before Schehera-zade was taken to the palace she called her sister Dinar-zade aside and said: "I am going to ask the Sultan to allow you also to sleep in his chamber to-night. If he consents, remember to waken me to-morrow morning an hour before daybreak, and say to me: 'If you are not asleep, my sister, I beg of you, till the morning appears, to tell me one of those delightful stories you know.'"

Dinar-zade was surprised, but promised to do as she had been asked.

As soon as the Sultan was alone with Schehera-zade he ordered her to take off her veil He was charmed with her beauty; but perceiving that she was in tears, he asked the cause of them. "Sire," said Schehera-zade, "I have a sister whom I tenderly love. I earnestly wish that she may be permitted to spend the night in this apartment, that we may see each other and once more take a tender farewell."

The Sultan having agreed to this, they sent for Dinar-zade, who came directly.

The next morning Dinar-zade, having awakened about an hour before day, said: "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, I entreat you, as it will soon be light, to tell me one of those delightful tales you know. It will, alas! be the last time I shall have that pleasure."

"Will your majesty permit me to indulge my sister in her request?" asked Schehera-zade.

"Freely," answered the Sultan.

So, looking at the Sultan as she spoke, Schehera-zade began.

THE STORY OF THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE

THERE was formerly, Sire, a Merchant who was possessed of great wealth, in land, merchandise and ready money. Having one day some business of great importance at a distance, he saddled his horse, and, carrying with him only a few biscuits and some dates, he took his journey. On the fourth day he turned out of his way to rest under some trees, where there was a fountain. Here he alighted, and, sitting down on a bank, ate his biscuits and dates, and then amused himself by throwing the stones of the fruit about. Having finished his meal, he said his prayers.

While he was still kneeling, a Genie, white with age and of enormous stature, advanced toward him, with a scimitar in his hand.

"Get up," he roared, "that I may kill thee, as thou hast just caused the death of my son."

"How can I have killed thy son, when I have not seen him and do not know him?"

"Hast thou not been throwing date-stones?"

"Yea."

"Well, then, one of them struck my son in the eye while he was passing and killed him."

"Ah, sir, forgive me," pleaded the Merchant.

"I have no forgiveness," said the Genie, "nor will I have mercy." And he seized the Merchant in his arms, and having thrown him with his face to the ground, he lifted up his sabre to strike off his head.

Schehera-zade, seeing that it was day, broke off. "What a thrilling story!" exclaimed Dinar-zade. "Tell me the rest at once."

"The conclusion is even more thrilling," said Schehera-zade. "If the Sultan would permit me to live one more day, and in the morning allow me to continue—"

"Very well," said the Sultan, who had listened with much pleasure, and who now could hardly wait until the next day, intending, however, to order her execution after she had finished the story.

The next morning the Sultan did not linger for Schehera-zade to ask permission to speak, but said: "Finish the tale of the Genie and the Merchant. I am curious to hear the end of it." Schehera-zade immediately went on as follows:

When the Merchant, Sire, saw that the Genie was really going to carry out his purpose, he cried aloud: "One word more, I entreat you! Grant me a little delay; give me only one year, in which to say farewell to my wife and my children, and I promise to return to this spot, and to submit to whatever you wish."

"Will you swear to this, by Allah?"

"I swear, and you may rely upon me."

The year quickly passed away. The good Merchant having settled his affairs, paid his just debts, given alms to the poor, and made provision for his family, tore himself away, amid frantic expressions of grief on every side, and arrived at the spot, mindful of his oath, on the very day he had promised.

While he was waiting for the Genie, there suddenly appeared an old man leading a young deer, who asked him respectfully what brought him to that desert place. After he had told his story, the old man said that he would wait to witness his interview with the Genie. He had hardly finished his speech when another old man, accompanied by two black dogs, came in sight; and he, too, after having heard the tale of the Merchant, determined to remain and see the event.

It took several mornings to tell the Tale of the Old Man and the Young Deer, and the Old Man and the Two Black Dogs, and the rest of the story of the Merchant and the Genie; and by that time the Sultan was so fascinated with the stories told by Schehera-zade that he could hardly wait until morning for her to begin a new one.

The most famous stories that Schehera-zade told were—

THE FATHER TESTS HIS THREE SONS

FROM A DRAWING BY MONRO S. ORR

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

FROM A DRAWING BY MONRO S. ORR

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ADAPTED BY AMY STEEDMAN

FAR away on the other side of the world, in one of the great wealthy cities of China, there once lived a poor tailor called Mustapha. He had a wife whom he loved dearly and an only son whose name was Aladdin.

But, sad to say, although the tailor was good and industrious, his son was so idle and bad that his father and mother did not know what to do with him. All day long he played in the streets with other idle boys, and when he grew big enough to learn a trade he said he did not mean to work at all. His poor father was very much troubled, and ordered Aladdin to come to the workshop to learn to be a tailor, but Aladdin only laughed, and ran away so swiftly that neither his father nor mother could catch him.

"Alas!" said Mustapha sadly, "I can do nothing with this idle boy."

And he grew so sad about it, that at last he fell ill and died.

Then the poor widow was obliged to sell the little workshop, and try to make enough money for herself and Aladdin by spinning.

Now it happened that one day when Aladdin was playing as usual with the idle street boys, a tall, dark, old man stood watching him, and when the game was finished he made a sign to Aladdin to come to him.

"What is thy name, my boy?" asked this old man, who, though he appeared so kind, was really an African Magician.

"My name is Aladdin," answered the boy, wondering who this stranger could be.

"And what is thy father's name?" asked the Magician.

"My father was Mustapha the tailor, but he has been dead a long time now," answered Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the wicked old Magician, pretending to weep, "he was my brother, and thou must be my nephew. I am thy long-lost uncle!" and he threw his arms round Aladdin's neck and embraced him.

"Tell thy dear mother that I will come and see her this very day," he cried "and give her this small present." And he placed in Aladdin's hands five gold pieces.

Aladdin ran home in great haste to tell his mother the story of the long-lost uncle.

"It must be a mistake," she said, "thou hast no uncle."

But when she saw the gold she began to think that this stranger must be a relation, and so she prepared a grand supper to welcome him when he came.

They had not long to wait before the African Magician appeared, bringing with him all sorts of fruits and delicious sweets for dessert.

"Tell me about my poor brother," he said, as he embraced Aladdin and his mother. "Show me exactly where he used to sit."

Then the widow pointed to a seat on the sofa, and the Magician knelt down and began to kiss the place and weep over it.

The poor widow was quite touched, and began to believe that this really must be her husband's brother, especially when he began to show the kindest interest in Aladdin.

"What is thy trade?" he asked the boy.

"Alas!" said the widow, "he will do nothing but play in the streets."

Aladdin hung his head with shame as his uncle gravely shook his head.

"He must begin work at once," he said. "How would it please thee to have a shop of thine own? I could buy one for thee, and stock it with silks and rich stuffs."

Aladdin danced with joy at the very idea, and next day set out with his supposed uncle, who bought him a splendid suit of clothes, and took him all over the city to show him the sights.

The day after, the Magician again took Aladdin out with him, but this time they went outside the city, through beautiful gardens, into the open country. They walked so far that Aladdin began to grow weary, but the Magician gave him a cake and some delicious fruit and told him such wonderful tales that he scarcely noticed how far they had gone. At last they came to a deep valley between two mountains, and there the Magician paused.

"Stop!" he cried, "this is the very place I am in search of. Gather some sticks that we may make a fire."

Aladdin quickly did as he was bid, and had soon gathered together a great heap of dry sticks. The Magician then set fire to them, and the heap blazed up merrily. With great care the old man now sprinkled some curious-looking powder on the flames, and muttered strange words. In an instant the earth beneath their feet trembled, and they heard a rumbling like distant thunder. Then the ground opened in front of them, and showed a great square slab of stone with a ring in it.

By this time Aladdin was so frightened that he turned to run home as fast as he could, but the

Magician caught him, and gave him such a blow that he fell to the earth.

"Why dost thou strike me, Uncle?" sobbed Aladdin.

"Do as I bid thee," said the Magician, "and then thou shalt be well treated. Dost thou see that stone? Beneath it is a treasure which I will share with thee. Only obey me, and it will soon be ours."

As soon as Aladdin heard of a treasure, he jumped up and forgot all his fears. He seized the ring as the Magician directed, and easily pulled up the stone.

"Now," said the old man, "look in and thou wilt see stone steps leading downwards. Thou shalt descend those steps until thou comest to three great halls. Pass through them, but take care to wrap thy coat well round thee that thou mayest touch nothing, for if thou dost, thou wilt die instantly. When thou hast passed through the halls thou wilt come into a garden of fruit trees. Go through it until thou seest a niche with a lighted lamp in it. Put the light out, pour forth the oil, and bring the lamp to me."

So saying the Magician placed a magic ring upon Aladdin's finger to guard him, and bade the boy begin his search.

Aladdin did exactly as he was told and found everything just as the Magician had said. He went through the halls and the garden until he came to the lamp, and when he had poured out the oil and placed the lamp carefully inside his coat he began to look about him.

He had never seen such a lovely garden before, even in his dreams. The fruits that hung upon the trees were of every color of the rainbow. Some were clear and shining like crystal, some sparkled with a crimson light and others were green, blue, violet, and orange, while the leaves that shaded them were silver and gold. Aladdin did not guess that these fruits were precious stones, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, but they looked so pretty that he filled all his pockets with them as he passed back through the garden.

The Magician was eagerly peering down the stone steps when Aladdin began to climb up.

"Give me the lamp," he cried, stretching his hand for it.

"Wait until I get out," answered Aladdin, "and then I will give it thee."

"Hand it up to me at once," screamed the old man angrily.

"Not till I am safely out," repeated Aladdin.

Then the Magician stamped with rage, and rushing to the fire threw on it some more of the curious powder, uttered the same strange words as before, and instantly the stone slipped back into its place, the earth closed over it, and Aladdin was left in darkness.

This showed indeed that the wicked old man was not Aladdin's uncle. By his magic arts in Africa he had found out all about the lamp, which was a wonderful treasure, as you will see. But he knew that he could not get it himself, that another hand must fetch it to him. This was the reason why he had fixed upon Aladdin to help him, and had meant, as soon as the lamp was safely in his hand, to kill the boy.

As his plan had failed he went back to Africa, and was not seen again for a long, long time.

But there was poor Aladdin, shut up underground, with no way of getting out! He tried to find his way back to the great halls and the beautiful garden of shining fruits, but the walls had closed up, and there was no escape that way either. For two days the poor boy sat crying and moaning in his despair, and just as he had made up his mind that he must die, he clasped his hands together, and in doing so rubbed the ring which the Magician had put upon his finger.

In an instant a huge figure rose out of the earth and stood before him.

"What is thy will, my master," it said. "I am the Slave of the Ring, and must obey him who wears the ring."

"Whoever or whatever you are," cried Aladdin, "take me out of this dreadful place."

Scarcely had he said these words when the earth opened, and the next moment Aladdin found himself lying at his mother's door. He was so weak for want of food, and his joy at seeing his mother was so great, that he fainted away, but when he came to himself he promised to tell her all that had happened.

"But first give me something to eat," he cried, "for I am dying of hunger."

"Alas!" said his mother, "I have nothing in the house except a little cotton, which I will go out and sell."

"Stop a moment," cried Aladdin, "rather let us sell this old lamp which I have brought back with me."

But no sooner had she given it the first rub than a huge dark figure slowly rose from the floor like a wreath of smoke until it reached the ceiling, towering above them.

"What is thy will?" it asked. "I am the Slave of the Lamp, and must do the bidding of him who holds the Lamp."

The moment the figure began to rise from the ground Aladdin's mother was so terrified that she fainted away, but Aladdin managed to snatch the

lamp from her, although he could scarcely hold it in his own shaking hand.

"Fetch me something to eat," he said in a trembling voice, for the terrible Genie was glaring down upon him.

The Slave of the Lamp disappeared in a cloud of smoke, but in an instant he was back again, bringing with him a most delicious breakfast, served upon plates and dishes of pure gold.

By this time Aladdin's mother had recovered, but she was almost too frightened to eat, and begged Aladdin to sell the lamp at once, for she was sure it had something to do with evil spirits. But Aladdin only laughed at her fears, and said he meant to make use of the magic lamp and wonderful ring, now that he knew their worth.

As soon as they again wanted money they sold the golden plates and dishes, and when these were all gone Aladdin ordered the Genie to bring more, and so they lived in comfort for several years.

Now Aladdin had heard a great deal about the beauty of the Sultan's daughter, and he began to long so greatly to see her that he could not rest. He thought of a great many plans, but they all seemed impossible, for the Princess never went out without a veil, which covered her entirely. At last, however, he managed to enter the palace and hide himself behind a door, peeping through a chink when the Princess passed to go to her bath.

The moment Aladdin's eyes rested upon the beautiful Princess he loved her with all his heart, for she was as fair as the dawn of a summer morning.

"Mother," he cried when he reached home, "I have seen the Princess, and I have made up my mind to marry her. Thou shalt go at once to the Sultan, and beg him to give me his daughter."

Aladdin's mother stared at her son, and then began to laugh at such a wild idea. She was almost afraid that Aladdin must be mad, but he gave her no peace until she did as he wished.

So the next day she very unwillingly set out for the palace, carrying the magic fruit wrapped up in a napkin to present to the Sultan. There were many other people offering their petitions that day, and the poor woman was so frightened that she dared not go forward, and so no one paid any attention to her as she stood there patiently holding her bundle. For a whole week she had gone every day to the palace, before the Sultan noticed her.

"Who is that poor woman who comes every day carrying a white bundle?" he asked.

The the Grand Vizier ordered that she should be brought forward, and she came bowing herself to the ground.

She was almost too terrified to speak, but when the Sultan spoke so kindly to her she took courage, and told him of Aladdin's love for the Princess, and of his bold request. "He sends you this gift," she continued, and opening the bundle she presented the magic fruit.

A cry of wonder went up from all those who stood around, for never had they beheld such exquisite jewels before. They shone and sparkled with a thousand lights and colors, and dazzled the eyes that gazed upon them.

The Sultan was astounded, and spoke to the Grand Vizier apart.

"Surely it is fit that I should give my daughter to one who can present such a wondrous gift!" he said. . . .

Now when three months were ended, Aladdin's mother again presented herself before the Sultan, and reminded him of his promise, that the Princess should wed her son.

"I ever abide by my royal word," said the Sultan; "but he who marries my daughter must first send me forty golden basins filled to the brim with precious stones. These basins must be carried by forty black slaves, each led by a white slave dressed as befits the servants of the Sultan."

Aladdin's mother returned home in great distress when she heard this, and told Aladdin what the Sultan had said.

"Alas, my son!" she cried, "thy hopes are ended."

"Not so, mother," answered Aladdin. "The Sultan shall not have long to wait for his answer."

Then he rubbed the magic lamp, and when the Genie appeared, he bade him provide the forty golden basins filled with jewels, and all the slaves which the Sultan had demanded.

Now when this splendid procession passed through the streets on its way to the palace, all the people came out to see the sight, and stood amazed when they saw the golden basins filled with sparkling gems carried on the heads of the great black slaves. And when the palace was reached, and the slaves presented the jewels to the Sultan, he was so surprised and delighted that he was more than willing that Aladdin should marry the Princess at once.

"Go, fetch thy son," he said to Aladdin's mother, who was waiting near. "Tell him that this day he shall wed my daughter."

But when Aladdin heard the news he refused to hasten at once to the palace, as his mother advised. First he called the Genie, and told him to bring a scented bath, and a robe worked in gold, such as a King might wear. After this he called for forty slaves to attend him, and six to walk

before his mother, and a horse more beautiful than the Sultan's, and lastly, for ten thousand pieces of gold put up in ten purses.

When all these things were ready, and Aladdin was dressed in his royal robe, he set out for the palace. As he rode along on his beautiful horse, attended by his forty slaves, he scattered the golden pieces out of the ten purses among the crowd, and all the people shouted with joy and delight. No one knew that this was the idle boy who used to play about the streets but they thought he was some great foreign Prince.

Thus Aladdin arrived at the palace in great state, and when the Sultan had embraced him, he ordered that the wedding feast should be prepared at once, and that the marriage should take place that day.

"Not so, your Majesty," said Aladdin; "I will not marry the Princess until I have built a palace fit for the daughter of the Sultan."

Then he returned home, and once more called up the Slave of the Lamp.

"Build me the fairest palace ever beheld by mortal eye," ordered Aladdin. "Let it be built of marble and jasper and precious stones. In the midst I would have a great hall, whose walls shall be of gold and silver, lighted by four-and-twenty windows. These windows shall all be set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, and one only shall be left unfinished. There must also be stables with horses, and slaves to serve in the palace. Begone, and do thy work quickly."

And lo! in the morning when Aladdin looked out, there stood the most wonderful palace that ever was built. Its marble walls were flushed a delicate pink in the morning light, and the jewels flashed from every window.

Then Aladdin and his mother set off for the Sultan's palace, and the wedding took place that day. The Princess loved Aladdin as soon as she saw him, and great were the rejoicings throughout the city.

The next day Aladdin invited the Sultan to visit the new palace, and when he entered the great hall, whose walls were of gold and silver and whose windows were set with jewels, he was filled with admiration and astonishment.

"It is the wonder of the world," he cried. "Never before have mortal eyes beheld such a beautiful palace. One thing alone surprises me. Why is there one window left unfinished?"

"Your Majesty," answered Aladdin, "this has been done with a purpose, for I wished that thine own royal hand should have the honor of putting the finishing touch to my palace."

The Sultan was so pleased when he heard this, that he sent at once for all the court jewelers and ordered them to finish the window exactly like the rest.

The court jewelers worked for many days, and then sent to tell the Sultan that they had used up all the jewels they possessed, and still the window was not half finished. The Sultan commanded that his own jewels should be given to complete the work; even when these were used the window was not finished.

Then Aladdin ordered the jewelers to stop their work, and to take back all the Sultan's jewels as well as their own. And that night he called up the Slave of the Lamp once more, and bade him finish the window. This was done before the morning, and great was the surprise of the Sultan and all his workmen.

Now Aladdin did not grow proud of his great riches but was gentle and courteous to all, and kind to the poor, so that the people all loved him dearly. He fought and won many battles for the Sultan, and was the greatest favorite in the land.

But far away in Africa there was trouble brewing for Aladdin. The wicked old Magician who had pretended to be Aladdin's uncle found out by his magic powers that the boy had not perished when he left him underground, but had somehow managed to escape and become rich and powerful.

"He must have discovered the secret of the lamp," shrieked the Magician, tearing his hair with rage. "I will not rest day or night until I shall have found some way of taking it from him."

So he journeyed from Africa to China, and when he came to the city where Aladdin lived and saw the wonderful palace, he nearly choked with fury to see all its splendor and richness. Then he disguised himself as a merchant, and bought a number of copper lamps, and with these went from street to street, crying, "New lamps for old."

As soon as the people heard his cry, they crowded round him, laughing and jeering, for they thought he must be mad to make such an offer.

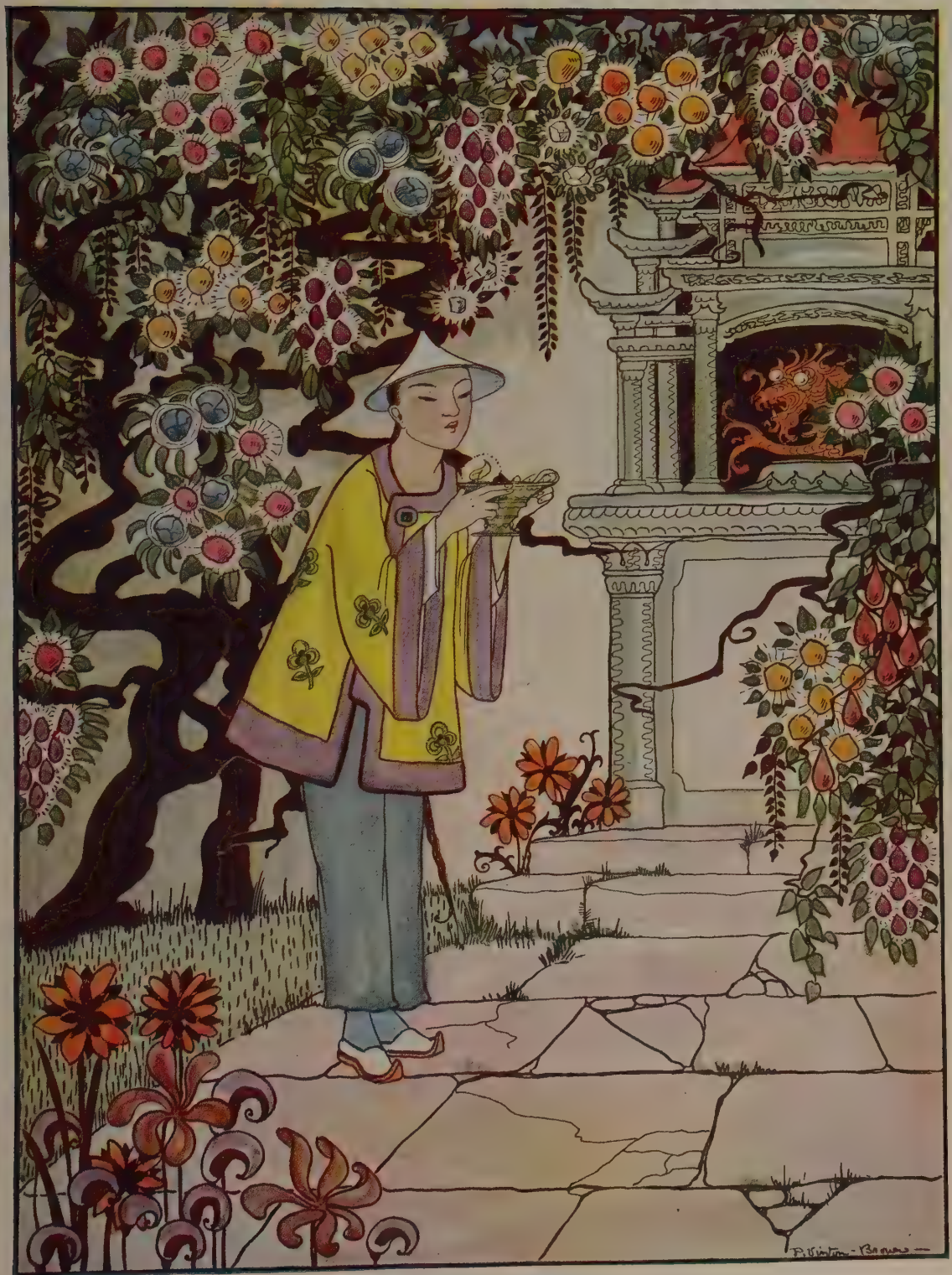
Now it happened that Aladdin was out hunting, and the Princess sat alone in the hall of the jeweled windows. When, therefore, she heard the noise that was going on in the streets outside, she called to her slaves to ask what it meant.

Presently one of the slaves came back, laughing so much that she could hardly speak.

"It is a curious old man who offers to give new lamps for old," she cried. "Did any one ever hear before of such a strange way of trading?"

The Princess laughed too, and pointed to an old lamp which hung in a niche close by.

"There is an old-enough lamp," she said. "Take it and see if the old man will really give a new one for it."



THE TREE OF JEWELS

FROM A DRAWING BY P. VINTON BROWN

The slave took it down and ran out to the street once more, and when the Magician saw that it was indeed what he wanted, he seized the Magic Lamp with both his hands.

"Choose any lamp you like," he said, showing her those of bright new copper. He did not care now what happened. She might have all the new lamps if she wanted them.

Then he went a little way outside the city, and when he was quite alone he took out the Magic Lamp and rubbed it gently. Immediately the Genie stood before him and asked what was his will.

"I order thee to carry off the palace of Aladdin, with the Princess inside, and set it down in a lonely spot in Africa."

And in an instant the palace, with every one in it, had disappeared, and when the Sultan happened to look out of his window, lo! there was no longer a palace to be seen.

"This must be enchantment," he cried.

Then he ordered his men to set out and bring Aladdin to him in chains.

The officers met Aladdin as he was returning from the hunt, and they immediately seized him, loaded him with chains, and carried him off to the Sultan. But as he was borne along, the people gathered around him, for they loved him dearly, and vowed that no harm should befall him.

The Sultan was beside himself with rage when he saw Aladdin, and gave orders that his head should be cut off at once. But the people had begun to crowd into the palace, and they were so fierce and threatening that he dared not do as he wished. He was obliged to order the chains to be taken off, and Aladdin to be set free.

As soon as Aladdin was allowed to speak he asked why all this was done to him.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Sultan, "come hither, and I will show thee."

Then he led Aladdin to the window and showed him the empty space where his palace had once stood.

"Think not that I care for thy vanished palace," he said. "But where is the Princess, my daughter?"

So astonished was Aladdin that for some time he could only stand speechless, staring at the place where his palace ought to have been.

At last he turned to the Sultan.

"Your Majesty," he said, "grant me grace for one month, and if by that time I have not brought back thy daughter to thee, then put me to death as I deserve."

So Aladdin was set free, and for three days he went about like a madman, asking every one he met where his palace was. But no one could tell him, and all laughed at his misery. Then he went to the river to drown himself; but as he knelt on the bank and clasped his hands to say his prayers before throwing himself in, he once more rubbed the Magic Ring. Instantly the Genie of the Ring stood before him.

"What is thy will, O master?" it asked.

"Bring back my Princess and my palace," cried Aladdin, "and save my life."

"That I cannot do," said the Slave of the Ring. "Only the Slave of the Lamp has power to bring back thy palace."

"Then take me to the place where my palace now stands," said Aladdin, "and put me down beneath the window of the Princess."

And almost before Aladdin had done speaking he found himself in Africa, beneath the windows of his own palace.

He was so weary that he lay down and fell fast asleep; but before long, when day dawned, he was awakened by the song of the birds, and as he looked around his courage returned. He was now sure that all his misfortunes must have been caused by the loss of the Magic Lamp, and he determined to find out as soon as possible who had stolen it.

That same morning the Princess awoke feeling happier than she had felt since she had been carried off. The sun was shining so brightly, and the birds were singing so gaily, that she went to the window to greet the opening day. And who should she see standing beneath her window but Aladdin!

With a cry of joy she threw open the casement and the sound made Aladdin look up. It was not long before he made his way through a secret door and held her in his arms.

"Tell me, Princess," said Aladdin, when they had joyfully embraced each other many times, "what has become of the old lamp which hung in a niche of the great hall?"

"Alas! my husband," answered the Princess, "I fear my carelessnes has been the cause of all our misfortunes."

Then she told him how the wicked old Magician had pretended to be a merchant, and had offered new lamps for old, and how he had thus managed to secure the Magic Lamp.

"He has it still," she added, "for I know that he carries it always, hidden in his robe."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "I must recover this lamp, and thou shalt help me. Tonight when the Magician dines with thee, dress thyself in thy costliest robes, and be kind and gracious to him. Then bid him fetch some of the wines of Africa, and when he is gone, I will tell thee what thou shalt do."

So that night the Princess put on her most beautiful robes and looked so lovely and was so

kind when the Magician came in, that he could scarcely believe his eyes. For she had been sad and angry ever since he had carried her off.

"I believe now that Aladdin must be dead," she said, "and I have made up my mind to mourn no longer. Let us begin our feast. But see! I grow weary of these wines of China, fetch me instead the wine of thy own country."

Now Aladdin had meanwhile prepared a powder which he directed the Princess to place in her own wine-cup. So when the Magician returned with the African wine, she filled her cup and offered it to him in token of friendship. The Magician drank it up eagerly, and scarcely had he finished when he dropped down dead.

Then Aladdin came out of the next chamber where he had hidden himself, and searched in the Magician's robe until he found the Magic Lamp. He rubbed it joyfully, and when the Genie appeared, ordered that the palace should be carried back to China, and set down in its own place.

The following morning, when the Sultan rose early, for he was too sad to take much rest, he went to the window to gaze on the place where Aladdin's palace had once stood. He rubbed his eyes, and stared wildly about.

"This must be a dream," he cried, for there stood the palace in all its beauty, looking fairer than ever in the morning light.

Not a moment did the Sultan lose, but he rode over to the palace at once, and when he had embraced Aladdin and his daughter, they told him the whole story of the African Magician. Then Aladdin showed him the body of the wicked man, and there was peace between them once more.

But there was still trouble in store for Aladdin. The African Magician had a young brother who also dealt in magic, and who was if possible even more wicked than his elder brother.

Full of revenge, this younger brother started for China, determined to punish Aladdin and steal the Magic Lamp for himself. As soon as he arrived he went in secret to the cell of a holy woman called Fatima, and obliged her to give him her robe and veil as a disguise. Then to keep the secret safe he killed the poor woman.

Dressed in the robe and veil, the wicked Magician walked through the streets near Aladdin's palace, and all the people as he passed by knelt and kissed his robe, for they thought he was indeed the holy woman.

As soon as the Princess heard that Fatima was passing by in the street, she sent and commanded her to be brought into the hall, and she treated the supposed holy woman with great respect and kindness, for she had often longed to see her.

"Is not this a fine hall?" she asked, as they sat together in the hall of the jeweled windows.

"It is indeed most beautiful," answered the Magician, who kept his veil carefully down, "but to my mind there is one thing wanting. If only thou couldst have a roc's egg hung in the dome it would be perfect."

As soon as the Princess heard these words she became discontented and miserable, and when Aladdin came in, she looked so sad that he at once asked what was the matter.

"I can never be happy until I have a roc's egg hanging from the dome of the great hall," she answered.

"In that case thou shalt soon be happy," said Aladdin gaily, and taking down the lamp, he summoned the Genie.

But when the Slave of the Lamp heard the order his face grew terrible with rage, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals.

"Vile wretch!" he shrieked, "have I not given thee all thy wishes, and now dost thou ask me to kill my master, and hang him as an ornament in thy palace? Thou deservest truly to die; but I know that the request cometh not from thine own heart, but was the suggestion of that wicked Magician who pretends to be a holy woman."

With these words the Genie vanished, and Aladdin went at once to the room where the Princess was awaiting him.

"I have a headache," he said. "Call the holy woman, that she may place her hand upon my forehead and ease the pain."

But the moment that the false Fatima appeared Aladdin sprang up and plunged his dagger into that evil heart.

"What hast thou done?" cried the Princess. "Alas! thou hast slain the holy woman."

"This is no holy woman," answered Aladdin, "but an evil Magician whose purpose was to destroy us both."

So Aladdin was saved from the wicked design of the two Magicians, and there was no one left to disturb his peace. He and the Princess lived together in great happiness for many years, and when the Sultan died they succeeded to the throne, and ruled both wisely and well. And so there was great peace throughout the land.

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

ADAPTED BY AMY STEEDMAN

It was New Year's day in Persia, the most splendid feast-day of all the year, and the King had been entertained, hour after hour, by the wonderful shows prepared for him by his people. Evening was drawing on and the court was just about to retire, when an Indian appeared, leading a horse which he wished to show to the King. It was not a real horse, but it was so wonderfully made that it looked exactly as if it were alive.

"Your Majesty," cried the Indian, as he bowed himself to the ground, "I beg thou wilt look upon this wonder. Nothing thou hast seen today can equal this horse of mine. I have only to mount upon its back and wish myself in any part of the world, and it carries me there in a few minutes." Now the King of Persia was very fond of curious and clever things, so he looked at the horse with great interest.

"It seems only a common horse," he said, "but thou shalt show us what it can do."

Then he pointed to a distant mountain, and bade the Indian to fetch a branch from the palm trees which grew near its foot.

The Indian vaulted into the saddle, turned a little peg in the horse's neck, and in a moment was flying so swiftly through the air that he soon disappeared from sight. In less than a quarter of an hour he reappeared, and laid the palm branch at the King's feet.

"Thou art right," cried the King; "thy enchanted horse in the most wonderful thing I have yet seen. What is its price? I must have it for my own."

The Indian shook his head.

"Your Majesty," he said, "this horse can never be sold for money, but can only be exchanged for something of equal value. It shall be thine only if thou wilt give me instead the Princess, your daughter, for my wife."

At these words the King's son sprang to his feet.

"Sire," he cried, "thou wilt never dream of granting such a request."

"My son," answered the King, "at whatever cost I must have this wonderful horse. But before I agree to the exchange, I would wish thee to try the horse, and tell me what thou thinkest of it."

The Indian, who stood listening to what they said, was quite willing that the Prince should try the Enchanted Horse, and began to give him directions how to guide it. But as soon as the Prince was in the saddle and saw the peg which made the horse start, he never waited to hear more. He turned the screw at once, and went flying off through the air.

"Alas!" cried the Indian, "he has gone off without learning how to come back. Never will he be able to stop the horse unless he finds the second peg."

The King was terribly frightened when he heard the Indian's words, for, by this time, the Prince had disappeared from sight.

"Wretch," he cried, "thou shalt be cast into prison, and unless my son returns in safety, thou shalt be put to death."

Meanwhile the Prince had gone gaily sailing up into the air until he reached the clouds, and could no longer see the earth below. This was very pleasant, and he felt that he had never had such a delicious ride in his life before. But presently he began to think it was time to descend. He screwed the peg round and round, backwards and forwards, but it seemed to make no difference. Instead of coming down he sailed higher and higher, until he thought he was going to knock his head against the blue sky.

What was to be done? The Prince began to grow a little nervous, and he felt over the horse's neck to see if there was another peg to be found anywhere. To his joy, just behind the ear, he touched a small screw, and when he turned it, he felt he was going slower and slower, and gently turning round. Then he shouted with joy as the Enchanted Horse flew downwards through the starry night, and he saw, stretched out before him, a beautiful city gleaming white through the purple mantle of the night.

Everything was strange to him, and he did not know in what direction to guide the horse, so he let it go where it would, and presently it stopped on the roof of a great marble palace. There was a gallery running round the roof, and at the end of the gallery there was a door leading down some white marble steps.

The Prince began at once to descend the steps, and found himself in a great hall where a row of black slaves were sleeping soundly, guarding the entrance to a room beyond.

Very softly the Prince crept past the guards, and lifting the curtain from the door, looked in.

And there he saw a splendid room lighted by a thousand lights and filled with sleeping slaves, and in the middle, upon a sofa, was the most beautiful Princess his eyes had ever gazed upon.

She was so lovely that the Prince held his breath with admiration as he looked at her. Then he went softly to her side, and, kneeling by the sofa, gently touched her hand. The Princess sighed and opened her eyes, but before she could cry out, he begged her in a whisper to be silent and fear nothing.

"I am a Prince," he said, "the son of the King of Persia. I am in danger of my life here, and crave thy protection."

Now this Princess was no other than the daughter of the King of Bengal, who happened to be staying alone in her summer palace outside the city.

"I will protect thee," said the Princess kindly, giving him her hand. Then she awoke her slaves and bade them give the stranger food and prepare a sleeping-room for him.

"I long to hear thy adventures and how thou camest here," she said to the Prince, "but first thou must rest and refresh thyself."

Never before had the Princess seen any one so gallant and handsome as this strange young Prince. She dressed herself in her loveliest robes, and twined her hair with her most precious jewels, that she might appear as beautiful as possible in his eyes. And when the Prince saw her again, he thought her the most charming Princess in all the world, and he loved her with all his heart. But when he had told her all his adventures she sighed to think that he must now leave her and return to his father's court.

"Do not grieve," he said, "I will return in state as befits a Prince, and demand thy hand in marriage from the King thy father."

"Stay but a few days ere thou goest," replied the Princess. "I cannot part with thee so soon."

The Prince was only too willing to wait a while, and the Princess entertained him so well with feasts and hunting-parties that day after day slipped by, and still he lingered.

At last, however, the thought of his home and his father's grief made him decide to return at once.

"My Princess," he said, "since it is so hard to part, wilt thou not ride with me upon the Enchanted Horse? When we are once more in Persia our marriage shall take place, and then we will return to the King thy father."

So together they mounted the Enchanted Horse and the Prince placed his arm around the Princess and turned the magic peg. Up and up they flew over land and sea, and then the Prince turned the other screw, and they landed just outside his father's city. He guided the horse to a palace outside the gates, and there he left the Princess, for he wished to go alone to prepare his father.

Now when the Prince reached the court he found every one dressed in brown, and all the bells of the city were tolling mournfully.

"Why is every one sad?" he asked of one of the guards.

"The Prince, the Prince!" cried the man. "The Prince has come back."

And soon the joyful news spread over the town, and the bells stopped tolling and rang a joyful peal.

"My beloved son!" cried the King, as he embraced him. "We thought thou wert lost for ever, and we have mourned for thee day and night."

Without waiting to hear more, the Prince began to tell the King all his adventures, and how the Princess of Bengal awaited him in the palace outside the gates.

"Let her be brought here instantly," cried the King, "and the marriage shall take place today."

Then he ordered that the Indian should be set free at once and allowed to depart with the Enchanted Horse.

Great was the surprise of the Indian when, instead of having his head cut off as he had expected, he was allowed to go free with his wonderful horse. He asked what adventures had befallen the Prince, and when he heard of the Princess who was waiting in the palace outside the gates, a wicked plan came into his head.

He took the Enchanted Horse, and went straight to the palace before the King's messengers could reach it.

"Tell the Princess," he said to the slaves, "that the Prince of Persia has sent me to bring her to his father's palace upon the Enchanted Horse."

The Princess was very glad when she heard this message, and she quickly made herself ready to go with the messenger.

But alas! as soon as the Indian turned the peg and the horse flew through the air, she found she was being carried off, far away from Persia and her beloved Prince.

All her prayers and entreaties were in vain. The Indian only mocked at her, and told her he meant to marry her himself.

Meanwhile the Prince and his attendants had arrived at the palace outside the gates, only to find that the Indian had been there before them and had carried off the Princess.

The Prince was nearly beside himself with grief, but he still hoped to find his bride. He disguised himself as a dervish and set off to seek for her, vowing that he would find her, or perish in the attempt.

By this time the Enchanted Horse had traveled many hundreds of miles. Then, as the Indian was

THE HORSE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR

hungry, it was made to descend into a wood close to a town of Cashmere.

Here the Indian went in search of food, and when he returned with some fruit he shared it with the Princess, who was faint and weary.

As soon as the Princess had eaten a little she felt stronger and braver, and as she heard horses galloping past, she called out loudly for help.

The men on horseback came riding at once to her aid, and she quickly told them who she was, and how the Indian had carried her off against her will. Then the leader of the horsemen, who was the Sultan of Cashmere, ordered his men to cut off the Indian's head. But he placed the Princess upon his horse and led her to his palace.

Now the Princess thought that her troubles were all at an end, but she was much mistaken. The Sultan had no sooner seen her than he made up his mind to marry her, and he ordered the wedding preparations to be begun without loss of time.

In vain the Princess begged to be sent back to Persia. The Sultan only smiled and fixed the wedding-day. Then when she saw that nothing would turn him from his purpose, she thought of a plan to save herself. She began talking all the nonsense she could think of and behaving as if she were mad, and so well did she pretend, that the wedding was put off, and all the doctors were called in to see if they could cure her.

But whenever a doctor came near the Princess she became so wild and violent that he dared not even feel her pulse, so none of them discovered that she was only pretending.

The Sultan was in great distress, and sent far and near for the cleverest doctors. But none of them seemed to be able to cure the Princess of her madness.

All this time the Prince of Persia was wandering about in search of his Princess, and when he came to one of the great cities of India, he heard every one talking about the sad illness of the Princess of Bengal who was to have married the Sultan. He at once disguised himself as a doctor and went to the palace, saying he had come to cure the Princess.

The Sultan received the new doctor with joy, and led him at once to the room where the Princess sat alone, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Your Majesty," said the disguised Prince, "no one else must enter the room with me, or the cure will fail."

So the Sultan left him, and the Prince went close to the Princess, and gently touched her hand.

"My beloved Princess," he said, "dost thou not know me?"

As soon as the Princess heard that dear voice she threw herself into the Prince's arms, and her joy was so great that she could not speak.

"We must at once plan our escape," said the Prince. "Canst thou tell me what has become of the Enchanted Horse?"

"Naught can I tell thee of it, dear Prince," answered the Princess, "but since the Sultan knows its value, no doubt he has kept it in some safe place."

"Then first we must persuade the Sultan that thou art almost cured," said the Prince. "Put on thy costliest robes and dine with him to-night, and I will do the rest."

The Sultan was charmed to find the Princess so much better, and his joy knew no bounds when the new doctor told him that he hoped by the next day to complete the cure.

"I find that the Princess has somehow been

infected by the magic of the Enchanted Horse," he said. "If thou wilt have the horse brought out into the great square, and place the Princess upon its back, I will prepare some magic perfumes which will dispel the enchantment. Let all the people be gathered together to see the sight, and let the Princess be arrayed in her richest dress and decked with all her jewels."

So next morning the Enchanted Horse was brought out into the crowded square, and the Princess was mounted upon its back. Then the disguised Prince placed four braziers of burning coals around the horse and threw into them a perfume of a most delicious scent. The smoke of the perfume rose in thick clouds, almost hiding the Princess, and at that moment the Prince leaped into the saddle behind her, turned the peg, and sailed away into the blue sky.

But as he swept past the Sultan, he cried aloud, "Sultan of Cashmere, next time thou dost wish to wed a Princess, ask her first if she be willing to wed thee."

So this was the manner in which the Prince of Persia carried off the Princess of Bengal for the second time. The Enchanted Horse never stopped until it had carried them safely back to Persia, and they were married amid great rejoicings.

But what became of the Enchanted Horse? Ah! that is a question which no one can answer.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

In a town in Persia there dwelt two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Cassim was married to a rich wife and lived in plenty, while Ali Baba had to maintain his wife and children by cutting wood in a neighboring forest and selling it in the town. One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw a troop of men on horseback, coming toward him in a cloud of dust. He was afraid they were robbers, and climbed into a tree for safety. When they came up to him and dismounted, he counted forty of them. They unbridled their horses and tied them to trees.

The finest man among them, whom Ali Baba took to be their captain, went a little way among some bushes, and said, "Open, Sesame!" so plainly that Ali Baba heard him. A door opened in the rocks, and having made the troop go in, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself. They stayed some time inside, and Ali Baba, fearing they might come out and catch him. was forced to sit patiently in the tree. At last the door opened again and the Forty Thieves came out. As the Captain went in last he came out first, and made them all pass by him; he then closed the door, saying: "Shut, Sesame!" Every man bridled his horse and mounted, the Captain put himself at their head, and they returned as they came.

Then Ali Baba climbed down and went to the door concealed among the bushes, and said: "Open, Sesame!" and it flew open. Ali Baba, who expected a dull, dismal place, was greatly surprised to find it large and well lighted, and hollowed by the hand of man in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening in the ceiling. He saw rich bales of merchandise—silk, stuff-brocades all piled together, and gold and silver in heaps, and money in leather purses. He went in and the door shut behind him. He did not look at the silver, but brought out as many bags of gold as he thought his asses, which were browsing outside, could carry, loaded them with the bags, and hid it all with fagots. Using the words:

"Shut, Sesame!" he closed the door and went home.

Then he drove his asses into the yard, shut the gates, carried the money-bags to his wife, and emptied them out before her. He bade her keep the secret, and he would go and bury the gold.

"Let me first measure it," said his wife. "I will go borrow a measure of someone, while you dig the hole." So she ran to the wife of Cassim and borrowed a measure.

Knowing Ali Baba's poverty, the sister was curious to find out what sort of grain his wife wished to measure, and artfully put some suet at the bottom of the measure. Ali Baba's wife went home and set the measure on the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often to her great content. She then carried it back to her sister, without noticing that a piece of gold was sticking to it, which Cassim's wife perceived directly her back was turned. She grew very curious, and said to Cassim when he came home: "Cassim, your brother is richer than you. He does not count his money, he measures it." He begged her to explain this riddle, which she did by showing him the piece of money and telling him where she found it.

Then Cassim grew so envious that he could not sleep, and went to his brother in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," he said, showing him the gold piece, "you pretend to be poor, and yet you measure gold." By this Ali Baba perceived that through his wife's folly Cassim and his wife knew their secret, so he confessed all and offered Cassim a share. "That I expect," said Cassim; "but I must know where to find the treasure, otherwise I will discover all, and you will lose all." Ali Baba, more out of kindness than fear, told him of the cave, and the very words to use.

Cassim left Ali Baba, meaning to be beforehand with him and get the treasure for himself. He rose early next morning and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He soon found the place, and the door in the rock. He said: "Open, Sesame!" and the door opened and shut behind him. He could have feasted his eyes all day on the treasures, but he now hastened to gather together as much of its as possible; but when he was ready to go he could not remember what to say for thinking of his great riches. Instead of "Sesame," he said: "Open Barley!" and the door remained fast. He named several different sorts of grain, all but the right one, and the door still stuck fast. He was so frightened at the danger he was in that he had as much forgotten the word as if he had never heard it.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and saw Cassim's mules roving about with great chests on their backs. This gave them the alarm: they drew their sabres, and went to the door, which opened on their Captain's saying: "Open, Sesame!" Cassim, who had heard the trampling of their horses' feet, resolved to sell his life dearly, so when the door opened he leaped out and threw the Captain down. In vain, however, for the robbers with their sabres soon killed him. On entering the cave they saw all the bags laid ready, and could not imagine how anyone had got in without knowing their secret. They cut Cassim's body into four quarters, and nailed them up inside the cave, in order to frighten anyone who should venture in, and went away.

As night drew on Cassim's wife grew very uneasy, and ran to her brother-in-law, and told him where her husband had gone. Ali Baba did his best to comfort her, and set out to the forest in search of Cassim. The first thing he saw on entering the cave was his dead brother. Full of horror, he put the body on one of his asses, and bags of gold on the other two, and, covering all with some fagots, returned home. He drove the two asses laden with gold into his own yard, and led the other to Cassim's house. The door was opened by the slave Morgiana, whom he knew to be both brave and cunning. Unloading the ass, he said to her: "This is the body of your master, who has been murdered, but whom we must bury as though he had died in his bed. I will speak with you again, but now tell your mistress I am come." The wife of Cassim, on learning the fate of her husband, broke out into cries and tears; but Ali Baba offered to take her to live with him and his wife if she would promise to keep his counsel and leave everything to Morgiana; whereupon she agreed, and dried her eyes.

Morgiana, meanwhile, sought an apothecary and asked him for some lozenges. "My poor master," she said, "can neither eat nor speak, and no one knows what his distemper is." She carried home the lozenges, and returned the next day weeping, and asked for an essence only given to those just about to die. Thus, in the evening, no one was surprised to hear the wretched shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, telling everyone that Cassim was dead.

The day after Morgiana went to an old cobbler near the gates of the town who opened his stall early, put a piece of gold in his hand, and bade him follow her with his needle and thread. Having bound his eyes with a handkerchief, she took him to the room where the body lay, pulled off the bandage, and bade him sew the quarters together, after which she covered his eyes again and led him home. Then they buried Cassim, and Morgiana, his slave followed him to the grave, weeping and tearing her hair, while Cassim's wife stayed at home uttering lamentable cries. Next day she went to live with Ali Baba, who gave Cassim's shop to his eldest son.

The Forty Thieves, on their return to the cave, were much astonished to find Cassim's body gone and some of their money-bags. "We are certainly discovered," said the Captain, "and shall be undone if we cannot find out who it is that knows our secret. Two men must have known it; we have killed one, we must now find the other. To this end one of you who is bold and artful must go into the city dressed as a traveler, and discover whom we have killed, and whether men talk of the strange manner of his death. If the messenger fails he must lose his life, lest we be betrayed."

One of the thieves started up and offered to do this, and after the rest had highly commended him for his bravery he disguised himself, and happened to enter the town at daybreak, just by Baba Mustapha's stall. The thief bade him good-day, saying: "Honest man, how can you possibly see to stitch at your age?" "Old as I am," replied the cobbler, "I have very good eyes, and you will believe me when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had less light than I have now."

The robber was overjoyed at his good fortune, and, giving him a piece of gold, desired to be shown the house where he stitched up the dead body. At first Mustapha refused, saying that he had been blindfolded; but when the robber gave him another piece of gold he began to think he might remember the turnings if blindfolded as before. This means succeeded; the robber partly led him, and was partly guided by him, right in front of Cassim's house, the door of which the robber marked with a piece of chalk. Then, well pleased, he bade farewell to Baba Mustapha and returned to the forest. By-and-by Morgiana, going out, saw the mark the robber had made, quickly guessed that some mischief was brewing, and fetching a piece of chalf marked two or three doors on each side, without saying anything to her master or mistress.

The thief, meantime, told his comrades of his discovery. The Captain thanked him, and bade him show him the house he had marked. But when they came to it they saw that five or six of the houses were chalked in the same manner. The guide was so confounded that he knew not what answer to make; and when they returned he was at once beheaded for having failed. Another robber was despatched, and, having won over Baba Mustapha, marked the house in red chalk; but Morgiana, being again too clever for them, the second messenger was put to death also.

The Captain now resolved to go himself, but wiser than the others, he did not mark the house, but looked at it so closely that he could not fail to remember it. He returned, and ordered his men to go into the neighboring villages and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight leather jars, all empty, except one which was full of oil. The Captain put one of his men, fully armed, into each, rubbing the outside of the jars with oil from the full vessel. Then the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, and reached the town by dusk.

The Captain stopped his mules in front of Ali Baba's house, and said to Ali Baba, who was sitting outside for coolness: "I have brought some oil from a distance to sell at to-morrow's market, but it is now so late that I know not where to pass the night, unless you will do me the favor to take me in." Though Ali Baba had seen the Captain of the robbers in the forest, he did not recognize him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He bade him welcome, opened his gates for the mules to enter, and went to Morgiana to bid her prepare a bed and supper for his guest. He brought the stranger into his hall, and after they had supped went again to speak to Morgiana in the kitchen, while the Captain went into the yard under pretense of seeing after his mules, but really to tell his men what to do.

Beginning at the first jar and ending at the last, he said to each man: "As soon as I throw some stones from the window of the chamber where I lie, cut the jars open with your knives and come out, and I will be with you in a trice." He returned to the house, and Morgiana led him to his chamber. She then told Abdallah, her fellow-slave, to set on the pot to make some broth for her master, who had gone to bed. Meanwhile her lamp went out, and she had no more oil in the house. "Do not be uneasy," said Abdallah; "go into the yard and take some out of one of those jars." Morgiana thanked him for his advice, took the oil pot, and went into the yard. When she came to the first jar the robber inside said softly: "Is it time?"

Any other slave but Morgiana, on finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, would have screamed and made a noise; but she, knowing the danger her master was in, bethought herself of a plan, and answered quietly: "Not yet, but presently." She went to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil. She now saw that her master, thinking to entertain an oil merchant, had let thirty-eight robbers into his house. She filled her oil pot, went back to the kitchen, and, having lit her lamp, went again to the oil jar and filled a large kettle full of oil. When it boiled she went and poured

"AFTER SHE HAD PERFORMED SEVERAL DANCES, SHE DREW HER DAGGER"

enough oil into each jar to stifle and kill the robber inside. When this brave deed was done she went back to the kitchen, put out the fire and the lamp, and waited to see what would happen.

In a quarter of an hour the Captain of the robbers awoke, got up, and opened the window. As all seemed quiet he threw down some little pebbles which hit the jars. He listened, and as none of his men seemed to stir he grew uneasy, and went down into the yard. On going to the first jar and saying: "Are you asleep?" he smelt the hot boiled oil, and knew at once that his plot to murder Ali Baba and his household had been discovered. He found all the gang were dead, and, missing the oil out of the last jar, became aware of the manner of their death. He then forced the lock of a door leading into a garden, and climbing over several walls made his escape. Morgiana heard and saw all this, and, rejoicing at her success, went to bed and fell asleep.

At daybreak Ali Baba arose, and, seeing the oil jars there still, asked why the merchant had not gone with his mules. Morgiana bade him look in the first jar and see if there was any oil. Seeing a man, he started back in terror. "Have no fear," said Morgiana; "the man is dead."

Ali Baba, when he had recovered somewhat from his astonishment, asked what had become of the merchant. "Merchant!" said she, "he is no more a merchant than I am!" And she told him the whole story, assuring him that it was a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whom only three were left, and that the white and red chalk marks had something to do with it. Ali Baba at once gave Morgiana her freedom, saying that he owed her his life. They then buried the bodies in Ali Baba's garden, while the mules were sold in the market by his slaves.

The Captain returned to his lonely cave, which seemed frightful to him without his lost companions, and firmly resolved to avenge them by killing Ali Baba. He dressed himself carefully, and went into the town, where he took lodgings in an inn. In the course of a great many journeys to the forest he carried away many rich stuffs and much fine linen, and set up a shop opposite that of Ali Baba's son. He called himself Cogia Hassan, and as he was both civil and well dressed he soon made friends with Ali Baba's son, and through him with Ali Baba, whom he was continually asking to sup with him.

Ali Baba, wishing to return his kindness, invited him into his house and received him smiling, thanking him for his kindness to his son. When the merchant was about to take his leave Ali Baba stopped him, saying: "Where are you going, sir, in such haste? Will you not stay and sup with me?" The merchant refused, saying that he had a reason; and, on Ali Baba's asking him what that was, he replied: "It is, sir, that I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them." "If that is all," said Ali Baba, "let me tell you that there shall be no salt in either the meat or the bread that we eat to-night." He went to give this order to Morgiana, who was much surprised. "Who is this man," she said, "who eats no salt with his meat?" "He is an honest man, Morgiana," returned her master; "therefore do as I bid you."

But she could not withstand a desire to see this strange man, so she helped Abdallah to carry up the dishes, and saw in a moment that Cogia Hassan was the robber Captain, and carried a dagger under his garment. "I am not surprised," she said to herself, "that this wicked man, who intends to kill my master, will eat no salt with him; but I will hinder his plans."

She sent up the supper by Abdallah, while she made ready for one of the boldest acts that could be thought on. When the dessert had been served, Cogia Hassan was left alone with Ali Baba and his son, whom he thought to make drunk and then to murder them. Morgiana, meanwhile, put on a head-dress like a dancing-girl's, and clasped a girdle round her waist, from which hung a dagger with a silver hilt, and said to Abdallah: "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his guest." Abdallah took his tabor and played before Morgiana until they came to the door, where Abdallah stopped playing, and Morgiana made a low courtesy.

"Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Hassan see what you can do"; and, turning to Cogia Hassan, he said: "She's my slave and my housekeeper."

Cogia Hassan was by no means pleased, for he feared that his chance of killing Ali Baba was gone for the present; but he pretended great eagerness to see Morgiana, and Abdallah began to play and Morgiana to dance. After she had performed several dances she drew her dagger and made passes with it, sometimes pointing it at her own breast, sometimes at her master's, as if it were part of the dance. Suddenly, out of breath, she snatched the tabor from Abdallah with her left hand, and, holding the dagger in her right, held out the tabor to her master. Ali Baba and his son put a piece of gold into it, and Cogia Hassan, seeing that she was coming to him, pulled out his purse to make her a present, but while he was putting his hand into it Morgiana plunged the dagger into his heart.

"Unhappy girl!" cried Ali Baba and his son, "what have you done to ruin us?" "It was to preserve you, master, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. "See here," opening the false merchant's garment and showing the dagger; "see what an enemy you have entertained! Remember, he would eat no salt with you. Look at him! he is both the false oil merchant and the Captain of the Forty Thieves."

Ali Baba was so grateful to Morgiana for thus saving his life that he offered her to his son in marriage, who readily consented, and a few days after the wedding was celebrated with great splendor. At the end of a year Ali Baba, hearing nothing of the two remaining robbers, judged they were dead, and set out to the cave. The door opened on his saying: "Open, Sesame!" He went in, and saw that nobody had been there since the Captain left it. He brought away as much gold as he could carry, and returned to town. He told his son the secret of the cave, which his son handed down in his turn, so the children and grandchildren of Ali Baba were rich to the end of their lives.

THE WISHING CARPET

ONCE there was an Indian Sultan who had three sons. Hassan was the name of the oldest, Ali of the second, and Ahmed of the youngest. These three boys had been brought up with their cousin, the Princess Nouronnihar. She was the daughter of the Sultan's younger brother, who died and left her an orphan when she was a little girl. The Sultan had taken upon himself the care of her education. The Princess was so beautiful and accomplished, as well as good, that she grew up, famous among all the Princesses of her day.

When it was time for the Sultan to think of getting her married, and he was looking about for possible suitors, he was surprised to perceive that the three young Princes, his sons, had all fallen in love with her.

While, on account of her many virtues, this might well have given him pleasure; on the contrary it gave him much concern, because he foresaw that none of them would consent to yield her up.

At last, after much thought, the Sultan called the three young men together and said: "My sons, I think it would be better if you all went away for a while and traveled separately into a different country.

"As you know, I am very desirous to gather strange and curious things for my museum. I will promise my niece in marriage to him who shall bring me back the rarest and most singular curiosity."

The Sultan gave each of his sons money befitting his rank, and enough to enable him to purchase any curiosity he might discover.

The three youths were greatly pleased, for each felt assured that he himself would be the one favored of fortune.

Shortly afterward they left their home together early one morning, dressed, for greater freedom, as merchants, and each attended by a trusty officer disguised as a slave.

The first day they traveled together. At night they slept at the same inn, which was situated where three roads met. At supper they agreed that each should travel upon a separate road, and that all should remain away for a year, and at the end of that time they would make this inn their meeting-place.

At day-break the following morning the three brothers embraced one another, and with mutual good wishes they parted, each taking a different road.

Prince Hassan, the oldest brother, had heard wonderful things about the riches and splendor of the kingdom of Bisnagar. Accordingly, he traveled for three months with caravans until he reached the city of Bisnagar, which is the capital of the kingdom of that name.

As soon as he had rested a little, Prince Hassan began to explore the city, and at once bent his steps to the merchants' quarters. Here were shops stocked with the finest linens, silks, brocades, and china, from Persia, China, and Japan. But when he came to the bazaars of the jewelers and goldsmiths, he was completely dazzled by the splendor of the precious gems exposed for sale.

After he had looked about until he was tired, he started to leave the quarter. A merchant seeing him pass wearily, politely asked him to go into his shop and rest. He had not been seated many minutes before there came by the bazaar a man with a piece of carpet under his arm which he was offering in a loud voice for sale at thirty pieces of gold. It was only a small rug, about six feet square, somewhat dingy in color; and the Prince was surprised to find that any one should be so brazen as to ask so high a price for what seemed to be such an inferior article.

He called in the salesman and questioned him.

"Sir," the seller of rugs responded, "you think thirty purses of gold too much; let me tell you that my orders are not only not to sell it for less, but not to part with it at all unless I get forty purses."

"There must be something extraordinary," replied the Prince, "about this rug."

"You have guessed right, sir, and you will acknowledge this yourself when I tell you that this is a Wishing Carpet. Whoever sits on it, and then wishes himself in any place whatever, will find himself instantly taken thither, and no obstacles or barriers can possibly hinder."

The Prince was convinced that he could never possibly find a greater rarity than this. It was only necessary that he should test the truth of the carpet seller's story. Therefore they went inside together, and the Prince wished himself in his room at his inn. Instantly he found himself there. Since no other proof was necessary, Prince Hassan readily counted out to him the forty purses of gold, and made him a handsome present beside.

Soon after he left the city of Bisnagar, joyous in the expectation that the Princess Nouronnihar was destined to be his own.

Prince Ali, the second son, joined a caravan that was traveling into Persia. Four months afterward he arrived at the city of Shiraz. He, too, made his way immediately to the merchants' quarter; and, after looking about thoroughly, stood leaning against a pillar watching the salesmen carrying things to sell. He noticed particularly one who seemed to have nothing to sell except a single plain tube of ivory, about a foot long and an inch thick, which he was offering for thirty purses of gold.

He summoned the seller to him. "Will you be so good," he exclaimed, "as to let me examine that tube more carefully? Why in the world are you asking thirty purses of gold for it?"

"You are not the only person, sir," replied the seller, "who has taken me for a madman on account of this tube. It has, however, a rare and curious quality. If you will look through it, and at the same time wish to see anyone not here present, you will at once behold it."

Prince Ali took the tube, placed it to his eye, wishing at the same time to see the Sultan, his father. Immediately he perceived him sitting on his throne in the midst of his council. Then he wished again to see the Princess Nouronnihar, and he perceived her, too, smiling and as beautiful as ever.

Since Prince Ali needed no further proof, he took out the thirty purses of gold. The salesman, however, responded that his orders were that he was on no account to part with it for less than forty purses. Prince Ali was so overjoyed with his bargain that he gladly counted out the money, and gave the man a handsome present in addition.

When Prince Ahmed, the youngest son, left his brothers, he took the road that led, by a long caravan journey, to Samarcand, in Central Asia.

Looking about, as his brothers had done, through the market-place, he was surprised to note a man who was selling what appeared to be nothing but a common imitation apple at the price of thirty purses of gold.

Prince Ahmed, amazed, called the salesman to him and asked: "What peculiarity is there about this apple that makes you put so high a price on what seems to be a worthless toy?"

"Sir," responded the stranger, "this apple is really an invaluable treasure; it can cure sick persons of the most fatal diseases. Even if the sick person is dying, it can immediately restore him to perfect health."

Another merchant, who overheard this conversation, broke in to say: "Sir, a friend of mine is at this moment dangerously ill, and his life is despaired of; would not this be a favorable opportunity to test the value of the apple?"

The merchant led the way to the house of his sick friend, and the three went up into the room where the invalid was lying unconscious. The salesman gently held the apple to his nose, and in a few moments he got up, quite recovered.

For the price of forty purses of gold, and a gift beside, the youngest Prince became possessor of the wonderful apple, and hastened to return home, with the fond conviction that the Princess Nouronnihar would soon be his.

A year after their departure the three brothers met in the inn where they had last taken supper together.

Each, of course, was eager to show the curiosity he had brought home, and each to see what had been brought by his brothers and rivals.

First, Prince Hassan showed his magic carpet. The other two marveled when its virtues were explained to them, especially when he had assured them that he had made use of no other means than this carpet by which to return on the long route from Bisnagar.

Then Prince Ali showed his ivory tube. To test its virtues, Prince Hassan put it to his eye, in his anxiety to see the Princess Nouronnihar. What was the consternation of the others to observe him suddenly change countenance and appear stricken with grief.

AND SO THE PRINCESS RECOVERED

FROM A DRAWING BY FLORENCE ANDERSON

"Alas, my brothers!" cried Prince Hassan, "in a few moments our dear Princess will breathe her last. I see her lying motionless on her bed, with all her women about her in tears."

Prince Ali took the tube, and after he had looked with dreadful anxiety passed it on to Prince Ahmed. As soon as Prince Ahmed found that it was really as his brothers had said, he exclaimed:

"Brothers, she is indeed at death's door, but fortunately I have here the means that will restore her to life. Let us all sit upon the Wishing Carpet, and instantly transport ourselves to the palace."

In the twinkling of an eye, the three Princes found themselves in the Princess Nouronnihar's sick room. Without a word of explanation, Prince Ahmed rushed to her bedside and held the magic apple to the Princess' nose. After a few moments of suspense, the lovely lady opened her eyes, turned her head from side to side with surprise at the anxious, weeping faces about her, and then sat up as if she had just awakened from a refreshing sleep, and said she wished to be dressed.

The three Princes then retired and went to pay their respects to the Sultan, their father. Not long afterward, the Princess, fully recovered, joined them.

Soon the three brothers presented in turn the curiosity which each had brought home from his travels—Prince Hassan his Wishing Carpet, Prince Ali his ivory tube, and Prince Ahmed his marvelous apple. Then they stood, anxious, and begged the Sultan to pronounce their fate.

The Sultan listened with attention, and remained for some time in meditation. At last he said: "I would decide in favor of one of you, my sons, if I could only do so with justice. It is true that to Prince Ahmed's apple the Princess is indebted for her life; but consider whether the apple could have been of any service to her but for Prince Ali's tube, which showed you all the danger she was in, and for Prince Hassan's carpet, which brought you all hither in the nick of time. On the contrary, the tube would not have been of service without the carpet or the apple, nor the carpet without the apple and the tube. Therefore, neither the carpet, nor the tube, nor the apple has the slightest advantage. I cannot decide the question; I must give you another test. You shall each shoot an arrow, and I will bestow the Princess upon him who shoots the farthest."

Since the three Princes could think of nothing to say against his new proposal, they provided themselves with bows and arrows, and betook themselves, together with the court, and the Sultan, and the Princess, to the plain outside the palace walls.

Prince Hassan, as the oldest, bent his bow and shot his arrow. Prince Ali shot next, and his arrow was seen to fall a good way beyond his brother's. Prince Ahmed shot last of all, but although everyone searched for his arrow all over the plain, it could not be found. The Sultan accordingly decided in favor of Prince Ahmed.

As for the Princess, she had long ago decided that, since she had but one heart to give, she would bestow it upon Prince Ahmed. So they lived together in the utmost enjoyment and happiness, until they were visited by the Destroyer of Delights and the Separator of Companions.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

A Poor porter, named Hindbad, one day, drawing near to a large house in Bagdad, from which sounds of gay music were coming, sat down on the pavement outside, to listen, and to rest himself.

A grand feast was going on inside; and Hindbad soon learned that this was the house of the famous Sindbad the Sailor.

The poor porter had often heard of the wealth of this great sailor; and now, comparing his own sad lot with the easy life of the rich man at whose gate he sat, he could not help crying out: "What has Sindbad done to deserve such happiness? And what have I done that I should be so wretched?"

Now, this complaint was heard by those within the house; and presently a slave came out to take Hindbad before his master.

The poor porter was quite dazzled by the richness of the feasting-hall, and bowed humbly to the gayly-dressed guests. The great Sindbad received him very kindly, and made him sit down beside him, saying: "My friend, I heard your complaint just now, and do not blame you. Yet you make a mistake if you imagine that I reached my present happiness without much suffering and trouble. If my guests are willing, I will tell you the story of my seven voyages; and from that you will see that what I say is the truth."

The guests were ready enough to listen to the

story of the great sailor's adventures, and Sindbad began the tale of his first voyage.

"When my father died he left me a good fortune, which I enjoyed for some time; but a great love of adventure soon made me give up my easy life, and take to the sea. I threw in my lot with some merchants; and, having fitted out a trading vessel, we set sail, calling at various islands to buy and sell goods.

"One day three of us landed on a small island; but no sooner had we made a fire to cook our food than the island began to tremble and quake most horribly. Then we saw that what we had taken for an island was really the back of a huge whale; and, full of fright, we made a wild rush for our ship. Before I could get away, however, the monster dived in the sea, tossing me into the waves; and by the time I rose to the surface I found that the ship had sailed away, the captain having thought that I was drowned. I clung to a piece of wood which I managed to seize; and, after struggling with the waves for hours, I was at length flung upon the shores of an island.

"I rested for a while, and after eating some wild fruits walked forward into the island. Soon I came to a plain, where I found a very handsome horse feeding; and whilst I was admiring his beauty, a man came up, and asked what I was doing there. I told him my story, and then he led me to a cave, where a number of other men were resting. They gave me some food, and, whilst I was eating, told me that they were grooms to the great King Mihrage, who ruled over the island; and were now going to his palace with the fine horse I had seen.

"Next day they set off for the capital, taking me with them. King Mihrage received me very kindly, and invited me to stay with him as long as I pleased. I saw many curious things in that island, and learned much from the merchants and Indians there.

"Ships from all parts often came to the harbor; and one day, as I stood watching a merchant vessel unloading some bales, I saw, to my surprise, that these goods were marked with my own name.

"I went on board, and, finding that the captain was indeed the one with whom I had set sail, made up my mind to return with him.

"I took some of my best bales as a gift to King Mihrage; and having thanked him for his kindness, I set sail once more.

"We traded at the various islands we passed, and at last arrived safely at Balsora. I made my way at once to Bagdad with the large sum of money I had got for my bales; and building a fine house, I gave money away to the poor, and settled down to enjoy my good fortune."

Sindbad stopped his story here, and, giving a hundred sequins to Hindbad, invited him to come back next day and hear more of his adventures.

Next day another feast was held; and, as soon

SINBAD IN THE VALLEY OF THE SERPENTS

as Hindbad and the other guests had finished, Sindbad began the story of his second voyage.

"I soon grew tired of an idle life, and went to sea again with another party of merchants.

"One day we landed on a desert island. After wandering about for a time I felt tired, and lay down in a quiet spot to sleep. When I awoke, I found, to my horror, that the ship had sailed without me, and that I was left alone.

"At first I was full of despair, but after a while I began to look about me. I soon noticed a huge white object lying a little distance off; and, making my way up to it, I found it was as smooth as ivory. As I stood wondering what it could be, the sky suddenly grew dark; and to my surprise, I found that this darkness was caused by a monster bird flying down toward me. I had often heard sailors talk of a giant bird called the roc; and I made up my mind that this was one, and that the huge white object beside me was its egg.

"Seeing in this bird a means of escape, when she reached the ground I tied myself with my turban to one of her legs, which was as thick as the trunk of a tree; and, when she flew away next morning, she carried me with her. She rose to a great height, and then came down so suddenly that I fainted.

"When I again opened my eyes, I had just time to free myself from her when the roc flew away again.

"I now saw that I had been left in a deep valley, entirely shut in on every side by such high, rocky mountains that it was impossible to climb them. The valley was strewn with dazzling diamonds of the largest size; and, as I had nothing better to do, I filled my clothing with them.

"To my terror, at one end of the valley I saw a swarm of dreadful serpents. Finding, however, that they came out only at night, I wandered about, seeking a way of escape, until night came, when I shut myself in a cave for safety.

"Next day, I was surprised to see pieces of raw meat being thrown down into the valley; but I soon understood what this meant. A party of merchants on the rocks above, not being able to get into the valley, had found that they could obtain the diamonds by means of a clever trick. They threw pieces of raw meat down; these fell upon the sharp points of the diamonds, which stuck into them; and so, when eagles carried the meat to their nests on the tops of the rocks, they carried with it a number of diamonds. The merchants then frightened the eagles off their nests, and picked the diamonds from the meat.

"When I had watched this for a little, I thought of a means of escape.

"I tied a large piece of raw meat to my back by means of my turban, and lay down flat on my face. Presently one of the largest eagles caught me up by the piece of meat on my back, and flew away with me to its nest above.

"You may guess how surprised the merchants were to find me there. I told them my story; and, as they were returning home next day, I went with them. After many adventures, I arrived in Bagdad; and, having made a huge fortune, I gave large gifts to the poor, and began to live in splendid style."

Sindbad, having ended this story, gave Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come again next day to hear about this third voyage.

You may be sure that the porter did not forget to come; and when the guests had all feasted, Sindbad went on with his story.

"It was not long before I set sail once again, with another party of merchants, to seek adventures and treasure. One day we were caught in a terrible storm, and driven into the harbor of the first island we reached. No sooner had we entered this harbor than a swarm of frightful savages came swimming toward us, and climbed into the ship; they were so fierce, and came in such numbers, that we could not keep them back. They made us go on shore and left us there, taking our ship away with them.

"We wandered about the island, seeking food; and, coming to a huge palace that seemed to be empty, we entered, and found ourselves in a large hall, into which there suddenly came a dreadful black giant, who had but one eye in the middle of his forehead. He had fearful, long teeth, and nails like an eagle's claws; and was so frightful to look at that we all fell down, and lay on the floor like dead men.

"When we opened our eyes again, the ogre suddenly seized the fattest of our number; and, thrusting a spit through him, roasted and ate him. He then lay down and fell asleep.

"Full of terror, we wandered about the island all next day, seeking some means of escape, but finding none; and when evening came the ogre appeared again, and made his supper off another of my companions.

"This went on for several days; but at last I suggested that we should try to escape by sea. We found plenty of wood about the shore for rafts; and when these were ready, we returned to the palace for the last time.

"The ogre came as usual, and, having eaten another of our party for his supper, lay down and fell asleep. Those of us who were left then seized the spits, and, making them red-hot in the fire, thrust them all at once into the giant's great

eye, and blinded him. We then ran down to the shore, and jumping on to our rafts pushed them out to sea.

"But we had not gone far when the giant appeared, with several others as large as himself, who, throwing great stones at us, sank all the rafts, except the one I was on with two companions. Having managed to get out to sea, we were at last thrown upon another island; and here we were attacked by a most fearful serpent, which swallowed both my companions. I escaped from it, however; and, rushing down to the shore, was overjoyed to see a ship not very far away.

"I managed to attract the notice of the captain, who sent a boat to take me to the ship; and I found, to my surprise, that he was the captain with whom I had sailed on my second voyage, when I was left on the desert island. He was delighted to see me again, and showed me my own bales of goods, still untouched.

"After trading with him for some time, I arrived safely in Bagdad once more, with riches so great that I knew not their value."

When Sindbad had finished this story, he gave Hindbad another hundred sequins; and next day he began the story of his fourth voyage.

"My love of adventure soon took me on board another merchant ship. We had not been long at sea, however, when we were caught in a sudden gale; and our ship was soon dashed to pieces on a rock, I and a few others being cast ashore on a strange land.

"Here we were seized by some negroes, who took us to their huts. I soon found out that they meant to eat us as soon as we grew fat enough; and for this reason I ate scarcely any of the food they gave us. Seeing that I kept very thin, they left me alone; and after a while I managed to escape from them.

"After wandering about for eight days, I met with some white people. They took me to their King, who received me very kindly, and made me live at his court.

"One day the King told me that he wished me to marry a lady of his court. I dared not disobey his command, for fear of offending him; and so I was married at once. My wife, however very soon died; and then I found out that it was the custom there for the living husband to be buried with the dead wife.

"After my wife, dressed in her most gorgeous robes and jewels, had been first put in, I was lowered to the bottom of a large cave, and given seven small loaves to keep me alive a little longer. The top of the cave was then covered over, and I was left to my fate. I made my loaves last as many days as I could, and when I had eaten the last morsel I prepared to die. Just then, however, I heard something panting and moving in the cave, and following this sound as best I could, I came to a passage which led out to the seashore.

"Delighted at my escape, I returned to the cave, and gathered together as many of the rich clothes and jewels as I could find in the dark.

"Having brought my treasures out, and made them up into bales, I waited on the shore until a ship should pass. A merchant vessel soon came by; and, hearing my cries, the captain took me on board. This ship was going to my own country; and so, after trading with my goods, I again arrived in Bagdad with great riches."

Sindbad stopped here, and, giving the porter another purse of a hundred sequins, invited him to come the following day to hear the story of his fifth voyage. Hindbad did not fail to come; and Sindbad went on with his story.

"In spite of all the dangers I had gone through, I very soon went off to sea again; and this time I sailed in a ship of my own, joined by some merchant friends.

"We made a long voyage; and the first place we stopped at was a desert island, where we found a roc's egg, as large as the one I had seen before. It was just ready to be hatched; and my companions, in spite of my warning, soon broke open the shell with their axes, and dragging the young roc out, roasted and ate it.

No sooner had they finished their feast than the two parent rocs appeared in the sky, flying toward us. They seemed to be in a frightful rage when they found their young one gone; and, as we rushed on board our ship, they flew after us, dropping great stones from their huge claws into the vessel with such force that it broke into a thousand pieces. I was the only one who escaped drowning; and, after a struggle, at last reached the shores of an island not far away.

"Next day, as I walked about under the trees, I came across a wild-looking old man, who asked me to carry him over a stream.

"No sooner had I lifted him to my back, however, than the wretched old creature suddenly clasped his legs firmly round my neck; and, sitting astride my shoulders, ordered me to carry him up and down. I was obliged to carry him in this manner all day; nor would he let me go when night came, but kept his arms tightly clasped round my neck whilst I slept.

"Next day, and for many days after, he made me carry him again, and I saw that the wicked old creature meant to kill me in time. But at last I thought out a plan of escape. I squeezed some grape-juice into an empty gourd-shell one day; and, coming to it some days later, I found that

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

it was already very good wine. I drank some of it; and, seeing that it refreshed me, the old man asked for some. I gave him the shell at once, and was glad to find that the wine made him lively and careless.

"Presently, to my joy, he loosened his hold of me, so that I was able to shake him off my back; and quickly seizing a large stone, I crushed the life out of the tiresome old wretch. I then hurried down to the beach, where I met with some sailors, who took me on board their ship; and when I told them my story, they said I had had a very narrow escape, since I had fallen into the clutches of the famous Old Man of the Sea, who never let his victims go till he had strangled them.

"We soon landed on another island; and there I did such a fine trade in cocoanuts that at last I was able to go on board a merchant ship that called at the island. Thus I arrived again in Bagdad, where I was glad to settle down to an easy life once more."

Having finished this story, Sindbad sent the porter away with another hundred sequins; and next day he began the story of his sixth voyage.

"I had been at home only a year, when I made up my mind to go to sea again. This time, I took a longer voyage than I had ever been before; and we met with such stormy weather that our ship was driven out of her way altogether, and dashed to pieces on a rocky shore.

"The cliffs there rose up into a steep mountain, impossible to climb; and the fearful current that had brought us would have kept us from sailing away, even if we had had a boat. So we divided the food we had saved equally amongst us; and I spent my time wandering about, and found many rich goods and treasures that had been cast ashore from wrecks, and in one place saw a strange river which flowed swiftly into a cave.

"My companions died off, one by one, until at last I was left alone; and then I made up my mind to try to escape by means of the strange underground river, which I felt must surely have an outlet on the other side of the mountain. I soon made a strong raft; and then, having loaded it with the treasures I had found, I guided it into the cave, and for days floated in utter darkness, soon falling into a half-fainting state.

"When I once more opened my eyes, I found myself lying in a meadow, with a number of negroes standing about me. I went with them to the capital of Serendib, as that island was called; and there they presented me to their King, who received me with great honor.

"After spending some happy months there, I asked to be allowed to return to my own land; and the King ordered a ship to be got ready for me, and gave me many fine gifts, also sending a letter and a handsome present to my sovereign lord, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

"When I arrived at Bagdad, I presented the King's letter and gifts to the Caliph, who was delighted to receive them, and sent me away with a handsome present."

Sindbad stopped here, and gave the porter his usual hundred sequins; and next day he began the story of his seventh and last voyage.

"As I was now growing old, I made up my mind to go to sea no more; but one day the Caliph sent for me, and begged me so hard to take a return letter and gift from him to the King of Serendib that I could not well refuse.

"I arrived safely in Serendib; and, having presented the Caliph's letter and gift to the King, I set sail homeward. We had not been at sea long, however, when our ship was seized by fierce pirates, who afterward sold us as slaves when we landed in a strange country.

"I was bought by a rich merchant, who treated me kindly. Finding that I could shoot well with bow and arrow, he took me to a forest, and told me to shoot elephants for him. I climbed into a tall tree, and shot at the great animals as they tramped beneath; and every day I managed to kill an elephant for my master.

"But one day, to my dismay, one of the largest elephants rooted up the tree on which I was sitting; and then, followed by the rest of the herd, carried me to what was evidently their burying-place, for the ground was covered with bones and tusks. I made up my mind that the elephants had brought me there to show me that I could get as much ivory as I wanted without killing any more of them.

"I told my master of the great treasure of ivory, and he was so delighted that he said I should be a slave no longer; and he ordered a ship to be got ready to take me back to my own land, loading it with ivory tusks for me.

"I traded with my ivory at various places; and when I once more arrived safely in Bagdad I brought more riches than I had ever owned before.

"Having told the Caliph the story of my adventures, I returned home, to settle down and enjoy my vast riches in peace and comfort."

When Sindbad had finished his story, he said to Hindbad: "You have now heard, my friend, of the many dangers and sufferings I have gone through. Do you not think I deserve to spend the rest of my life in ease and enjoyment?"

"Ah, yes, my Lord!" answered the porter, humbly kissing Sindbad's hand. "My own poor

troubles are as nothing; and I hope you may long live to enjoy the riches you have gained at such a cost."

Sindbad was so pleased with this reply that, giving Hindbad yet another hundred sequins, he begged him to give up his work as a porter and come to feast with him every day.

So Hindbad became a rich and happy man, and all the rest of his life had good cause to remember the kindness of Sindbad the Sailor.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIFTH BROTHER

My fifth brother was called Alnaschar. As long as our father lived he was very lazy: instead of working, he used to beg, and lived upon what he got. The old man, our father, at his death left seven hundred dirhens: we divided equally, so that each of us had a hundred for his share. Alnaschar, who had never before possessed so much money, was much perplexed to know what he should do with it. He consulted a long time with himself, and at last resolved to lay it out in glassware, which he bought of a wholesaler dealer. He put all in an open basket, and sat with it before him, and his back against a wall, in a place where he might sell it. In this posture, with his eyes fixed on his basket, he began to meditate, during which he spoke as follows:

"This basket cost me a hundred dirhens, which is all I have in the world. I shall make two hundred of them by retailing my glass, and of these two hundred, which I will again lay out in glassware, I shall make four hundred; and going on thus, I shall at last make four thousand dirhens; of four thousand I shall easily make eight thousand, and when I come to ten thousand, I will leave off selling glass and turn jeweler; I will trade in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones, then when I am as rich as I can wish, I will buy a fine mansion, a great estate, slaves, asses, and horses. Nor will I stop here, for I will, by the favor of heaven, go on till I get one hundred thousand dirhens, and when I have amassed so much I will send to demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage.

"I will clothe myself like a prince; and, mounted upon a fine horse, with a saddle of fine gold, with housings of cloth of gold, finely embroidered with diamonds and pearls, I will ride through the city, attended by slaves before and behind. I will go to the vizier's palace in view of all the people, great and small, who will show me the most profound respect. When I alight at the foot of the vizier's staircase, I will ascend through my own people, ranged in files on the right and left; and the grand vizier, receiving me as his son-in-law, shall give me the right hand, and set me above him, to do me the more honor."

My brother was so full of these chimerical visions that he quite forgot where he was, and unfortunately gave such a push to his basket and glasses that they were thrown down, and broken into a thousand pieces.

THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST: THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER

My brother Shacabac, O Commander of the Faithful, was once a rich man, but he became so poor that he was reduced to beggary. One day he went forth as usual to seek alms, and on his way he beheld a handsome house, with servants standing at the door commanding and forbidding. So he came up to the doorkeepers and begged them to give him something.

"Enter," said one of them to him, "and thou shalt get whatever thou hast need of from our master himself."

Thus encouraged, my brother entered the palace and found himself in a magnificent hall, paved with marble and hung with curtains. At the upper end of a room which opened into this hall sat an old man with a long white beard. Seeing my brother, the Barmecide rose, greeted him kindly, and asked him what he could do to serve him; to which my brother replied that he was sorely in need of food.

"What!" cried the old man, "art thou actually hungry? Thou shalt eat with me. I will have food brought in at once. Ho, boy! bring us water that we may wash our hands, and order supper immediately."

Shacabac was about to express his gratitude for this friendly reception, when the old man began to rub his hands together as if he were washing them. No boy appeared, nor was there either basin or water, yet my brother felt that he

THE BROTHERS RODE THROUGH THE CITY

FROM A DRAWING BY MALCOLM PATTERSON

must do as his host did, for the sake of courtesy.

"Come," said the Barmecide, "thou art surely famished." And though nothing had been brought in, he pretended to eat as if food had been set before him.

"Eat, my friend," he went on; "there is no need to feel shame, for I have known what it is to be hungry myself."

So my brother made all the motions of eating and drinking, while his host called for dish after dish, which did not appear. "Ho, boy!" he would cry, "bring us mutton and barley broth, unless my guest prefers some of the goose with the sweet sauce. Come, taste of these chickens stuffed with pistachio nuts. Hast thou ever tasted any like them?"

"Never," protested my brother, who was fainting with hunger. "Never have I eaten anything so delicious," and he pretended to feast heartily on the invisible dainties.

Then the Barmecide named other dishes, and my brother did not fail to praise them warmly, until at length he declared he could eat no more.

"But," cried the Barmecide, "thou hast had no sweets! Try one of these delicious fritters before the sirup runs out of it." And he went on urging upon his guest all manner of fruits and sweetmeats.

At last Shacabac became weary of the jest and said to himself: "I will make him sorry for having fooled me thus." Accordingly, when the boy was ordered to bring in wine my brother said: "O my Master, I must drink no wine with thee. Surely it is forbidden."

"Keep me company in a single glass," said the Barmecide, and my brother bowed low as if he would drink to the health of his host. But even as the old man lifted the invisible glass a second time to his lips my brother struck him such a blow that the room rang with it.

"What does this mean?" cried the Barmecide, trembling with rage.

"O my Lord," said my brother, "thou hast given me too much of that rare old wine. See, it has taken away my wits, and has made me behave like a madman."

Then the Barmecide laughed very heartily and said: "Long have I made game of men, but thou art the first I have seen who could endure this trick. Now, therefore, I pardon thee for thy rudeness, and thou shalt eat with me in good earnest."

So saying, he clapped his hands, and the servants brought in a delicious supper, including all the eatables that had been mentioned by the Barmecide. My brother continued to make himself so agreeable to his host that he became his close friend and companion, and they lived together for a period of twenty years.

THE HISTORY OF THE FISHERMAN

Once upon a time there was an aged fisherman, so poor that he could barely obtain food for himself, his wife, and his three children. He went out early every morning to his employment; and he had imposed a rule upon himself never to cast his nets above four times a day.

On one occasion he set out before the morn had disappeared. When he reached the seashore, he undressed himself, and cast his nets. In drawing them to land three times in succession, he felt sure, from their resistance and weight, that he had secured an excellent draught of fish. Instead of which, he found on the first haul only the carcass of an ass; on the second, a large pannier filled with sand and mud; and on the third, a large quantity of heavy stones, shells, and filth. It is impossible to describe his disappointment and despair.

The day now began to break; and having, like a good Mussulman, finished his prayers, he threw his nets for the fourth time. Again he supposed he had caught a great quantity of fish, as he drew them with as much difficulty as before. He nevertheless found none; but discovered a heavy vase of yellow copper, shut up and fastened with lead, on which there was the impression of a seal. "I will sell this to a founder," said he, with joy, "and with the money I shall get for it I will purchase a measure of corn."

He examined the vase on all sides; he shook it, but could hear nothing; and this, together with the impression of the seal on the lead, made him think it was filled with something valuable. In order to find this out, he took his knife, and got the vase open. He directly turned the top downward, and was much surprised to find nothing come out. He then set it down before him, and while he was attentively observing it, there issued from it so thick a smoke that he was obliged to step back a few paces. This smoke, by degrees, rose almost to the clouds, and spread itself over both the water and the shore, appearing like a thick fog. The fisherman, as may easily be imagined, was a good deal surprised at this sight.

When the smoke had all come out from the vase, it again collected itself, and became a solid body, and then took the shape of a genie of a gigantic size. The genie, looking at the fisher-

man, exclaimed: "Humble thyself before me, or I will kill thee!"

"And for what reason, pray, will you kill me?" answered the fisherman; "have you already forgotten that I have set you at liberty?"

"I remember it very well," returned he; "but that shall not prevent my destroying thee; and I will only grant thee one favor."

"And pray what is that?" said the fisherman.

"It is," replied the genie, "to permit thee to choose the manner of thy death. I can treat thee no otherwise; and to convince thee of it, hear my history:

"I am one of those spirits who rebelled against the sovereignty of God. Solomon, the son of David, the prophet of God, commanded me to acknowledge his authority, and submit to his laws. I haughtily refused. In order, therefore, to punish me, he enclosed me in this copper vase; and, to prevent me forcing my way out, he put upon the leaden cover the impression of his seal, on which the great name of God is engraven. This done, he gave the vase to one of those genii who obeyed him, and ordered him to cast me into the sea.

"During the first century of my captivity, I swore that if anyone delivered me before the first hundred years were passed I would make him rich. During the second century, I swore that if any released me I would discover to him all the treasures of the earth. During the third, I promised to make my deliverer a most powerful monarch, and to grant him every day any three requests he chose. These centuries passed away without any deliverance. Enraged at last to be so long a prisoner, I swore that I would, without mercy, kill whoever should in future release me; and that the only favor I would grant him should be, to choose what manner of death he pleased. Since, therefore, thou hast come here to-day, and hast delivered me, fix upon whatever kind of death thou wilt."

The fisherman was in great distress at finding him thus resolved on his death, not so much on his own account as for his three children, whose means of subsistence would be greatly reduced by his death. "Alas!" he cried, "have pity on me! Remember what I have done for thee!"

"Let us lose no time," cried the genie; "your arguments avail not. Make haste; tell me how you wish to die!"

Necessity is the mother of invention; and the fisherman thought of a stratagem. "Since, then," said he, "I cannot escape death, I submit to the will of God; but before I choose the sort of death, I conjure you, by the great name of God, which is graven upon the seal of the prophet Solomon, the son of David, answer me truly to a question I am going to put to you." The genie trembled at this adjuration, and said to the fisherman: "Ask what thou wilt, and make haste."

"Dare you, then, to swear by the great name of God that you really were in that vase? This vase cannot contain one of your feet; how, then, can it hold your whole body?"

"I swear to thee, notwithstanding," replied he, "that I was there just as thou seest me! Wilt thou not believe me after the solemn oath I have taken?"

"No, truly," added the fisherman; "I shall not believe you unless I were to see it."

Immediately the form of the genie began to change into smoke, and extended itself, as before, over both the shore and the sea; and then, collecting itself, began to enter the vase, and continued to do so in a slow and equal manner, till nothing remained without. The fisherman immediately took the leaden cover and put it on the vase. "Genie!" he cried, "it is now your turn to ask pardon. I shall throw you again into the sea; and I will build, opposite the very spot where you are cast, a house upon the shore, in which I will live, to warn all fishermen that shall come and throw their nets not to fish up so evil a genie as thou art, who makest an oath to kill the man who shall set thee at liberty."

The genie tried every argument to move the fisherman's pity, but in vain. "You are too treacherous for me to trust you," returned the fisherman; "I should deserve to lose my life if I put myself in your power a second time."

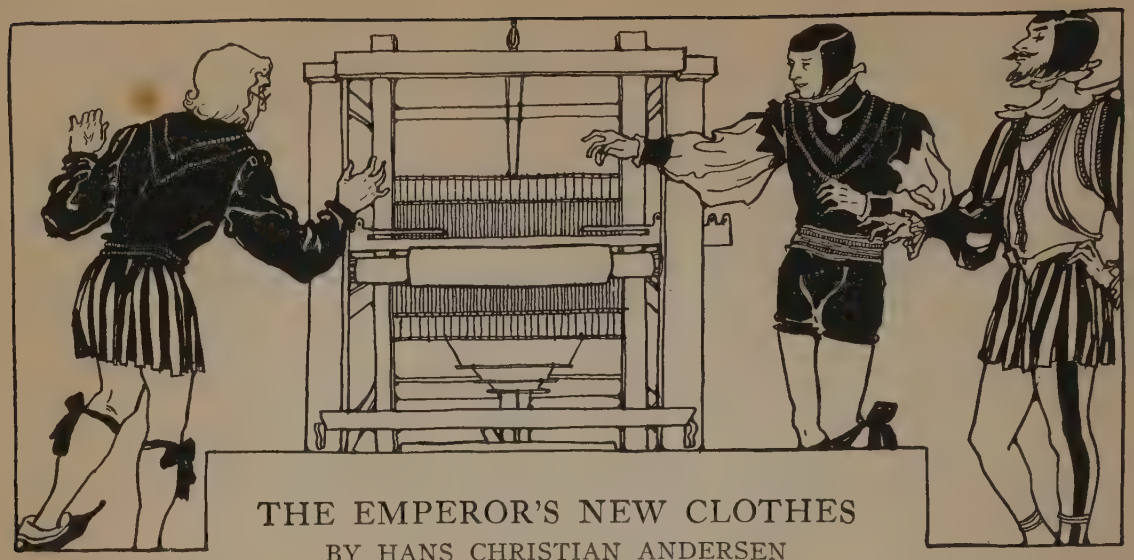
And so Schehera-zade went on until she had told tales to the Sultan for a thousand-and-one nights. The Sultan could not but admire the prodigious memory of the Sultana, his wife; his temper was softened, and his prejudice against women removed.

"I confess, lovely Schehera-zade," he said on the morning of the one-thousand-and-second day, "that you have appeased my anger. I renounce the law I had imposed on myself; you shall hereafter be my only consort, and I will have

you known as the deliverer of the many damsels I had intended to sacrifice to my cruel anger."

The fair Schehera-zade threw herself at his feet in the utmost gratitude and joy.

Her father, the grand vizier, was the first who learned the good news that relieved forever his terrible and constant anxiety. It was instantly carried to the city, the towns, and the provinces, and gained for the Sultan and the lovely Schehera-zade, his consort, the blessings of all the people of the whole Empire of Persia.



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor, who cared so enormously for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers nor about the theater, and liked only to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a King, "He is in council," one always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day a number of strangers arrived there. One day two cheats came: they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared that they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two cheats a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the whole city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy preserve us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the cheats begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked him if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Do you say nothing to it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange patterns. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it to the Emperor. And he did so.

Now, the cheats asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; but they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest statesman, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first; he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two cheats; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man; "it must be my good office for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he said to the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning cheats, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is that not splendid?" said the two old statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me! Oh, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That *is* pretty!" and counseled him to wear these splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, tasteful, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the cheats the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the cheats were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff from the loom; they made cuts in the air with scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said: "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two cheats lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said: "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Does your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to undress?" said the cheats; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the cheats pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession!" announced the head master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something up in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! What a train he has to his mantle! How it fits him!" No one would let it be per-

ceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said. Then they became very much emboldened.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And the chamberlains held on tighter than ever to the imaginary train.

TROTTY VECK

RETOLD FROM CHARLES DICKENS

"Trotty" seems a strange name for an old man, but it was given to Toby Veck because of his always going at a trot to do his errands; for he was a ticket porter, and his office was to take letters and messages for people who were in too great a hurry to send them by the post, which in those days was neither so cheap nor so quick as it is now. He did not earn very much, and had to be out in all weathers and all day long. But Toby was of a cheerful disposition, and looked on the bright side of everything, and was grateful for any small mercies that came in his way; and so was happier than many people who never knew what it was to be hungry or in want of comforts. His greatest joy was his dear, bright, pretty daughter Meg, who loved him dearly.

One cold day, near the end of the year, Toby had been waiting a long time for a job, trotting up and down in his usual place before the church, and trying hard to keep himself warm, when the bells chimed 12 o'clock, which made Toby think of dinner.

"There's nothing," he remarked, carefully feeling his nose to make sure it was still there, "more regular in coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em." He went on talking to himself, trotting up and down, and never noticing who was coming near to him.

"Why, father, father!" said a pleasant voice, and Toby turned to find his daughter's sweet, bright eyes close to his.

"Why, pet," said he, kissing her and squeezing her blooming face between his hands, "what's-to-do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," said Meg, nodding and smiling. "But here I am! And not alone, not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Trotty, now looking curiously at the covered basket she carried, "that you—"

"Smell it, father dear," said Meg; "only smell it, and guess what it is."

Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket. "Why, it's hot," he said.

But, to Meg's great delight, he could not guess what it was that smelled so good.

"Polonies? Trotters? Liver? Pettitoes? Sausages?" he tried, one after the other. At last he exclaimed in triumph: "Why, what am I a-thinking of? It's tripe?"

And it was.

"And so," said Meg; "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's nobody to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby.

And just as Toby was about to sit down to his dinner on the doorsteps of a big house close by, the chimes rang out again, and Toby took off his hat and said, "Amen."

"Amen to the bells, father?"

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty; "they'd say a good one if they could, I'm sure. Many's the kind thing they say to me. How often have I heard them bells say: 'Toby Veck! Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!' A million times? More!"

"Well, I never!" cried Meg.

"When things is very bad, then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!'"

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered Toby. "Never fails."

While Toby ate his unexpected dinner with immense relish, Meg told him how her lover Richard, a young blacksmith, had brought his dinner to share with her, and had begged her to marry him on New Year's Day, "the best and happiest day of the whole year." He had work promised him, for certain, for some time; and though they would be poor, they could be very

happy, and cheer and encourage each other. "So," went on Meg, "I wanted to make this a sort of holiday to you, as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, and I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

Just then Richard himself came up to persuade Toby to agree to their plan; and almost at the same moment a footman came out of the house and ordered them all off the steps, and some gentleman came out who called up Trotty, and asked a great many questions, and found a good deal of fault, telling Richard he was very foolish to want to get married, which made Toby feel very unhappy and Richard very angry. So the lovers went off together sadly—Richard looking gloomy and downcast, and Meg in tears.

Toby, who had a letter given him to carry, and a sixpence, trotted off in rather low spirits to a very grand house, where he was told to take the letter in to the gentleman. While he was waiting he heard the letter read. It was from Alderman Cute, to tell Sir Joseph Bowley that one of his tenants named Will Fern, who had come to London to try and get work, had been brought before him charged with sleeping in a shed, and asking if Sir Joseph wished him to be leniently dealt with or otherwise. To Toby's great disappointment, for Sir Joseph had talked a great deal about being a friend to the poor, the answer was given that Will Fern might be sent to prison as a vagabond, and made an example of; though his only fault was poverty.

On his way home, Toby, thinking sadly, with his hat pulled down low on his head, ran against a man dressed like a countryman, carrying a fair-haired little girl. Toby inquired anxiously if he had hurt either of them. The man answered no, and seeing Toby had a kind face he asked him the way to Alderman Cute's house.

"It's impossible," cried Toby, "that your name is Will Fern?"

"That's my name," said the man.

Thereupon Toby told him what he had just heard, and said, "Don't go there."

Poor Will told him how he could not make a living in the country, and had come to London with his orphan niece to try and find a friend of her mother's and to endeavor to get some work; and, wishing Toby a happy New Year, was about to trudge wearily off again, when Toby caught his hand, saying:

"Stay! The New Year never can be happy to me if I see the child and you go wandering away without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me. I'm a poor man, living in a poor place, but I can give you lodging for one night and never miss it." And, lifting up the pretty little one, he trotted toward home, talking all the way, for he couldn't bear to be thanked; and, rushing in, he set the child down before his daughter. The little girl gave one look at Meg's sweet face and ran into her arms at once, while Trotty ran round the room, saying: "Here we are and here we go. Here, Uncle Will, come to the fire. Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is and here it goes, and it'll bile in no time!"

"Why, father!" said Meg, as she knelt before the child and pulled off her wet shoes, "you're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the Bells would say to that. Poor little feet, how cold they are!"

"Oh, they're warmer now!" exclaimed the child. "They're quite warm now!"

"No, no no!" said Meg. "We haven't rubbed 'em half enough. We're so busy. And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some color to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done, we'll be so gay and brisk and happy!"

The child, sobbing, clasped her round the neck, saying: "Oh, Meg; Oh, dear Meg!"

"Good gracious me," said Meg presently, "father's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!"

Trotty hastily repaired this mistake, and went off to find some tea and a rasher of bacon he fancied "he had seen lying somewhere on the stairs."

He soon came back and made the tea, and before long they were all enjoying the meal. Trotty and Meg only took a morsel for form's sake, but their delight was in seeing their visitors eat, and very happy they were—though Trotty had noticed that Meg was sitting by the fire in tears when they had come in, and he feared her marriage had been broken off.

After tea Meg took Lilian to bed, and Toby showed Will Fern where he was to sleep. As he came back past Meg's door he heard the child saying her prayers, remembering Meg's name and asking for his. Then he went to sit by the fire and read his paper, and fell asleep, to have a wonderful dream, so terrible and sad, that it was a great relief when he woke to find Meg sitting near him, putting some ribbons on her simple gown for her wedding, and looking so happy, and young, and blooming that he jumped up to clasp her in his arms.

But somebody came rushing in between them, crying: "No! Not even you. The first kiss of Meg in the New Year is mine. Meg, my precious prize, a happy year! A life of happy years, my darling wife!"

Then in came Lilian and Will Fern; and a band of music with a flock of neighbors burst into the room, shouting: "A happy New Year, Meg." "A happy wedding!" "Many of 'em." And the Drum stepped forward and said:

"Trotty Veck, it's got about that your daughter is to be married to-morrow. And there isn't a soul that knows you both that don't wish you both all the happiness the New Year can bring. And here we are, to play it in and dance it in, accordingly."

Then Mrs. Chickenstalker came in (a good-humored, comely woman, who to the delight of all, turned out to be the friend of Lilian's mother for whom Will Fern had come to look), to wish Meg joy; and then the music struck up, and Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, and danced it in a step unknown before or since, founded on his own peculiar trot.

PRINCE GARETH

RETOLD FROM THE KING ARTHUR TALES

Little Prince Gareth lived in an old castle, far away in the north. He loved his home, and the hills, and the cold gray sea. He was the friend of every bird and beast that lived in the big forest near his home.

His mother, the Queen, would have been very dull if he had not been there. She liked to talk and play with him, and to hear his stories about the things he saw in the woods.

But she knew that, when her boy grew older, he would no longer care for this quiet life. He would wish to go, as her three other sons had done, to see the lands beyond the sea.

Perhaps he would try to find his way to King Arthur's palace, and see if he could not become one of the Knights of his Round Table.

Now, Gareth was a clever young boy. He had heard many stories about the great King. He knew how good and kind he was, and how his men were trained to be brave, and do noble deeds.

He often wished that he could go, as his brothers had done, and live with the good King, and do his bidding.

One day, he went to his mother, and begged her to let him go to Arthur's court. But she did not want him to leave her yet.

"What shall I do without you?" said she. "Stay here with me a while longer, and hunt in the forests. There is plenty of work for you here."

The boy said no more, just then. But after some time he went again to his mother. "Let me go to the King," he said; "I wish to follow him as a Knight."

The Queen smiled at her young son. "Yes, I will," she said, "but you must first promise me two or three things."

"You must not tell who you are. No one must know that you are my son, and a Prince, and for one year you must work in the King's kitchen."

The boy said that he would do all these things. Nothing was too hard for him, if he could only go and join the band of brave Knights at King Arthur's court.

The day came when the boy had to leave the old castle, where he had spent so many happy days with his mother. Two men were sent with him.

They had a long way to go, and rode many a mile. At last they came to a city and a castle, where King Arthur and his Knights were making a great feast.

Now, the King had a kind heart, and he allowed any of his people to come to his palace, and ask for favors.

As he sat at the Round Table, on this feast day, two men came into his great hall. They carried on their shoulders a youth, who looked like a Knight, though he was but poorly dressed.

"God bless King Arthur," said the boy. "I am come to ask for three gifts. One gift I beg you to grant me now. The other two I will ask for at the end of twelve months."

"Ask what you will," said Arthur.

"Then, O King, I pray that I may be allowed to work in your kitchen, and that you will give me food for one year's work."

"My fair son," said the King, "this is a very small thing. Ask something greater, for I should like to give you a better gift." But the boy told the King that he wanted nothing better.

"Would you not rather be one of my Knights?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," said the boy. But he did not forget

the promise he had made to his mother. "At the end of the year, I will ask two further favors," he said.

The King sent for Sir Kay, his steward. "Treat this youth well," said Arthur. But Sir Kay did not wish to have Gareth in the kitchen.

"I dare say he is only some poor man's son," the steward said. "If he were not, he would tell us his name, and where he comes from, and would ask for a horse and armor, instead of working in the kitchen."

One day he came to the boy and told him that he was going to give him a name, and call him Fair Hands. The unkind steward said many other things which made the poor boy very sad.

Gareth had chosen a very hard task. He ate his meals with the rough boys who worked in the kitchen, and he slept with them. They were not kind to him, for they knew their master, Sir Kay, did not like him.

Two of King Arthur's Knights were very sorry for the poor lad. They asked him to come into their rooms, where he should have better food and a nice bed to sleep in.

But the boy would not do this. He had told his mother that for twelve months he would work in the King's kitchen, and he meant to keep his word.

When any sports were to be held, he took care to be present. He liked to hear the stories, which the men were always telling, of the King's bravery, and of the bold deeds of his Knights.

The twelve months came to an end and the lad again went to the King's palace. There, in the great hall, sat King Arthur, and with him was a lady who seemed in much trouble.

"I ask for help, O King," she cried. "The wicked Red Knight has shut my sister in a castle, and I beg that you will send a Knight to fight him, and set her free."

Then Gareth ran quickly up to the King. "O King," said he, "I want my second favor. And I ask nothing better than to be one of your Knights, and help this fair lady."

The King smiled, but the lady was angry. "And so a kitchen boy is to go to the help of my sister," she said with scorn. Then she went to the place where she had left her horse, and rode away in haste.

The King's word was enough for Gareth. "You shall be one of my Knights," said Arthur. The boy was so full of joy that he did not mind the lady's anger.

He ran out quickly after her; and when he came into the court-yard, he found a great surprise waiting for him.

There was a fine horse, and on its back a suit of armor. Beside the horse stood a dwarf. "These have come from your noble mother," said he. "She knows that you have need of such things now."

Gareth put on his armor, and mounted his horse. He was riding forth gayly, when he heard Sir Kay shouting after him. "Come back," cried the steward, "come back to me, I am your master."

"I am free now," replied the lad, "but I know you are the most ungentle Knight of the court."

Then Sir Kay ran against him with his spear, but the clever lad threw him off his horse. Then Gareth took away Sir Kay's sword and spear, gave the horse to the dwarf, and rode off on his way once more.

When Gareth came up to the lady, he found her very cross. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Your clothes smell of grease and cooking, and they are quite soiled. You are a ladle-washer."

"You can say what you like," said Gareth. "I have said that I shall set free your sister, and I will do so, or die."

Because the lady was so unkind, he fell back, and rode a little way behind. He did not mind her words, for he was, at last, his own master, and a Knight. They made him feel quite happy and not a little proud.

As they rode along, he heard someone running after him, and he stopped as the man came up.

"Sir," said the man, "my master has fallen into the hands of robbers, who are going to put an end to his life. I beg you to help him, and to set him free."

Gareth rode with the man, until they came to the place where he had left his master. Here he found the poor Knight tied to a tree, and the robbers were taking from him his shield, rings, and other things.

He rushed upon them, and struck out so boldly that the robbers ran away. Then he unbound the Knight, who was very thankful.

"Pray come and spend the night at my castle," said he, "so that I may find some reward for your kindness."

"I want no reward," replied Gareth. "I have to ride after this lady, and free her sister from the castle in which she is shut up."

The Knight said he would go with him; and when they came up to the lady, he begged her

also, to stop at his castle. It was now quite dark, and the forest was a lonely place; so the lady was glad of the shelter.

When they were sitting down to supper, her pride made her draw back. "You have placed this kitchen boy near me," she said. "I cannot sit beside him, for I am of noble birth."

The Knight did not know what she meant. But he took Gareth to a side table, where he sat down with him. And so the proud lady had supper by herself.

Next day, Gareth again set out on his task; and, in the end, he was able to free the lady's sister from the wicked Red Knight. In doing this, he fought so bravely that the proud lady was ashamed of herself and asked him to forgive her rude words.

Thus the gentle boy won his way to honor. Though he had begun his life at Arthur's court in the kitchen, he soon became the most beloved of all the King's Knights.

THE PIED PIPER

RETOLD FROM ROBERT BROWNING

In the pleasant town of Hamelin, in Brunswick, a great many years ago, the people suffered under a plague of rats.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.

The people were so pestered that they did not know what to do. Finally they gathered in a body at the Town Hall and demanded that the Mayor and his Councilors should relieve them from their distresses. The Mayor and Councilors racked their brains. Of course, there was no trap big enough to catch these little fellows, and they could not seem to set enough small traps to entice them all. After they had scratched their heads in vain, and saw nothing left to do but give up, and, perhaps, leave their own town—

In did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin.
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

The queer figure advanced to the council table and addressed the Mayor and his assistants. "Please your Honors," said he, "I am able by means of a secret charm to draw all living creatures beneath the sun after me. In Tartary, last summer, I freed the Cham from a huge swarm of gnats; in Asia, I relieved the Emperor of a monstrous brood of vampire bats; and, if you will give me a thousand guilders, I can rid your town of rats. They call me the Pied Piper."

And now the Mayor and his Councilors noticed that around his neck the strange visitor wore a red-and-yellow scarf, at the end of which hung a pipe; and his fingers, they observed, seemed to be ever wandering toward it, as if impatient to be playing upon it.

"Will you give me the thousand guilders?" asked the Pied Piper.

"One? Fifty thousand!" shouted the Mayor and his Councilors all together.

Then the Piper stepped into the street with a smile, as if he knew the magic that was in his silent pipe. He wrinkled up his lips, lifted the pipe to his mouth, and began to play.

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the mutterings grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers;
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens.

Down the street, the Piper walked, still blowing his pipe; and step for step all the rats in Hamelin followed, until they came to the River Weser, and into it they plunged, and were drowned. That is, all but one. This rat swam across the stream to Ratland, and told the rat

"Out came the children running . . .
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter."

people on the other side what had happened. Said he:

"With the first shrill notes of the pipe, we seemed to hear a sound as of pouring apples into a cider press, of moving pickle tubs, of drawing the corks of oil bottles and of breaking the hoops of butter casks; and it seemed as if we heard a voice calling out: 'Oh, rats, rejoice! Here is your breakfast, dinner, and supper, all at once.' When I woke up, I found the River Weser rolling over me."

The people of Hamelin rushed to the churches and rang the bells until they rocked the steeples. They got out long poles, and poked out the nests, and blocked up all the rat-holes. While they were busy, with the Mayor at their head, the Piper suddenly appeared in the market place and inquired: "Where are my thousand guilders, please?"

Now, a thousand guilders is a good deal of money, and the dinners that the Mayor and his Councilors had been eating at the expense of the city had used up most of the city funds; so the Mayor, with a knowing wink, said to the Piper: "Oh, no, my friend; that was only a joke. I don't mind giving you something for a drink, and a little money to put into your pocket. What do you say—will you take fifty guilders?"

The Piper's face grew dark, and he cried: "No trifling! I am off to Bagdad for dinner, and if you don't treat me fairly I will set my pipe to another tune."

"You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst. Blow your pipe until you are out of breath," said the Mayor.

Once more he stepped into the street;
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a
    bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
    hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
    clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues
    chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley
    is scattering,
Out came the children running—
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls—
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and
    laughter.

The Mayor and his Council stood beside the road like blocks of wood, unable to move a step as their children went merrily skipping by. The Piper led them out of the square, along the high street, and to the River Weser. The Mayor and Councilors held their breath, but the Piper took them safely over the river and up the hill on the other side.

"He never can cross the hill-top!" exclaimed the Mayor, "and the children will turn back to us, after all."

But, behold! just as they reached the side of the mountain, a wondrous doorway opened, and the Piper advanced, and the children followed into the cavern. When all were in, the door in the mountain-side shut fast, and all the children were lost to sight.

All? No, there was one little lame boy who could not follow the others, so he was left outside; but he was able to look within. In after days, when it was dull (he was the only lad left in Hamelin), he used to tell how he saw—

A joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
    here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.

It was lonely the following years in Hamelin town. The best the poor people could do was to write the story on a column in the square, and paint a picture of the Piper and his procession of children on the great window of the city church. But they say that in some far-off land there still lives a tribe of people who wear dresses that are different from those of their neighbors, and who speak another language. They are always happy; they sing merry songs, and they all love to play upon the pipe. These are supposed to be the children's children of the children of Hamelin City.

PINOCCHIO

RETOLD FROM CARLO LORENZINI

ONCE upon a time there was—"A King"—some little voice will cry.

No, little one, you are wrong!

Once upon a time, a piece of wood was lying in the shop of an old carpenter. His name, I may tell you, was Master Antonio, but he was called by everybody Master Cherry, because the end of his nose was always as red as a ripe cherry.

When he saw the piece of wood, his face beamed with delight, and he said to himself:

"It will just do to make the leg of a little table."

With that he took a sharp axe to cut away the bark. But, before he could strike a single blow, he heard a little voice say pleadingly: "Do not strike me very hard!"

You may imagine good Master Cherry's astonishment. With the axe still raised in his hand, he looked with frightened eyes all round the room. There was nobody. Then he looked under the bench, into the cupboard, searched in a basket of shavings, and even opened the door and looked out into the street. There was no one to be seen. Where did the voice come from?

"I see how it is," he said to himself, laughing and scratching his wig. "I must have imagined it." And raising the axe, he gave the wood a tremendous blow.

"Oh! Oh! You have hurt me," cried the little voice.

This time Master Cherry was terrified. His eyes started from his head with fright; his mouth hung open; he shook all over, so that when he could speak, his voice trembled and stuttered, as he said:

"Where on earth can that little voice have come from? There is not a living thing here but me. Is it possible this piece of wood can have learned to cry like a child? I cannot believe it. Can anyone be hidden inside it? If anyone is there, I will soon settle him."

And he seized the piece of wood and banged it against the wall as hard as he could.

Then he listened for the little voice. Two minutes he stood with the log in his hand—nothing; five minutes—nothing; ten minutes—there was no sound.

"I see how it is," he said, making himself laugh. "I imagined the little voice. Let us begin again."

But, all the same, he was badly frightened, and he put away his axe; and, trying to give himself courage by singing a little tune, took his plane to smooth the piece of wood.

But he had scarcely begun when he heard the little voice cry, laughingly:

"You are tickling me all over."

Master Cherry was so frightened that he fell down in a swoon; and when he came to himself, he was lying on the floor, and the end of his nose had turned blue from fright.

At that moment some one gave a quick knock on the door. Master Cherry called, "Come in!" and in walked a lively little old man, named Geppetto. He wore a yellow wig, which looked so like an Indian corn pudding that the boys had nicknamed him "Polendina." But he was very fiery, and woe to the boy whom he heard call him that.

"Good morning, Master Antonio," he said, "what are you doing on the floor?"

"I am teaching the alphabet to the ants," snapped Antonio. "What has brought you to me, Master Geppetto?"

"This morning, an idea came into my head."

"Let us hear it."

"I thought I would make a beautiful wonder-doll and teach it to dance, and fence, and leap like an acrobat. With this doll, or puppet, I would travel round the world and earn my bread. What do you think of it?"

"Bravo, Polendina!" said the little voice.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Geppetto became crimson with rage, and turning to Antonio, he said furiously:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Who insults you?"

"You called me Polendina."

"It was not I!"

"It was you!"

From angry words they came to blows. In a moment the two old men were fighting furiously on the floor, and when the fight was over each had the other's wig. That nearly brought on another fight; but each returned the other's property, and they promised to be friends for the rest of their lives.

Alas for the peace they had just made! As Antonio was giving the piece of wood to his friend, it wriggled out of his hand and struck Geppetto's shins a fearful blow.

"Oh!" said Geppetto, "you have lamed me!"

"It was not I."

"It was you that hit me."

"I did not!"

Next moment they were fighting as hard as ever, and both suffered in the fight. However, when it was over, they shook hands, and promised to be friends for ever and ever, and Geppetto limped off to his house with the piece of wood under his arm.

Poor Geppetto lived in a small, badly lighted room, and for furniture he had only a hard bed, and a broken chair and table. He had no fire, but at the end of the room was painted a fireplace, with a lighted fire, and a saucepan boiling merrily, and he thought it looked quite cheerful!

As soon as he reached home he set to work on the puppet, which he decided to call Pinocchio, because he once knew a family of that name who were quite successful. Having settled on the name, he began by making the hair, then he made the forehead, and then the eyes. They were well done; but even so, he was never more astonished in his life than when the eyes looked at him.

He spoke angrily to them. Getting no answer, he went on and carved the nose; but, as he carved, it began to grow, and grow, and grow, until he thought it would never end. The more he cut at it and shortened it, the more it grew!

So he went on and carved the mouth; and before he finished the mouth it began to laugh at him. At that he flew into a rage. "Stop laughing!" he roared. But the mouth only stuck out its tongue at him; and, though Geppetto was furious, he went on with his work rather than spoil it.

Scarcely had he finished the hands than he felt his wig snatched from his head, and, looking up, he found it in the puppet's hands.

"Pinocchio!" he shouted, "give me back my wig at once!"

Pinocchio put it on his own head, and was nearly smothered.

"Ah! Pinocchio!" said Geppetto, shaking his head, "you are not yet finished, and you show want of respect to your father. That is bad—very bad!"

He dried a tear, and went on with the legs and feet; and no sooner had he finished the feet than they kicked him on the nose.

"I deserve it," he said to himself; "I should have thought of it sooner. Now it is too late."

He placed Pinocchio on the floor; and, as his legs were too stiff to move, Geppetto showed him how to walk. But as soon as he could move with ease, Pinocchio ran to the door, out into the street, and escaped.

Geppetto rushed after him; but Pinocchio was much too swift to be caught, and he went off, knocking his wooden feet together, and making as much clatter as twenty pairs of dancing clogs.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted Geppetto; but the people in the streets, seeing a wooden puppet running like a race-horse, stood stock still, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. . . . However, a tall man stood in the middle of the street, caught the runaway and handed him over to Geppetto, who tried to pull his ears, but could not, because—he had forgotten to finish them!

Pinocchio threw himself on the ground and refused to move, and the people began to say that Geppetto had been cruel to him. So they let Pinocchio go; and poor Geppetto was marched off to prison, where he had to stay all night.

Meantime, Pinocchio ran off as hard as he could, and before long he met the Talking Cricket, who advised him to mend his ways, or he would come to a bad end; but he would not listen to the cricket.

Before long he was sorry that he did not, for night came on, he was very hungry indeed, and would have been glad enough to see poor old Geppetto. However, he found an egg, and when he saw it—well, you would have to be a puppet—a marionette—to understand his joy. He turned it round and round in his hands; he kissed it; he said: "How ought I to cook it? Shall I make an omelet, or poach it, or scramble it, or—shall I drink it raw? No! The nicest way is to cook it in a saucepan." So he put a saucepan on a pile of burning shavings, and when the water began to smoke—tac!—he broke the shell, and out came a beautiful chicken, which thanked him for breaking the shell, and walked away.

Then Pinocchio wept, and wished he had not run away. At last he sat down at the fire of shavings, and fell asleep; and when Geppetto came home and woke him up, his feet were gone—burned up in the fire of shavings. At first Geppetto refused to make him new feet, but he promised to be good, and begged so hard to go to school, that Geppetto made him a nice pair of new feet, a pair of shoes, a beautiful suit of clothes, and a cap which was made from bread crumbs.

Off he went to school, with his nice new A B C under his arm, and feeling very proud. But on his way, he heard a band and followed it, and came to a house on which there was a sign which said, "Grand Theater for Marionettes." Wild

with curiosity, he did not rest until he found his way in.

When Pinocchio came into the theater, the principal marionettes, Harlequin and Punchinello, were quarreling with all their might on the stage, for that, you must know, was the play. The people were laughing at the puppets, when suddenly Harlequin stopped, and, pointing to someone far down the theater, cried out:

"Do I dream, or do I wake? It is Pinocchio!"

"It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!" shouted all the puppets in chorus, leaping in on the stage from every side.

"Pinocchio, come here!" cried Harlequin, "and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brothers and sisters."

Pinocchio made a leap that landed him on the stage, and then the excitement of kissing, and dancing, and leaping, and laughing that went on beats all description. The audience called out to them to go on with the play, but they simply wasted breath. The puppets paid no attention to them and were in the act of putting Pinocchio on their shoulders when the showman, a big ugly man, with a huge beard like an apron, came in, cracking his whip. Instantly there was silence. A fly might have been heard in the stillness.

"Why have you disturbed my theater?" he said gruffly to Pinocchio.

"Believe me, honored sir, it was not my fault."

"That is enough! To-night we shall settle accounts."

And that night, when the show was over, and the showman's supper was roasting at the fire, he sent Harlequin and Punchinello for Pinocchio, to throw him on the fire to make a blaze.

They did not want to do it; but a glance from the showman made them shiver, and in they brought poor Pinocchio, wriggling about and crying out: "Papa, papa, save me! I will not die! I will not die!"

The showman, who was not so bad as he seemed, tried to hold out, but could not, and presently he sneezed violently.

"Ah!" said Harlequin, who had been weeping for Pinocchio, "you are saved."

For you must know that, instead of weeping when he felt sorry for some one, Fire-eater, the showman, always sneezed.

He sneezed again, and then shouted crossly: "Stop crying! You distress me! Are your papa and mamma alive?"

"Papa is. I have never known my mamma."

"Oh, what sorrow I would have given your poor father if I had thrown you on the coals. Poor old man!" said the showman. And he sneezed three times.

"Bless you," cried Pinocchio.

"Thank you. All the same, some compassion is due me because I have no wood to cook my meat. However, I must burn up one of my company. Ho there, gendarmes!"

Two wooden policemen appeared, and the showman said, in a hoarse, harsh voice:

"Bind Harlequin securely, and throw him on the fire. I must have my meat well browned."

Think of Harlequin's terror. His legs bent under him, and he fell on his face on the floor. At this pitiful sight Pinocchio threw himself at the showman's feet, weeping so hard that he wet his long black beard, and begged:

"Have pity, Sir Fire-eater!"

"There are no Sirs here," said the showman, in a hard voice.

"Have pity, Sir Knight!"

"There are no Knights here!"

"Have pity, Commander!"

"There are no commanders here!"

"Have pity, Excellency!"

Upon hearing himself called by this title, a smile crept over the showman's face, and he said:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Pardon poor Harlequin!"

"For him there can be no pardon. I have spared you, and I must have my mutton well roasted."

"In that case," cried Pinocchio, throwing away his bread-crumb hat, "I know my duty. Gendarmes, bind me and throw me in the flames!"

These words, uttered in a loud, heroic tone, made all the puppets cry.

Little by little the showman's heart softened. At last he sneezed three or four times, and then he called Pinocchio to him and gave him a kiss.

"Then the pardon is granted?" asked Harlequin in a faint voice.

"Yes!" said the showman; "but another time woe to him who chances."

Then all the puppets, in their joy, ran to the stage, lighted the lamps, and danced and sang the whole night through.

The next day the showman gave Pinocchio five gold pieces, and told him to take them to his father. You may be sure Pinocchio thanked him a thousand times, and with the best intentions in the world set out for home.

But on his way he met a lame Fox and a blind Cat, helping each other along. They stopped to speak to him, and while they were talking Pinoc-

chio began to boast of his riches, and pulled out his money to show it. When they heard the tinkle of gold, the Fox stretched out his crippled paw, and the Cat opened her eyes wide. But Pinocchio saw nothing.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked the Fox.

"I am going to buy a new coat for my papa, made of gold and silver, with diamond buttons," said Pinocchio, "and then I shall buy a spelling-book for myself."

"Look at me!" said the Fox; and, "Look at me!" said the Cat. "Through our passion for study, see what we have lost!"

A white blackbird that was perched on the hedge sang to Pinocchio: "Don't listen to the advice of bad companions, or you will repent it!"

The Cat sprang upon him, ate him, feathers and all; licked her lips; closed her eyes, and pretended again to be blind.

"Poor blackbird!" said Pinocchio. "Why did you treat him like that?"

"To give him a lesson. He will learn another time not to meddle!"

They went on, walking and talking, but suddenly the Fox stopped in the middle of the road and asked Pinocchio if he would like to make his five gold pieces into a hundred, a thousand, two thousand!"

"I should think so," said the puppet. "How?"

"The way is easy enough, but you must go with us."

"Where?"

"To the Land of the Owls."

Pinocchio thought a minute, and then said: "No." He would go straight home. He knew his father was worried about him. If he had not been a bad boy yesterday, he would not have run into the danger he had been in.

"Well, then," said the Fox, "go, and so much the worse for you. Between to-day and to-morrow your five pieces would have become two thousand."

Pinocchio stood with his mouth open. "How could they have become so many?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the Fox, "in the Land of the Owls there is a Field of Miracles. If you dig a hole there and put in a gold piece, with a pinch of salt, and cover it with earth, and water it well, it will grow in the night; and in the morning you will find a tree with as many gold pieces as an ear of corn has grains in June."

"And," said Pinocchio, "if I buried my five gold pieces, how many should I find?"

"That," said the Fox, "is a very easy problem in arithmetic. In the morning, you would find two thousand five hundred gold pieces."

"Oh! How delightful!" cried Pinocchio. "I will keep two thousand for myself, and give five hundred to you."

"Of what are you dreaming?" said the Fox, appearing to be very much offended. "We do not work for money, but for the good of others!"

"Others," purred the Cat.

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio; and, forgetting his papa, and the coat, and the spelling-book, and all the good things he meant to do, he went off with the Fox and the Cat.

They walked, and walked, and walked, until at last, dead tired, they arrived at the Red Crawfish Inn.

"Let us stop here," said the Fox, "and have something to eat, and rest. We will start at midnight, and arrive at the Field of Miracles by dawn."

They sat down at the table; but the Fox and the Cat said they had no appetite. The Cat, who had indigestion, could only eat thirty-five white fish, with tomato sauce, four portions of tripe, and asked three times for butter and cheese to season it. The Fox, whose doctor had ordered him to be careful in his food, contented himself with a hare, lightly dressed with fat chickens and spring broilers. After the hare, he finished with a dish made of partridges, rabbits, lizards, frogs, and other dainties. He could touch nothing else. Pinocchio, who thought continually of the Field of Miracles, and all the money he could make for his papa, ordered bread and walnuts, and left them on his plate.

After supper they went to bed, and Pinocchio was so tired he fell asleep, and felt as if he had scarcely closed his eyes when, just as he was in the midst of a lovely dream about shrubs and trees covered with gold pieces, he was roused by a thump! thump! thump! on the door.

It was the landlord, come to tell him it was midnight, and the Fox and the Cat had left two hours before, because, said the landlord, the Cat's eldest kitten was ill with chilblains on the feet.

"Did they pay for supper?" asked Pinocchio.

"Oh, no!" said the landlord, who was in league with the Fox and the Cat. "When they were traveling with a gentleman, they would not think of doing so."

Poor Pinocchio would have been quite glad if they had done so, but he had to pay one of his gold pieces for the supper he had not eaten before he set out for the Field of Miracles, where

the landlord said the Fox and the Cat would meet him.

It was a very dark night, with darker shadows; and before dawn came Pinocchio had had enough adventures to satisfy any puppet.

First, he met a bright light, which was the spirit of the Talking Cricket, who told him his father wept for him, and who warned him to go back—the road was dangerous.

"Truly," said Pinocchio to himself, "everybody scolds us poor boys, and warns us and gives us advice. I have never believed in assassins. I think they were invented to make boys afraid to go out at night."

He turned, and there in the gloom were two evil-looking black figures, running after him on tip-toe.

"Here they are really," he said, and thrust his gold pieces under his tongue for safety. Then he tried to escape. But he had scarcely raised his foot to run, when his arm was seized, and two deep, hollow voices said:

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio, who could not speak because of the money in his mouth, could only bow and make signs. He tried to make out who had seized him, but he could see only two dim figures wrapped in sacks, their eyes peering through holes in the sacks.

"Deliver up your money, or you are dead!" said the tallest brigand.

"Dead!" said the other in a hollow voice.

"And after you are dead we shall kill your father!"

"No, no, no! Not my poor papa!" cried Pinocchio despairingly. And as he spoke, the gold pieces rang together in his mouth.

"Ah! you rascal! Your money is under your tongue! Give it up!"

They tried to force open his mouth, but could not. His lips seemed to be riveted together; and when the shorter assassin tried to force it open with an ugly knife, quick as a flash Pinocchio bit off his hand. Imagine his surprise when he found it was not a hand at all, but a cat's paw.

Encouraged by his victory, he pulled himself away, jumped the hedge, and fled across the country, followed by the assassins at full speed. They raced for miles, and when Pinocchio could run no more, he climbed to the very top of a tall pine-tree, where the assassins could not follow him.

But they were not to be beaten by so little. Piling a quantity of dry wood beneath the tree, they set fire to it. In a minute the pine was flaming like a candle in the wind; and not wishing to end his days like a roasted pigeon, Pinocchio made a tremendous leap, and away he went across the fields.

The way was barred by a deep, wide ditch, full of muddy water. "One, two, three," cried the puppet, and over it he went; but the assassins, who were right on his heels, went splash, splash, into the very middle; and without stopping, Pinocchio shouted out: "A fine bath to you, gentlemen assassins!"

He thought they were drowned; but when he looked back, there they were, running after him, dripping like two hollow baskets. He ran, and ran, through a great forest, and tried to get shelter, but could not; and at last the assassins caught up with him, and hung him up on an old oak tree. However, he was saved by a falcon, which a fairy sent to his rescue; and, hearing that his father was on his way to look for him, he set out to meet Geppetto.

On his way he was running quickly through the wood, but in front of the oak he stopped, for there he saw, coming toward him, the Fox and the Cat. They met him with joy, and asked how he came there.

"It is a long story," said Pinocchio, "which I will tell you when I have time." And then and there he told them the whole story of all the adventures he had met.

"Is it possible," said the Fox, "to hear of anything more dreadful? Where can respectable people like us find a safe refuge?"

While they were talking, Pinocchio noticed a very curious thing. The Cat had lost the whole of her front right paw. When he asked how it had happened, she was very much confused; but the Fox told a very touching story of how they had met a poor old hungry Wolf, and, as they had no money, the good Cat had given him her right paw to eat!

Pinocchio was also touched, and whispered to the Cat: "If all Cats were like you, how fortunate the mice would be!"

"And now," said the Fox, "what are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for my papa."

"And your gold pieces?"

"I have them in my pocket."

"And to think that instead of four pieces, you might have two thousand! Why will you not bury them in the Field of Miracles?"

Pinocchio thought of old Geppetto waiting for him, and of all the warnings he had had, and the dangers he had been through. However, he

ended as all boys do who have no sense and no heart. He gave his head a little shake, and said: "Let us go. I will come with you!"

The Fox and the Cat, who repeated everything the Fox said, told Pinocchio the field was only two miles away; but they walked half the day before they came to a town called "Traps for Blockheads," which was crowded with hungry dogs who had lost their coats; shorn sheep; cocks whose combs had been cut; butterflies who had sold their beautful wings; peacocks without tails; pheasants without their beautiful gold and silver feathers.

Through this starving crowd, from time to time, came a lordly carriage containing a fox, a thieving magpie, or some ravenous bird of prey.

The three companions crossed this miserable town, and on the other side they came to a lonely field, which looked just like any other field.

"We have arrived!" said the Fox; and, acting under his directions, Pinocchio dug a little hole, and put his money in. As he had no can, he brought water from the canal in his old shoe, and watered the ground.

"Now," said the Fox, "we can go away. In about twenty minutes you can return, and you will find a shrub, with its branches loaded with money."

The puppet was beside himself with joy, and promised the Fox and the Cat a beautiful present.

"We wish for no presents!" they said. "It is enough for us to have taught you to make yourself rich."

With that they said good-by, and started away, while Pinocchio went into the town and counted out the twenty minutes, all the time thinking what he would do with so much money.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "that I should find five thousand gold pieces, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, I would have a beautiful palace, a thousand little wooden horses, a thousand stables, and lots of good things to eat."

While he was talking to himself, he drew near the field; but he could see nothing of the tree. Nearer he went—nothing. Still nearer—nothing. Right up to the place—nothing. And there he stood staring at it, when he heard a shout of laughter from above his head. Looking up, he saw a large parrot in a tree.

"Why are you laughing?" said Pinocchio.

"Because in preening my feathers I tickled my wings."

Pinocchio said nothing, but went to the canal, brought more water, and watered the ground. But he was interrupted by mocking laughter from the parrot.

"Once for all," he shouted in a rage, "may I know what you are laughing at?"

"I am laughing at the simple people who believe all the foolish things that are told them."

"Are you speaking of me?"

"Yes, I am speaking of you, poor Pinocchio—of you who are simple enough to believe that money can be sown and gathered in the fields in the same way as beans and squash. I have learned that to save a few pennies honestly we must earn them, either by the work of our own hands, or the cleverness of our own brains."

"I don't understand you," said the puppet, trembling with fear.

"I will explain myself. The Fox and the Cat came back, took the buried money, and fled like the wind."

Pinocchio stared at him with his mouth open. Then he began to dig; and he dug and dug until he made a hole that a rick of straw might stand up in; but the money was no longer there.

So he went to the courts of justice to complain of the wickedness of the Fox and the Cat; and for his pains the judge ordered him to be put in prison for his foolishness. The puppet was petrified on hearing this unexpected sentence, and tried to protest; but the gendarmes stopped his mouth and carried him off to the lock-up.

There he remained for four long months before a fortunate chance released him. The young Emperor, having won a splendid victory over his enemies, ordered great public rejoicings, and commanded that the prisons should be opened and all the prisoners freed.

"You are not to be freed," said the jailer to Pinocchio, "you do not belong to the fortunate class."

"I beg your pardon," said Pinocchio, "I am also a criminal."

"In that case you are perfectly right," said the jailer; and, bowing to him respectfully, he opened the door and let him escape.

THE WATER-BABIES

RETOLD FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and where there was plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He had never even heard of God.

Tom cried half his time and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark chimneys, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw, and when the soot got into his eyes, and when his master beat him, and when he was hungry. And all these things happened every day. But he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing halfpennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog, or bowling stones at horses' legs. Yes, in spite of everything, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day, Mr. Grimes, Tom's master, was sent for to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping.

Mr. Grimes was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down at once; and next morning at four o'clock when they were going out, he knocked him down again, just to teach him that he must be extra good that day!

So Tom and his master set out. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and his brushes walked behind. Out of the court they went, and up the black dusty street, between black walls. But soon the road and walls grew white, and at the foot of the walls grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew, and they heard the skylark singing in the air.

Soon they overtook a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle on her back. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped as if she were tired and foot-sore; but she was a beautiful woman, with bright gray eyes and black hair. And she took Grimes' fancy so much that he asked her to ride behind him.

But she answered quietly: "No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a kind woman. And she asked him at last if he said his prayers, and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Tom asked her where she lived, and she said: "Far away by the sea." And he asked her about the sea, and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it. And Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it, too.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring that rose, bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began. And there Grimes stopped, and, without a word, climbed over the low wall, and began to dip his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking flowers as fast as he could; but when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, astonished, and said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. It wasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom.

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what does thou want with washing thyself?"

"I don't care, I will," said Tom; and he ran to the stream and began to wash himself.

Grimes, who was sulky because the woman had liked Tom's company better than his, dashed after him and began to beat him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but he was still more startled when she promised him, if he did not leave off beating Tom, she would tell all the wicked things that he had done. At this Grimes, who was quite cowed, let Tom go, and mounted his donkey without a word. But the woman stopped him again.

"I have one more word for you both," she said, "for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be dirty, dirty they will be."

And she turned away through a gate into a meadow.

Grimes stood still for a moment, then rushed after her, but she was gone. A little frightened, he mounted his donkey; and, filling his pipe, he

smoked away, and left Tom in peace until they reached the Place.

How many chimneys Tom swept we cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired and puzzled; and at last, coming down the wrong chimney, found himself in a room quite different from what he had ever seen before.

It was all white, with a gay, flowered carpet; and the walls were hung with pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. But two of the pictures Tom liked better than all the rest. One was the picture of a Man sitting with little children, and their mothers round him, and he was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about. The other picture was of the same Man, nailed to a cross. It made Tom feel so sad that he turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw puzzled him a good deal. It was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, soap and towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

"She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want so much scrubbing as all that," and then, looking toward the bed, he saw the lady, and held his breath.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair like threads of gold.

"No! She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself; and then he thought: "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And looking at his own wrist he tried to rub off the soot.

Then looking round he suddenly saw close by, a little ugly, black ragged figure, with red eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that room? And all at once he found he was staring in a looking-glass at himself!

And Tom, for the first time in his life, knew that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame. He turned to creep up the chimney again and hide, but he upset the fender and threw the fire-irons clattering down.

Up jumped the little white lady, and, seeing Tom, began to scream. In rushed the nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom, made up her mind that he had come to steal; so she dashed at him and caught him.

But she did not hold him long. He was much too clever for that, for he slipped under her arm, and ran across the room. Out of the window he went, down a tall tree, across the lawn, and up toward the wood.

The gardener mowing the grass saw Tom, and throwing down his scythe ran after him; the dairymaid upset the cream; the groom let loose the horse; Grimes upset the soot; the ploughman left his horses—all began to chase poor little Tom, shouting, as loud as they could, "Stop thief!" Even Sir John ran after him, and the Irishwoman was there, too. She must have gone round by another way.

Tom had never been in a wood before in his life, yet he was sharp enough to know he might hide in a bush, or climb up a tree. But the wood did not help him at all. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms and poked him in the face, and he thought he would never get through it. Indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall. The wall hurt his head, but Tom was a brave boy, and did not mind. He guessed that over the wall the wood would end; so over it he went like a squirrel, and out on the great moors, which the country people called Harthover Fell.

Now, Tom was a bright little fellow, so instead of keeping straight on, he ran back, under the wall, for nearly a mile. Of course, Sir John, and Grimes, and all the others never thought of turning round, but went straight on, and Tom heard their shouts die away in the woods, and chuckled merrily to himself.

But the Irishwoman had seen which way Tom went; and when she came to the wall she went quietly over, and followed him up the hill.

And now he was right away in the heather, and over rocks and stones, climbing higher and higher, up and up, finding time, too, to stare at the strange place in which he found himself. But he had to go more and more slowly, as he got higher up the hill, for the ground grew rough and hurt his little feet, and he began to grow hungry and very thirsty, for he had run a long way, and the sun was hot. Still he went on, and on, till his head spun round, and he thought he heard church bells ringing, a long way off.

"Oh!" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people, and perhaps some one will give me a drink." He set off to look for the church, but in a minute he stopped and said: "Why, what a big place the world is!"

He had reached the top of the mountain and could see far away to the shining sea, and great plains, and farms, and villages lay spread out

like a map before him. And just at the foot of the mountain the tired boy saw a clear stream, and by the stream a little garden, and there was a tiny red thing moving in the garden. As Tom looked down he saw it was a woman with a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. So down he went, like a brave little man, and the church bells rang so loud he began to think they must be inside his head. And the river chimed and tinkled far below, and this was the song it sang:

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool.
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir:
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

So Tom went down, and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman who walked behind him.

HOW THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP WAS TURNED INTO A WATER-BABY

A mile off and a thousand feet down!

So Tom found it, though it seemed as if he could have thrown a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat, and when at last he got to the bottom, and there was only a narrow strip of green field between him and the cottage, he could not walk.

So he lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. Indeed, I don't know when he would have got up again, if the midges had not nibbled so at his hands and face that he woke up and stumbled over a low wall and up to the cottage door. It was a very pretty cottage, hung all over with clematis and roses, and inside by the fireplace sat the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in a red petticoat and clean white cap. At her feet sat a cat, and on two benches in front of her sat a row of chubby little children, learning their A B C's.

All the children started at Tom's dirty, black figure. The girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh. But Tom was too tired to care.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty in the brook."

"But I can't get there, and I'm so hungry and thirsty!" And Tom sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post.

The old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and then said: "He's sick, an a bairn's a bairn, sweep or not."

"Water," said Tom.

Then the old woman had pity on him; and, seeing he was ill, she brought him milk to drink and bread to eat. Tom drank the milk, but the bread he could not eat. He told the dame how he had come all the long, hard way over the fell, and she put him to rest in an outhouse on soft, sweet hay, with a rug to cover him, telling him to sleep until she could dismiss her school.

So Tom lay down, and after a while he fell half asleep, and dreamed that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you are so dirty; go and be washed." And then he heard the Irishwoman saying: "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud that he was sure it must be Sunday. But he could not go to church, all over soot and dirt like that, and he said out loud, again and again: "I must be clean, I must be clean."

Suddenly he found himself in the meadow, lying on the grass and looking into the clear, clear water of the brook, where every pebble at the bottom was bright and clean; and again he thought: "I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his ragged clothes and put his poor hot, sore feet into the water and then his legs. And the farther he went in, the louder the church bells rang.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself. The bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and I shall be too late for church."

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman, not behind him this time, but before.

For just as he was coming to the riverside, she had stepped down into the cool, clear water, and her shawl and petticoat floated round her, and the white water-lilies floated about her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and carried her away in their arms. For she was the Queen of all the Fairies.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick people's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears, and coaxing little children away from things that would hurt them, and doing all I could to help those who would not help themselves."

Then she told them she had brought them a new little brother, and had watched, to keep him safe, all the way. But, she said, he was not to see the fairies. He was only a little savage yet. So the fairies were not to speak to him, nor play with him, but only to keep him from being harmed.

Then the fairies laughed for joy, because they had a new little brother. They were sad because they could not play with him; but they always did what they were told.

All this, of course, Tom neither saw nor heard. Perhaps if he had it would have made no difference, for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled as quickly as he could into the clear, cool stream, and fell into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that ever he had had in his life, and while he slept the fairies took him.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom. But there was no Tom there. She looked outside for his footprints, but the ground was too hard to show any marks; and she went in again, thinking Tom had tricked her with a false story; had pretended to be ill, and had run away. But she changed her mind next day. For then Sir John came over, looking for Tom, and told her the boy's story was quite true.

When Sir John and all the rest of them had lost Tom, they went home again and heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going up the chimney again. Of course she was frightened, but that was all. The boy had stolen nothing.

So next day Sir John mounted his stout pony, and took all his huntsmen, and a great bloodhound to show them which way poor little Tom had gone. And when he took them over that terrible mountain, Sir John could not believe Tom had really come that dreadful way. But he rode round to Vendale, and went to the old dame's school, and asked if she had seen Tom.

"Oh! Sir John," she said, "you were always a just and merciful man, and you'll not harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I am afraid we hunted him out of the house on a miserable mistake, and I am very sorry now, and——"

But here the old dame burst out crying.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear"; and then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here," said Sir John, without another word.

The dog found the traces of Tom's footprints at once, and led them to the meadow. And there, by the side of the stream, they saw Tom's clothes.

And Tom?

Ah! now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, found himself swimming about the stream, with a little frill round his neck, such as the fishes have, which he thought was made of lace, till he pulled it and found he hurt himself, and made up his mind it was part of himself, and best left alone. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

And therefore, where the keeper, and the groom, and Sir John found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned, they were utterly mistaken. Tom was quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he had ever been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river; and had done it so well that not only the dirt but the whole black outside had been washed quite off him, and only the pretty little real inside Tom was left.

But no one understood this, and they were all very unhappy, and the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom.

TOM'S ADVENTURES ON HIS WAY TO THE SEA

Tom was able to live in the water, as well as on land, now, and what is better still he was clean. He did not remember having ever been dirty. Indeed, he did not remember any of his old troubles. In fact, he could not remember anything that had happened to him when he was a land-baby.

Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world, and so now, to make up for that, he had nothing to do but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot and the frost is never too cold.

There were forests in the water, too, where Tom saw water-monkeys and water-squirrels, climbing among the branches. And the water-flowers were so beautiful that he tried to pick them. But as soon as he touched them they drew themselves in, and turned into knots of jelly. And then Tom saw they were all alive—

WATER BABIES

bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers of all beautiful shapes and colors.

Now you must know that all things under the water talk, only their talk is not like ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds use; and Tom soon learned to talk to them, and might have had pleasant friends if he had been a good boy. But we are sorry to say that, like some other naughty little boys, he was very fond of hunting and teasing animals just for fun. So he poked and pecked the poor water-things, till they were all afraid of him, and he had no one to speak to or to play with.

The water-fairies, of course, were sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good; but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his own lesson, and no one could help him but himself.

At last, one day, Tom sat by the stream, as lonely as he deserved to be, when under a bank he saw a very ugly creature about half as big as himself, with a face like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow!" And Tom was making faces at him, like a very rude boy, when suddenly the thing's donkey face came off and out popped a long arm, with a pair of pincers at the end, and caught Tom by the nose.

"Yah! ah! oh! let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet; I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and so he let him go.

Tom stood still and watched him; and he swelled and puffed and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang!—his skin split right down the back, and out came a most beautiful creature, as soft and smooth as Tom. Lovely colors shone on its body; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom. And he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing flew into the air out of his reach and said:

"You cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, and king of all the flies."

"Oh, come back, come back!" cried Tom, "you beautiful creature. I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely. If you will come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "you can't. But I will come back and have a chat with you, after I have looked a little about this pretty place."

The dragon-fly did come back, and in a little while they became friends. And I am glad to say that Tom learned a lesson that day, so the waterflies and the trout grew quite friendly, and they had many games together.

But one day Tom had a new adventure.

He was sitting on a water-lily leaf with the dragon-fly, watching the midges dance, when suddenly he heard the strangest noise up stream—a kind of cooing, and grunting, and whining, and squeaking.

Tom looked up the water, and there he saw a great ball, rolling over and over, down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. And when the ball came nearer it turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures, who were swimming about, and rolling, and twisting, in the most charming way that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she cried: "Quick, children, here is something to eat!" and rushed at poor Tom, showing such a sharp set of teeth and wicked pair of eyes that Tom slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then made faces at her.

"Come away, children," said the otter in disgust; "it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even the vulgar fish in the pond."

Tom said he was not an eft: he had no tail. The otter said he was, and they had a great argument about it. Then the otter said the salmon would come and eat Tom. Of course Tom knew they would not; but he wanted to know what they were.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft; great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are the lords of the salmon."

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft—the great wide sea—into the great river below. And when they go down again, we go down and follow them. And then we fish, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the waves, and sleep snug in the warm, dry crags."

Tom could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see, and at once he set off down the stream. But the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water. The sun burned his back, and made him sick, and so

he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

And then, one very hot day, everything grew suddenly dark; and Tom, looking up, saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard. Everything was still, until a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water; and then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and Tom looked up at it and thought it the finest sight he had ever seen.

But out of the water Tom dared not put his head, for the rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail hammered like shot. And soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher.

And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream was alive with great eels, hurrying past him, and as they went he could hear them say: "We must run, we must run! Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

And then the otter came by with her children, and as she spied Tom she said: "Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

Then came a brighter flash, and by its light Tom saw three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the stream, as they sang, "Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Oh, stay! wait for me!" cried Tom. But they were gone.

"Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything is going down to the sea, and I will go, too." And down the rushing stream he went, guided by the bright flashes of the storm. On, past dark banks and rushing waterfalls, past sleeping villages, under dark bridges away, away to the sea. Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop. He would see the great world, and the salmon, and the wide, wide sea.

When daylight came, Tom found himself out in the wide river. It was so wide, he thought it must be the sea, and felt a little frightened lest he should lose his way; so he waited for someone to come and show him the way. While he waited he slept, and when he awoke he saw a sight which made him jump, for he knew it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! Ten times as big as the biggest trout, shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot, with bright eyes and a grand hooked nose. Surely he must be a salmon, and king of the fish.

Tom was so frightened he longed to creep into a hole, but the salmon only looked at him, and then went on. And in a few minutes came another, and then four or five. And all passed Tom, rushing and leaping up the river, with strong strokes of their silver tails, shining so gloriously in the bright sun that Tom could have watched them all day long.

And at last came one bigger than all the rest, and with him another salmon, an especially handsome one, without any spots, but clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look very tired; do rest yourself behind this rock." And he shoved her gently toward the rock where Tom sat.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him fiercely, as if he were going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you, you are so handsome."

"Ah!" said the salmon, very politely, "I really beg your pardon. I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved."

Then he told Tom that, only the night before, some Water-Babies had shown them how to escape a net which had been set for them. After a little chat the salmon went away, leaving Tom very happy.

HOW THE LITTLE WHITE LADY WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE FAIRIES

The salmon went up the river, after Tom had warned them of the wicked otter, and Tom went down to the shore. He was many days on the way, for it was a long journey, and perhaps he never would have reached it if, unknown to him, the fairies had not been his guides.

As he went, he had a strange adventure. It was a clear, still night, and the moon shone so brightly through the water that he could not sleep. So he came to the top, and sat on a rock, and looked at the broad yellow moon, wondering what she was, and thought she looked at him.

Suddenly a bright red light moved along the river and sent a light like a flame into the water. Tom, curious little rogue that he was, must needs go and see what it was. So he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow, at the edge of a low rock.

And there below the light lay five or six great salmon, looking up at the flame with their big

HE WAS SITTING ON A WATER-LILY LEAF, WITH HIS FRIEND THE DRAGON-FLY

HE LIFTED IT OUT QUICKLY, WITH TOM ALL ENTANGLED IN THE MESHES

eyes, and wagging their tails, as if it pleased them very much.

Tom came to the top, to look at this wonderful light nearer, and made a splash. And he heard a voice say:

"There was a fish rose."

He did not know what the words meant, but he seemed to know their sound, and to know the voice that spoke them. And he saw on the bank three great two-legged creatures, one of whom held the light, and another a long pole.

Tom felt that there was some danger coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring at the light. But before he could move, down came the pole through the water. There was a fearful splash and struggle, and a poor salmon was speared right through, and lifted from the water.

And then from behind there sprang on these three men three other men. And there were shouts, and blows, and bad words, which made Tom tremble and feel sick. And then he remembered all about it, and knew that these were men, and that they were fighting.

He stopped his little ears, and longed to swim away, and was very glad that he was a water-baby, and had nothing more to do with horrid, dirty men. But he dared not move from his hiding-place while they fought. Soon there was a great splash and hissing. Into the water, close to Tom, fell the man who held the light. Into the swift river he sank and drifted into a deep hole where the men who sought him could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet, and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying flat. "Perhaps," he thought, " the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me."

Then he went nearer and nearer, and at last he came quite close, and looked him in the face. It was his old master Grimes.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Tom; "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty, troublesome one he will be. And perhaps he will find me out, and beat me again."

As fast as he could, he swam a little way up the river. But in the morning, he came again to the big pool to see if Mr. Grimes had turned into a water-baby. Mr. Grimes was gone; and for a long time Tom was afraid that he should meet him suddenly in some deep pool. He could not know that Mr. Grimes had not turned into a water-baby, or anything like one. The fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where he ought to be.

Then Tom went on, for he was afraid of Grimes. Day after day he went, past bridges, and towns, and boats, and barges, always keeping out of sight.

He did not know that the fairies were always close to him, keeping him safe from all dangers. Poor little fellow, it was a dreary journey, and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright sunshine.

But Tom, like a brave little English bulldog, never knew when he was beaten; so on and on he went, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, that the stream turned round and ran backward.

It was the tide, of course, but Tom knew nothing about tides. He only knew that the water turned salt, and he felt so strong, and light, and fresh, that he gave three skips out of the water, head over heels.

He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, and he meant to reach it. He passed great shoals of fish, but he stopped for nothing until he came to a great black shining seal, who stared at him and said: "Good morning, my little man, are you looking for your brothers and sisters? I passed them, all at play, outside."

The fresh sea-breeze came in, and the little waves danced for joy. The shadows ran races over the bright blue sea, and the waves plunged merrily upon the wide white sands; while above, the sea-gulls whistled sweet and wild, and Tom would have been very happy, if he could only have seen the water-babies. Sometimes he thought he heard them laughing, but it was only the laughter of the ripples. And sometimes he thought he saw them, but it was only white and pink shells. And he sat down and cried salt tears of disappointment and sorrow.

Then Tom began to ask all the strange things in the sea if they had seen any water-babies. And some said, "Yes," and some said nothing at all.

He asked the purple sea-snails, as they came floating along, each on a sponge full of foam. He asked a shoal of porpoises, papas and mammas, and little children, all quite smooth and shiny, rolling as they went. But all they answered was, "Hush, hush, hush!" for that was all they had learned to say.

And neither the sea-snails, nor the sunfish,

nor the sharks, nor any of the fishes could tell him where he could find the water-babies.

But one day among the rocks he found a playfellow. Was it a water-baby? Alas! it was a lobster. Tom, who had never seen a lobster before, thought him the funniest creature he had ever seen, with his big claws, and eyes which he could twist backward, and his curious way of walking sideways; but they became great friends, and they used to sit in holes in the rocks, and chat for hours.

About this time Tom met with a strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he very nearly never found any water-babies at all.

It happened that, in the pleasant short December days, Sir John was so busy hunting that his wife grew dull, and went to the seaside with the children, for a change of air.

So, strange to say, on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked one day the little white lady, Ellie, herself. And with her was a very wise man indeed, who was showing her all the beautiful and curious things on the rocks. But little Ellie liked much better to play with live children, or even dolls, and at last she said honestly:

"I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that."

"Children in the water? You strange little girl!" said the professor.

"Yes, said Ellie. "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids, too. I saw them in a picture at home."

The professor said that was all nonsense; that there were no such things as water-babies, and never had been. And just then he poked his net down among the weeds and caught poor little Tom. He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom entangled in the meshes.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor; and he turned away sharply, and began poking Tom.

Now Tom, who had been in the most horrible fright, had kept quiet until the professor poked him. But that was more than he could bear, and he turned and bit the professor's finger.

"Oh, Ah! Yah!" cried the professor; and, glad of an excuse to get rid of Tom, dropped him on the seaweed, and Tom dived into the water and was gone.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipped into the sea.

Too late! And what was worse, she slipped and fell with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up and tried to waken her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much; but she would not waken. So he carried her home, and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay quite still.

And after a week, one moonlight night, the fairies flew in at the window, and brought her a pretty pair of wings. And she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds. And nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

TOM FINDS THE HOME OF THE WATER-BABIES

But what became of little Tom?

He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as we said before. But he could not help thinking of little Ellie. He did not remember who she was, but he thought about her all that day, and longed to play with her. But he had very soon something else to think about.

He was going along the rocks, deep down under the water, when he saw a round cage, and inside, looking ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns.

The lobster was indignant at such treatment.

"I can't get out," said the lobster.

"Why did you go in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish."

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out?"

"Because I can't."

Tom tried to pull the lobster up backward, by the tail, but the lobster was so stupid and clumsy, that he succeeded in pulling Tom down beside him. There they both were, and before Tom could get out they saw a great dark cloud over them, and behold! it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom, and she got inside the cage to punish him for warning the salmon; but no sooner was her head inside than Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were, all three in the cage. And the lobster bit the otter, and the otter bit the lobster, and both thumped and squeezed poor

Tom. And I don't know what would have happened if he had not got on the otter's back and safe out of the trap.

He was very glad when he got out, but he would not desert his friend, and he caught his tail, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go, although the otter was quite drowned and dead. And that was the end of the wicked otter.

"Come along, you old stupid," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you."

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman pull him up to the boat side, and thought there was no hope. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious snap that he jumped out of his hand into the sea. But he left his claw behind, for it never came into his stupid head to let go, after all!

And now a most wonderful thing happened to Tom, for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, and when it saw Tom it looked up and cried: "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!"

And the water-baby told Tom they had been there for days and days, hundreds of them, about the rocks.

Now, was not that very odd? Can you guess why Tom could not find a water-baby until he had helped the lobster out of the cage? Think a little, and you will find out.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this dear little rock; the storm knocked its head off, and rubbed off its flowers. And now I must plant it with seawoods and anemones, and make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and great fun they had till the tide began to turn, and Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing, and singing, and shouting, and romping, and the noise they made was just like the sound of ripples.

And where is the home of the water-babies? In St. Brandan's Fairy Isle.

Did you ever hear of the blessed St. Brandan, who sailed away in a boat, far, far away toward the setting sun? And there he came to a blue sea, and golden islands. And when he landed on the fairy island he found it covered with beautiful trees, full of golden birds that sang delightfully.

St. Brandan sat down under the trees and began to preach to the birds. And the birds liked his lessons so much that they told the fishes, and the fishes told the water-babies who live in the caves under the fairy isle, and they all came up by hundreds.

And there St. Brandan taught the water-babies for a great many hundred years, till his eyes grew dim. And at last he fell fast asleep to this day. But the fairies took the water-babies and taught them their lessons themselves.

When Tom got there, he found that the island stood on pillars, and that its roots were full of caves, all hung with curtains of seaweed, purple and crimson, green and brown, and strewn with soft white sand, on which the water-babies sleep.

We wish Tom had given up his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of playfellows. Instead of that, sad to say, he tickled the live corals, and frightened the crabs, and put stones into the anemones' mouths. The other children warned him, and said: "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is coming." But Tom never minded, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was, and when the children saw her they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and put their hands behind their backs.

She looked at the children one by one, and seemed pleased with them, though she never asked them one question. And then she began to give them all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee, and to the very best she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

Little Tom watched all these sweet things, till his mouth watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. He hoped his turn would come, and so it did, for the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth. And, behold, it was a cold, hard pebble!

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy, who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths, to make them fancy they have caught a good dinner. As you did to them, so I must do to you?"

"Who told you that?" asked Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute. Yes, every one tells me exactly what they have done

wrong, without knowing it. So there is no use trying to hide anything from me. Now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles into your mouth, if you put none in other creatures'."

"I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"Then you know now. And whether you know or not, when you do wrong you must be punished."

And then the fairy told Tom how sorry she was to be obliged to punish people, but she could not help it. Only those people who did not know they were doing wrong were not nearly so much punished as those who did know.

Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said: "Yes, you thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world, and I shall be, till people behave as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world. Her name is Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and you will see her some day.

"Now, Tom, every Friday I come down here, and call up all who have ill-used little children, and serve them as they have served the children."

And first she called up the doctors, who give children too much medicine, and set them in a row, and pulled out all their teeth, and gave them the nastiest medicines, and never minded a bit what horrible faces they made.

Then she called up the careless nursery-maids, and stuck pins into them, and wheeled them about in perambulators, with tight straps across them, and their heads and arms hanging over the sides, till they were quite sick.

After lunch she set to work again, and called up all the cruel schoolmasters, and thumped them over the head with rulers, and slapped their hands with canes, and ended up by birching them all around soundly with her great birch-rod. And they all cried and howled so that their breath came up through the sea like bubbles out of soda-water.

Tom couldn't help thinking that the old lady was a little hard on them, but he longed to ask her one question, and at last he said:

"Pray, ma'am, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, my little dear."

"Why don't you bring all the bad masters here, and punish them, too? All the master sweeps, like my master Grimes? I'm sure he was bad enough to me."

Then the old lady looked very stern and said: "I look after them all the week round, and they are in a very different place from this, because they knew they were doing wrong. But the people I punish here were only stupid and impatient, and did not know it was wrong."

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of his meeting Grimes again, and he determined to be a very good boy all Saturday, and so he was. And when Sunday morning came, sure enough Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came, too. And all the children began to dance and clap their hands, and Tom danced, too.

And as for the pretty lady, we cannot tell you what the color of her hair was, or of her eyes, no more could Tom. For when any one looks at her, all they can think is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, merriest face they ever saw. She was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister, but not prickly like her. Tom saw that she was the nicest, softest, most delicious creature who ever nursed a baby. And all her delight was to play with babies, which showed she was a wise woman: for babies are the pleasantest playfellows in the world.

And therefore when the children saw her, they climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck; while those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand and cuddled her feet. And Tom stood staring at them.

"And who are you, you little darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby," they all cried, "and he never had any mother."

"Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so be off, all of you, this moment."

And she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and talked to him tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before. And Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, till he fell fast asleep.

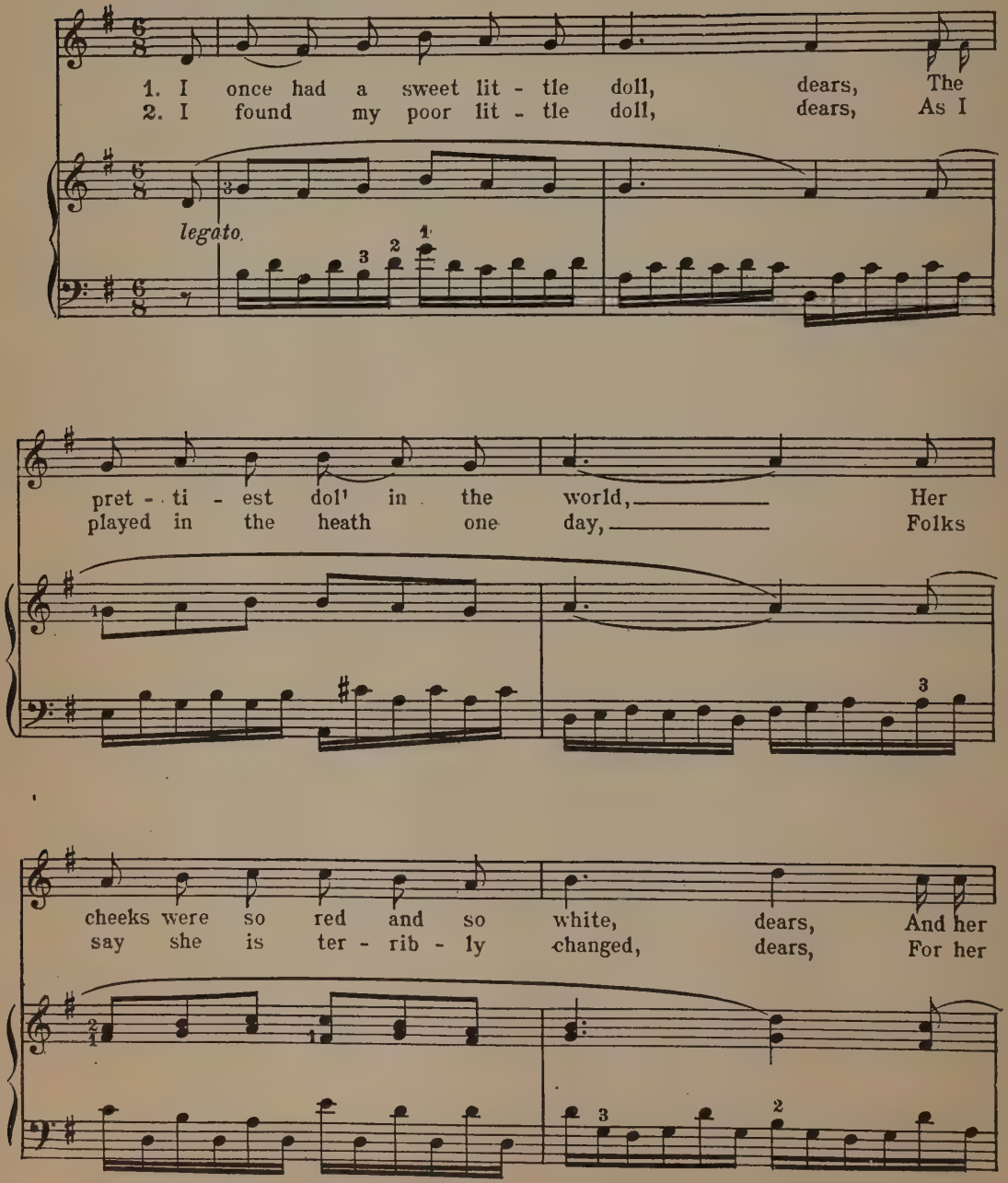
When he awoke she was telling the children a story—a story which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends forever and ever. The babies listened very seriously, and Tom listened, too, until he fell asleep again; and when he awoke the lady was nursing him still.

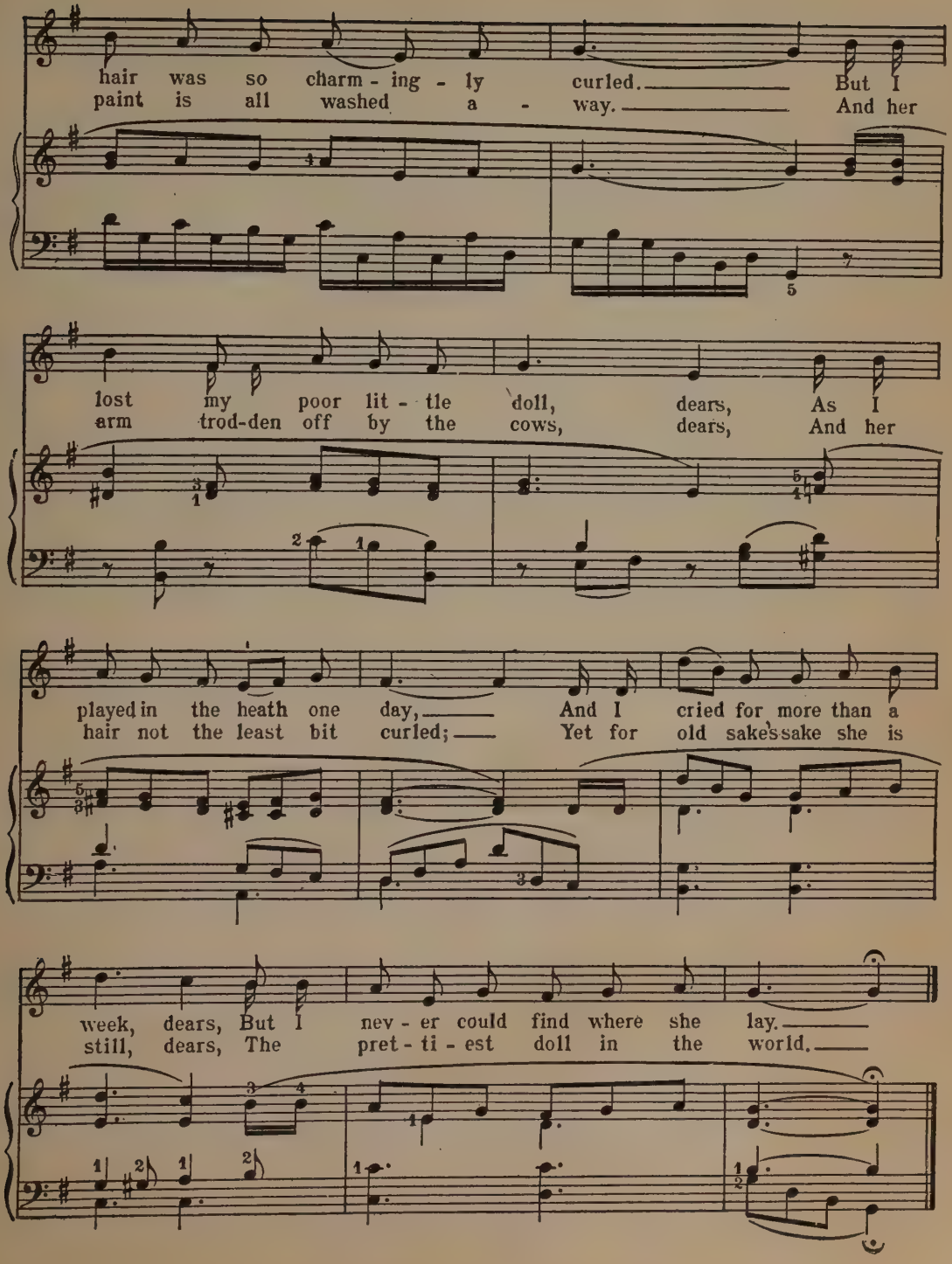
"Don't go away," said little Tom; "this is so nice. I never had any one to cuddle me before." And all the children begged her not to go away until she had sung the song about the doll she had lost:

The Lost Doll

T. P. COWLING
arr. by W. J. B.

Andante, with expression


1. I once had a sweet lit - tle doll, dears, The
2. I found my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I
legato.
pret - ti - est dol¹ in the world, Her
played in the heath one day, Folks
cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her
say she is ter - rib - ly changed, dears, For her


hair was so charm - ing - ly curled. But I
paint is all washed a - way. And her
lost my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I
arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her
played in the heath one day, And I cried for more than a
hair not the least bit curled; Yet for old sake's sake she is
week, dears, But I nev - er could find where she lay.
still, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the world.

And all the water-babies were delighted.

"Now," said the fairy to Tom, "will you be a good boy for my sake, and not tease any more sea-beasts till I come back?"

And so Tom really tried to be a good boy, and teased no more sea-beasts after that as long as he lived.

HOW ELLIE TAUGHT TOM HIS LESSONS

Perhaps you may fancy that Tom was quite good when he had everything he wished for. But you would be very much mistaken.

For he grew so fond of the sea-lollipops that his foolish little head could think of nothing else. He was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come, and what she would give him; and he watched to see where she kept her sweet things, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack in the rocks.

He longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid, until one night, when all the other babies were asleep, he crept away to it, and behold! it was open.

When he saw all the nice things inside he was frightened instead of being pleased. And at first he thought he would only just touch one. And he did. Then he would just taste one. And he did. And then he would eat two, and then three. And then he was so afraid that the fairy would come and catch him, that he began to gobble them down as fast as he could. And he never stopped till he had eaten them all up.

All the while close behind him stood Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did; but Tom neither heard her nor saw her. She did not smack him nor frighten him; she just said nothing at all about it. Not even the next day, when Tom came with all the rest for sweet things, did she say a word.

Tom was horribly afraid to come, but he was still more afraid to stay away lest anyone should suspect him. He was afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets. But behold! she pulled out as many as ever, which frightened him still more.

When the fairy looked at him, he shook from head to foot. But she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought she could not have found him out.

But he hated the taste of the sweets, they made him feel so sick; and he was very cross and unhappy all the week after.

When Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came, he wanted to be cuddled, but she said very sadly:

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly!"

Then Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg. Which was quite natural, for when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers his body could not help growing prickly, too.

He was miserable all week; and when the ugly fairy came, and looked at him more sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and burst out crying, and told Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did what he had done.

He expected to be severely punished; but she took him up in her arms and kissed him, and forgave him because he had told the truth. She told him he must take away the prickles himself, but said she would fetch a schoolmistress to teach him. Tom hoped she might be something like the old woman at Vendale, but she was not in the least. She was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver cloud.

"There he is," said the fairy, "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like it or not."

"I know," said the little girl; and she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom, and Tom put his finger in his mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was dreadfully ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin, and perhaps she would never have begun if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him to be good, and help him to cure his prickles; and that made her so tender-hearted that she began to teach him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went home, and the kind fairy took her place: and before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bed-room."

"Dear me!" cried Tom, "and I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he longed to hug and kiss her; but he did not, remembering she was a little lady. So he only jumped round and round her till he was quite tired.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked these so well that they went on till seven years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content

and happy all those seven years, but the truth is, he was not. There was always one thing he longed to know, and that was—where little Ellie went on Sundays.

"Miss Ellie," he said at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you, when you go home on Sundays, or I shall have no peace."

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when next the fairy came, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-beasts cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must first go where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed and said: "Yes, Tom, I did not like to come here at first. I was so much happier at home; and I was afraid of you, Tom, because—because——"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now, and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one you don't like, as Ellie has."

Tom put his finger in his mouth and hung his head, for he did not want to do that at all. But he was very unhappy about it, and so curious that he grew discontented, and very cross, and said that Ellie was tired of him and did not want him.

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said very sadly. And then she cried, "Oh, Tom, where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh! Ellie, where are you?"

For neither of them could see the other. Little Ellie vanished, and Tom heard her voice calling and growing fainter and fainter, till all was still.

How frightened Tom was!

He thought he had killed her, but Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did told him Ellie was not dead. She had sent her home, and Ellie would not come back, until he had gone out into the world to help some one else. You see, the fairy wanted him to go to help old Grimes, and Tom did not want to go because he was afraid. But the fairy comforted him and said he must be a brave boy, and not be afraid of anything he might meet. Nothing could harm him so long as he did what he knew was right.

She comforted little Tom so much, that at last he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out at once.

"Only," he said, "if I might see Ellie once before I went."

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much happier if I thought she had forgiven me."

And in the twinkling of an eye, there stood Ellie, smiling and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her.

"I'm going, Ellie," said Tom. "I am going, if it's to the world's end; but indeed I don't like going at all."

TOM'S JOURNEY TO THE OTHER-END-OF-NOWHERE

"Now," said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that is a brave, good boy; but you must go farther than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes, for he is at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened. There you will come to Peace-pool, and Mother Carey's Haven, where the good whales go when they die; and there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, and there you will find Mr. Grimes."

"Oh, dear!" said Tom; "but I do not know the way to Shiny Wall, or where it is at all."

"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves. You must ask all the beasts in the sea, and the birds in the air, and if you have been good to them some of them will show you the way to Shiny Wall."

So Tom asked all the beasts in the sea, and all the birds in the air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall, and Tom swam northward again, day after day, till at last he met the King of the Herrings, and asked him the way to Shiny Wall.

"If I were you," said the King of the Herrings, "I would wait here until the petrels come past. They are very clever birds, and will be sure to tell you."

Not long after, along came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens. They flitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skipped from wave to wave, lifting up their little feet so daintily, and whistling to each other so tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them and asked them the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you."

Tom set off with the petrels to the northeast, and as they went it began to blow right hard. The waves leaped higher and higher, roaring and swishing and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began, but Tom and the petrels never cared, and away they went, over the crests of the billows.

At last they saw an ugly sight—the black side of a great ship, which had been wrecked, and was floating about in the water.

The petrels flew up to her, and wailed round her, for they were very sorry indeed, and Tom scrambled on board of her, and looked around, and there, in a little cot, lashed tight to the side, lay a baby fast asleep.

Tom went up to it and wanted to wake it, but out jumped a little black and tan terrier dog who began to bark and snap at him, and would not let him touch the cot; and just as Tom was struggling with the dog, a tall green sea walked in over the side of the ship and swept them all into the waves.

"Oh, the baby, the baby!" screamed Tom. But the next moment he saw the fairies carry baby and cradle gently down in their soft arms. And then he knew it was all right, and that there would be a new water-baby in St. Brandan's Isle.

As for poor little dog? He kicked and coughed and sneezed so hard that he sneezed himself quite out of his skin, and turned into a water-dog, and followed Tom to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

So Tom, and the dog, and the petrels went on together, till they came upon a flock of molly-mocks, who were eating a dead whale.

"These are the fellows to show you the way," said Mother Carey's chickens. "The mollys can fly anywhere, but we cannot help you farther north."

Then the mollys took Tom and his dog on their backs, flew with them over the ice, and set them down safe at the foot of Shiny Wall.

There is no gate in the wall, but the mollys told Tom to dive under. Down, down he dived under the great white gate, which had never been opened, and went on in black darkness, at the bottom of the sea, for seven days and seven nights.

At last he saw the light, and clear water overhead, and up he came to where the good whales go.

And a very large pool it was, miles and miles across, and round it were ice caves and galleries, where live the ice-fairies who drive away the storms and clouds, so that it is always calm. Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mother Carey.

"There she sits in the middle," said the whale.

Tom looked, but he could see nothing in the middle of the pool, except one peaked iceberg.

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, "as you will find when you get to her. There she sits all the year round making old beasts into new.

And when Tom came near the iceberg, he saw it was the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, on a white marble throne.

Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"Look at me," said Mother Carey.

And as Tom looked into her great blue eyes he knew the way perfectly. Now, was not that strange?

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more. I hear you are very busy."

"So people fancy. But I never trouble myself to make things. I sit here and make them make themselves."

"You are a clever fairy, indeed," thought Tom, and he was right.

Then Mother Carey asked him if he were sure he knew the way. Tom had forgotten, but she told him his dog would not forget, and Tom must watch him. However, as the dog always went behind, Tom must go backward all the way.

Tom was much astonished, but he had learned to believe what the fairies told him; and we are glad to say he did exactly as he was bid. He never turned his head round once, from Peace-pool to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, but kept his eyes always on the dog. So he never made a single mistake.

HOW TOM HELPED HIS OLD MASTER GRIMES, AND THEN WENT BACK TO THE FAIRY ISLE

As soon as Tom left Peace-pool he came to the white lap of the great sea-mother, where she make mountain loaves and island cakes all day long.

And there, as he walked along the soft white ocean floor he heard a hissing, and roaring, and thumping, as if all the steam engines in the world were at work. And then he came to a place called Stop, right on the edge of a big hole in the bottom of the sea, up which rushed and

SHE PUT HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH AND LOOKED AT TOM,
AND TOM PUT HIS FINGER IN HIS MOUTH

HE SAW THE FAIRIES COME UP FROM BELOW, AND CARRY
BABY AND CRADLE GENTLY DOWN

roared enough steam to work all the steam engines in the world.

Just then a great piece of ground was torn off, and blown a mile up through the sea, and Tom with it. Up, up he went, and at last he stopped —thump—right between the legs of the most wonderful bogy he had ever seen. It had great wings like a windmill, and a mouth all on one side, and only one eye. Indeed, it was a very strange beast.

"What do you want here?" cried the bogy crossly; and when Tom told his errand, it would not believe him, but said he had come for gold. But suddenly, as the steam came up out of the hole against the bogy's wings, it changed into showers of gold, and silver, and copper, and tin. And it all fell into the soft mud and got hard. And that is why the rocks are full of metal.

Somebody shut off the steam from below, and in an instant the hole was left empty. Then down rushed the water into the hole, and the bogy cried out:

"Now is your time, youngster, to get down if you are in earnest, which I don't believe."

"You'll soon see," said Tom, and away he dived straight through the rushing water.

When he got to the bottom he swam till he was washed on shore on the Other-end-of-Nowhere, and was surprised to find that it was a great deal more like This-end-of-Somewhere than he had expected.

By and by, after many adventures, each more wonderful than the last, Tom came to a huge building, bigger and uglier than any prison. He walked toward this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy that he might find Mr. Grimes inside. Just then he saw three or four people running toward him shouting "Stop!" who, when they came nearer, were nothing else than policemen's truncheons, without legs or arms.

Tom was not at all astonished. He had seen so many strange things that nothing astonished him now. Neither was he frightened, for he had been doing no harm.

So he stopped. And when the foremost truncheon came up, he showed Mother Carey's pass, and the truncheon looked at it with his one eye.

"All right," he said, "pass on." And then he added, "I had better go with you, young man."

Tom made no objection. So they went on to the great iron door of the prison. And there the truncheon knocked twice, with its own head.

A wicket opened, and out looked the porter, an old brass gun. "What case is this" he asked in a deep voice.

The truncheon said it was a young gentleman to see Grimes; and the porter growled out that Grimes was up Chimney No. 345, and the young gentleman had better go on to the roof.

And there in Chimney No. 345, with his head and shoulders just showing out of the top, stuck poor Mr. Grimes, so sooty and ugly and miserable that Tom could hardly bear to see him. In his mouth was a pipe, but though he was pulling at it with all his might it was not alight, and he kept on grumbling: "My pipe won't draw. My pipe won't draw."

"Keep a civil tongue and attend!" said the truncheon, and hit Grimes over the head with himself. Grimes tried to get his hands out and rub the place, but he could not, for they were stuck fast. Now he was forced to attend.

"Hey!" he said, "why, it's Tom! I suppose you have come here to laugh at me, you spiteful little thing?"

Tom assured him he had come to help him, and he picked up a live coal (there were plenty about) and held it to the pipe. But the coal went out, and the truncheon, who was leaning against the chimney, looking on, said:

"It's no use, I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near it."

"Oh, of course it's my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your dirty chimneys? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all? Did I ask to stay here—I don't know how long—and never get my pipe nor my beer?"

"No," answered a solemn voice behind; "no more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the same way."

It was Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. And when the truncheon saw her, it started bolt upright—attention! And Tom made his bow, too.

Then Tom begged her to let him help Grimes. The old times were gone, he said; and good times, and bad times, and all times pass over. The fairy said that he might try; and first he tried to pull away the bricks, but could not, and then he tried to wipe away the soot, but it would not come off.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and now I am of no use at all."

"You had best leave me alone," said Grimes. "You are a good-natured, forgiving little chap,

and that's truth, but you'd best be off. Hail, that falls every evening here, is coming soon. Till it gets close to me, it's like so much warm rain. But then it turns to hail over my head, and knocks me about like small shot!"

"That hail will never come any more," said the fairy. "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears—those which she shed when she prayed for you. But your cold heart froze it into hail. But she is gone to Heaven now, and will weep no more for her bad son."

And Grimes said she was stronger and wiser than he, and whatever she told him he would do. Then the fairy said he might come out; but if he disobeyed her again, he would go to a far worse place. Grimes looked very sad.

"So my old mother's gone, and I was not there to speak to her. Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendale, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways."

"Did she keep the school in Vendale?" asked Tom. And then he told Grimes how she could not bear the sight of a chimney-sweep; and then how kind she was to him, and how he turned into a water-baby.

"Ah!" said Grimes, "good reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her and joined the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent a penny to help her. And now it's too late, too late," said Mr. Grimes, and he began to cry.

"Oh dear, if I was but a little chap in Vendale again, to see the clear stream, and the apple-orchard, and the little cottage, how different I would go on. But it's too late now; I've made my bed, and I must lie on it. Dirty I would be, and dirty I am, as an Irishwoman said to me once. It's all my own fault. But it's too late." And he cried so bitterly that Tom began crying, too.

"Never too late," said the fairy, in such a strange, soft voice that Tom looked up. And she looked so beautiful that he fancied she was her sister.

Nor was it too late. For poor Grimes' own tears did what nobody's on earth could do for him, for they washed the soot from off his face and clothes. And then they washed away the mortar, and the chimney crumbled down, and Grimes got out.

Up jumped the truncheon and was going to drive him down again, but the fairy put it aside.

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Grimes, "but I never disobeyed you that I knew of, for I never saw you before."

"Never saw me? Who said to you: 'Those who will be dirty, dirty they will be'?"

Grimes looked up, and Tom looked up, too, for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day that they went together to Harthover.

"I gave you your warning then, but you gave it yourself a thousand times before and since. Every bad word you said, and every mean thing you did, you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not."

"If I'd only known, ma'am——"

"You knew very well you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was I. But come out and take your chance. Perhaps it may be your last."

And now the fairy told Tom his work there was done, and he might go home; and took him up her own back-stair to save him all the long way round. But, she said, no one might see the stairs, so with one hand, she put a bandage on his eyes, and with the other took it off.

Then Tom opened his eyes very wide, for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step; but when he looked around he saw the black cedars high and sharp against the rosy dawn, and St. Brandan's Isle reflected in the silver sea.

And there on a rock sat the most beautiful person that ever was seen. She was looking down, with her chin upon her hand; and when Tom came near her she looked up, and behold! it was Ellie.

"Oh, Miss Ellie," he said, "how you are grown!"

"Oh, Tom," she said, "how you are grown, too!" And no wonder; they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, and she into a lovely woman.

"Perhaps I may be grown," she said; "I have had time enough. For I have been sitting here waiting for you many years, till I thought you were never coming."

"Many years?" thought Tom. But he had seen so much that he had quite given up being astonished. So he stood and looked at Ellie, and Ellie looked at him.

At last they heard the fairy say: "Attention, children."

They looked, and both of them cried out at once: "Oh, who are you, after all?"

For first they thought she was Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and then Mrs. Be-done-

by-as-you did, and then Tom was sure she was Mother Carey, or perhaps the Irishwoman he had met the day he went to Harthover.

But she only smiled and looked at them with her deep, soft eyes, and would not tell them her name; and then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you now on Sundays, Ellie. He has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to go with you and be a man, because he has done the thing he did not like."

And that is the end of the story.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

ABRIDGED FROM JOHN RUSKIN

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in olden time, a valley of the most surprising fertility. It was surrounded by steep mountains, always covered with snow, and from which torrents came down in cataracts. One of these fell westward so that when the sun was set, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, and it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River.

Strange it was that none of the streams fell into the valley itself. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the hollow, that, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and it was so fertile that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, whose names were Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the elder, were ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. But they worked their servants without wages, till they would not work any more; and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their grain till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust of bread to the poor. They never went to mass, and were so cruel and grinding as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

Gluck was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his brothers as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was fair, blue-eyed, and kind to everything. He did not agree with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the office of turn-spit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for the brothers were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he cleaned the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement; and dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by floods; the vines were cut to pieces by hail; the crops were killed by a blight. Only in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy food at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the "Black Brothers," who asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom starved to death at their very door.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers went out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and turned and turned the roast so that it grew nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! When they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do them good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck.

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again, and Gluck went to the window, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little

gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were round and red, his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a pointed cap of nearly the same height, with a black feather some three feet long. Over his curious long-tailed coat he wore an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from his shoulders to about four times his own length.

The old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's head in the window, his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "I'm wet, let me in."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, if I thought of it. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, "I want fire and shelter. Let me in, I say; I want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really cold; and when he turned, and saw the fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

The door opened, and as the little gentleman walked in, a gust of wind made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," he said. "Never mind your brothers, I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't," said Gluck. "You can't stay till they come; they'd kill me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman sat down, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was much too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry, but went on dripping, and the fire sputtered, and began to look very black. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old man, gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton," said his visitor.

Gluck, very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

Said the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so melancholy a tone that it melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but no more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman. Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella at Gluck.

"Ay! why indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, giving him a box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door. "Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen bowing.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but the old gentleman interposed his cap, on which it crashed with a shock. What was very odd, the rolling-pin flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the far corner.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," said the little gentleman, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter."

"Have the goodness to walk out again," said Schwartz. "We've enough water here, without making this a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

"Ay!" said Hans, "they are enough to keep you warm. Go!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do but to give it to such fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly.

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round; continued to spin until his cloak was all wound about him; clapped his cap on his head, and said with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; and you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a bang, and past the window drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A pretty business, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton. Bless me, it has been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir."

Gluck left the room. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest away and got very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rustling rain without stop. The brothers had just sense enough to close the shutters, and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness. The roof was off, the room was full of water, and in the misty moonlight they could see an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which reclined the little old gentleman.

"Sorry to incommode you," he said ironically. "Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. The ceiling is on there."

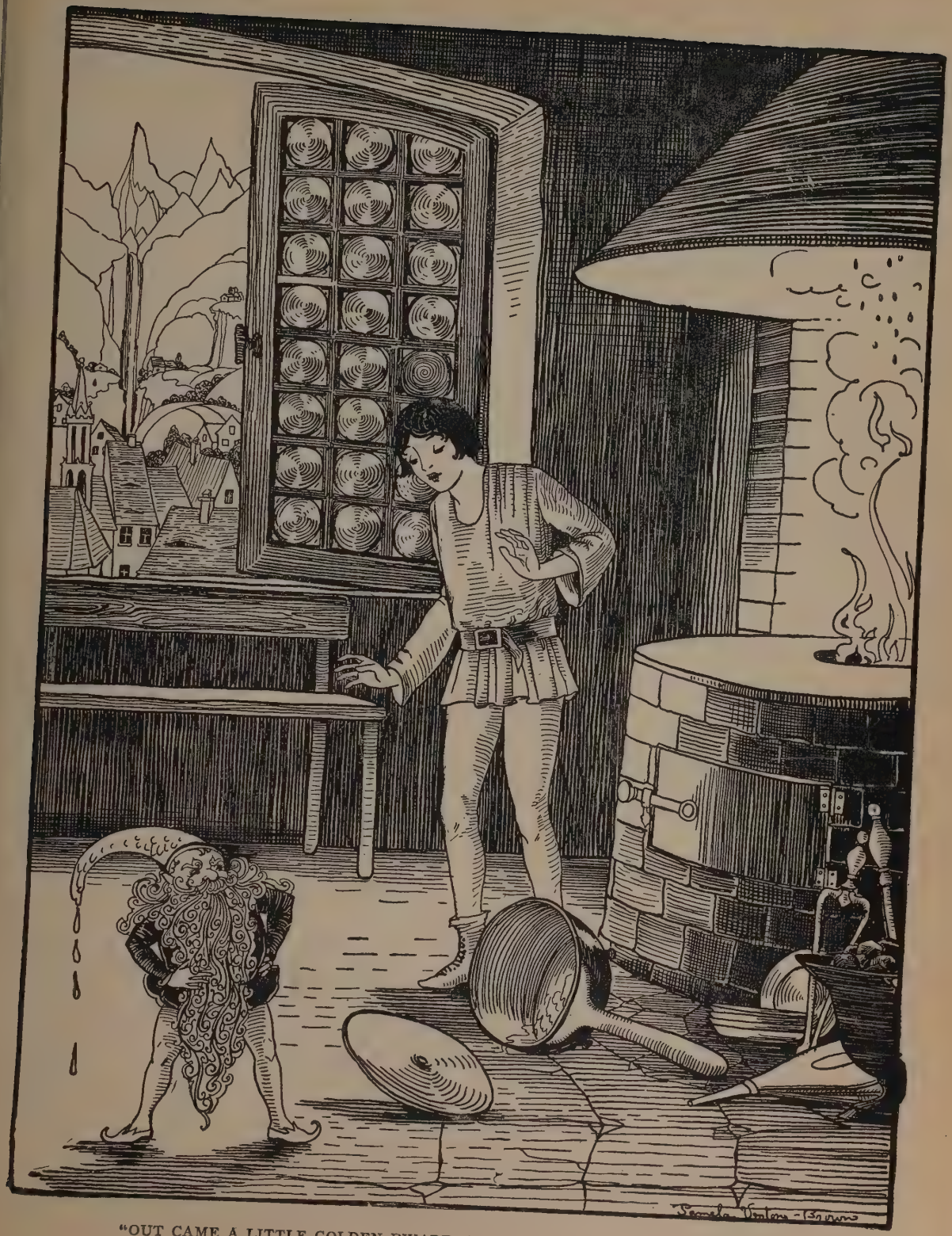
They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out on a scene of desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left a waste. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. Corn, money, everything was gone, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, were engraved the words:

"Southwest Wind, Esquire."

II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. He entered Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relatives, the West Winds, that they all took the same line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a desert, and the brothers abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood in the cities of the plain. Their money was gone, and



"OUT CAME A LITTLE GOLDEN DWARF, ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF HIGH"

they had nothing left but some gold plate, the last of their wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold."

So they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But people did not approve of the coppered gold; and the elder two brothers, when they sold anything, left Gluck to mind the furnace, and spent the money in the ale-house. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and had nothing left but one large drinking-mug, which an uncle had given to little Gluck, and of which he was very fond. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths flowed down into, and mixed with, a beard of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded a fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of the eyes; and Schwartz said positively that once he had seen them wink!

When it came to the mug's turn it half broke little Gluck's heart; but the brothers laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot and staggered to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend. The hair was all gone; nothing remained but the sparkling eyes, which looked malicious. "And no wonder," thought Gluck. He sauntered to the window, and sat down to catch the air.

Now, this window commanded a view of the range of mountains which overhung Treasure Valley, and especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was the close of day, and Gluck saw the mountain-tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and the river fell in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad rainbow across it.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear voice, at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. He looked round the room, and under the table, but there was nobody there; and he sat down again, and he couldn't help thinking that it would be very convenient if the river were really gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice.

"Bless me!" said Gluck, "what is that?" He looked into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear.

It was singing now very merrily—no words, only a soft melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out. No, it was certainly in the house, in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la." All at once Gluck thought it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! In a minute or two, the singing stopped, a clear voice said:

"Hollo!"

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in, and saw from beneath the gold the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately.

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, and took hold of the crucible, to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, out came a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

He was dressed in a wonderful coat of spun gold, so fine and smooth that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant coat his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so beautifully soft that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were rather coarse, and slightly coppery in complexion. After a moment the dwarf turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two.

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly indeed.

"No," said the dwarf. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, he pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns up and down the room. This gave Gluck time to collect his thoughts, and, seeing no reason to view his little visitor with dread, his curiosity overcame his amazement and he ventured on a question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight over to Gluck, and drew himself up. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned again and took two more turns. After which he again walked up to Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger King, from whose enchantments you have freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

III

The King of the Golden River had hardly disappeared before Hans and Schwartz came in and beat Gluck very steadily for a quarter of an hour; after which they asked him what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, which they did not believe. So they beat him again, and went to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he stuck to his story convinced them; and after wrangling a long time on the knotty question as to which of them should try his fortune first, the brothers drew their swords and began fighting. The noise alarmed the neighbors, who sent for the constable.

Hans hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question, for the priest could not give it to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers for the first time in his life, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, and set off for the mountains.

On his way he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows whom should he see but Schwartz himself.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face, and marched off in high spirits.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the giant mountains; and, far beyond, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke and floated away in fine wreaths upon the morning wind.

On the river and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at a rate which wearied him before he had climbed the first range of the low hills. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a large glacier, or ice field, of whose existence he had not known, lay between him and the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a good climber, yet he thought he had never crossed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was very slippery; and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes. Myriads of shadows and curious lights played and floated about, dazzling and confusing the traveler's eyes, while his head became giddy with the constant rush and roar of waters. The ice crashed and yawned into fresh cracks or chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and he was exhausted and shuddering when he leaped the last chasm and flung himself on the firm grassy mountainside.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or an overhanging cliff to give an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat upon the steep path. Intense thirst was soon added to Hans's great weariness; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he: "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on a small dog which appeared to be dying from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the little waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked at the flask; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and as he did so, he saw a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud sent long shadows creeping along the mountain-sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but the evening seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features dealy pale. "Water!"—He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." And he strode over the prostrate body. A flash of blue lightning shaped like a sword rose out of the east, shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

Hans stood at the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses: and his brain grew giddy. Shuddering, he hurled the flask into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through him, he staggered, shrieked, and fell. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

IV

Poor little Gluck waited anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return, and when Hans did not come Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard that he soon got enough money to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it to Schwartz, who now got out of prison. Then Schwartz was pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he go and see what had become of Hans.

As soon as Schwartz was free he took some more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water for it. So he got up before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. As he climbed the steep rock path, thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, and he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rise out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk.

Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist the color of blood had come over the sun.

Then Schwartz climbed another hour, and again his thirst returned; and, as he lifted his

flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lie exhausted on the path before him, and stretch his arms to him, crying for water.

"Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way here for you?" And he strode over the figure. And, when he had gone a few yards, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, but the thirst for gold was stronger than his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose higher, and out of it came bursts of lightning. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little. After a month or two, Gluck made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had made his two brothers weary, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw a feeble old man coming down the path, leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water."

Then Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, and gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle nearly empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began to sing on the bank beside it.

Then he went on another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child panting by the roadside, and it cried out for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks. And crimson and purple butterflies darted here and there, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became almost more than he could bear; but there were only five or six drops left in his bottle, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards away; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt. But the dog whined, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." And he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right. Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those wicked brothers of yours to pour unholy water into my stream?"

"Why," said Gluck, "they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf, sternly, "but the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in Heaven."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and

descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became like a shadow. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for a time, very much disappointed, because the river was not turned into gold. Then he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and went down toward Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard a noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks, and was flowing among the dry heaps of red sand!

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out in twilight; and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house full of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the people who live in the valley point out the place where the holy dew was cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River until it comes out in Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE STORY OF PETER PAN

RETOLD FROM J. M. BARRIE

WENDY MOIRA ANGELA DARLING lived in a big brick house with her two brothers, John Napoleon Darling and Michael Nicholas Darling. There was one unusual thing about these children. For a nurse they had a big powerful Newfoundland dog, named Nana. It was quite unusual, but true, nevertheless. Nana had cared for the children since babyhood, and was by far the best nurse you could find anywhere. He always warmed the children's night-dresses before the fire, and tucked the little ones safely in bed. When it was time for a bath Nana turned on the water, and would see to it that the children washed as they should, even behind their ears. Really, Nana was a most wonderful nurse.

Mrs. Darling heartily approved of Nana's thoughtfulness toward the children, and besides that she had a very special reason for keeping this marvelous dog. Many months before, she had visited the nursery one night to see if John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas were properly covered. While leaning over the bed looking at the children, her attention was attracted by a strange, shadowy shape, floating to and fro in the dim light of the room. As Mrs. Darling looked up, the shape darted toward the window. Mrs. Darling sprang after it. She banged down the window, but just too late. The shape had escaped; but a feathery something fell on the floor at Mrs. Darling's feet. It was the shadow of this strange, gliding night-visitor. She was very much frightened. What should she do with the poor little shadow? She could not throw it out into the night air, and she certainly had no use for it. Finally she decided to put it in a drawer for safe-keeping. Ever after this she had felt very nervous about her children's safety. Never again was Nana allowed to sleep outside of the nursery. She felt sure that the big dog would guard her children.

One night Mr. Darling was in a very bad humor. Nothing suited him, and he fussed and scolded all the evening. When it was bed-time he crossly said that it was ridiculous to have a dog for a nurse, and he was tired of it. Nothing would do but Nana must sleep out in the yard in his kennel. They had a regular family scene, but Mr. Darling was obstinate, and Nana was led away to the yard, growling and barking.

Just three minutes after midnight the south window of the nursery was cautiously opened, and in slipped the mysterious shape.

PETER AND WENDY IN THE TREETOP HOUSE

"Oh, please, where is my shadow?" it moaned. "I can't be happy without my dear little shadow. Tinker Bell, Tinker Bell, please help me find my shadow."

As the shape stopped speaking, a spot of light appeared upon the wall, and skipped over the ceiling, and under the beds, and across the carpet, filling the air with a tinkling sound. This was the little girl-fairy, Tinker Bell. In a minute she showed the shape where the shadow lay, and it was only the work of an instant to open the drawer and pull it out. Both Tinker Bell and the shape danced round the room with joy and Tinker Bell looked like a great big fire-fly. But their joy was turned to sorrow, for when the shape tried to make the shadow stay in place it could not be done, and both began to cry bitterly.

All this noise woke Wendy. She sat up in bed and asked her strange visitor: "What is the matter?" The shape told her his troubles. Wendy felt so sorry for him that she got out of bed, and with a needle and thread sewed the shadow in place. Then all was joyous again, and the strange creature danced gayly about.

Wendy curiously asked the shape who he was. He gladly told her his story.

"I live in Never-Never Land, where boys never have to grow up. My companions are all little boys, who have been dropped out of their perambulators by careless nurses. We have fairies for playmates, and are alway happy."

Wendy was very much interested, and asked him to tell her more. He laughed, and asked her if she knew where fairies came from. "When the very first baby laughed, its laughter broke into little bits, and each little particle became a tiny fairy, who went flitting off into space," he told her. "Nothing is more terrible than for a child to say he does not believe in fairies, for every time that happens a little fairy must die."

Wendy looked so sad at this that Peter Pan hastened to change the subject. He told her more of their life in Never-Never Land, and concluded by saying that the only thing the boys needed in that happy place was a mother. They had no little girls there, because girls never dropped out of their perambulators; they were too clever. Wendy loved Peter Pan, and smiled happily upon him. At sight of her smile Peter Pan cried:

"Oh, Wendy, come to Never-Never Land, and be our mother!"

Just then the two boys woke up. They sat up and wanted to know what it was all about. After hearing Peter Pan's story, they wanted to go, too, and thought nothing could be nicer. They asked Peter Pan how they could get to Never-Never Land, and he said that he would teach them all to fly, if Wendy would only come and be their mother. All this time Nana was barking loudly outside, but could awaken no one; and Tinker Bell was tinkling angrily, and telling Peter Pan that it was time to go home.

Peter Pan now undertook to teach the children to fly. "It is very easy. Just think beautiful thoughts," cried Peter Pan, as he sailed gracefully up into space.

After a few mishaps the children learned. Peter Pan led the way out through the open window, and the children easily followed him into the night, while Tinker Bell tinkled and Nana barked.

IN NEVER-NEVER LAND

It was almost morning, and the boys in Never-Never Land were beginning to get anxious about their captain, Peter Pan. He had been gone a long time, and they had had a bad night of it. Wolves and pirates had frightened them, and they were lost without their leader. They sat around on the ground discussing what to do, when they saw a large white bird in the sky.

Tinker Bill suddenly sounded in the trees nearby, and told them that Peter Pan wanted this bird shot. They always obeyed Peter Pan, so they got bows and arrows and fired at the strange bird. Alas! down fell poor Wendy with an arrow in her breast. Little Tinker Bell, who loved Peter Pan dearly, had caused this wicked deed, because she was jealous of Wendy.

Soon Peter Pan and her brothers arrived, and everyone was busy trying to make up for this dreadful accident. Wendy was not killed, and in a short time she revived. She smilingly promised all the little boys to be their mother. To show their joy, the boys decided to build Wendy a dear little house, and they used the silk hat of John Napoleon Darling for its chimney. Every one was happy, and life was running smoothly for all except Tinker Bell, who was still very jealous of Wendy.

Considering the fact that Wendy was only nine years old, she made a splendid mother. The boys all adored her, and did exactly what she told them to do. After having seen some of the more wonderful sights in Never-Never Land, such as the mermaids, and Peter Pan using a bird-nest for a boat, she settled down to real business, gave the boys their medicine, taught them table manners, and even tucked them up

in bed at night. Just as they were all nicely settled and so happy here together, the terrible pirates came and caused no end of trouble.

Captain James Hook was the leader of this gang, and he was enough to make any child have bad dreams. He had long, slick, black hair and ugly yellow skin; his black eyes gleamed fire, and his cackling laugh would make shivers run up and down your spine. He had no right hand, but in place of one there was a great iron hook. And now for the story of how it had happened.

ADVENTURES WITH PIRATES

Once upon a time Peter Pan and the terrible pirate were having a fight. Watching his chance, Peter Pan tripped the pirate and he fell into the sea, where a huge crocodile ate off the captain's hand. He escaped with only this injury, but ever after the crocodile pursued him, hoping to have another bite. The captain was always warned of the enemy's approach by the ticking of an alarm clock, which on one occasion the crocodile had swallowed. But the captain was in deadly fear that some day the clock would run down, and his enemy would slip upon him unawares. As a result of all this, the pirate hated Peter Pan, and longed for revenge.

The children's camp was always guarded by some friendly Indians. One day the pirates swooped down upon the Indians, and a great battle took place. The pirates were victorious, and killed off most of the Indians, putting the rest to rout. The boys did not hear the battle, for they were busy in their cave under ground.

While all this was taking place outside, Wendy had been telling a beautiful story—all about her own father and mother. Suddenly John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas were reminded of how their parents must be weeping for them, and they jumped up, declaring they must go home at once. Wendy looked serious, and then said that she, too, must go.

All the little boys were very sad when they heard this and began to cry very loudly. To comfort them, she told them that they might go home with her and live with her father and mother. All the boys were delighted, and they made ready to go with Wendy. But Peter Pan was very sad, and stood off in a corner by himself, looking very miserable. Peter said that he would not go with them because he did not want to have to grow up. He would rather live in Never-Never Land with the fairies, birds and mermaids. They all tried to persuade him to change his mind, but he would not. He loved Wendy very much, and he hated to see her go, but he absolutely refused to grow up, and have to go to school like ordinary boys.

At last they all said good-by to Peter Pan, and started up the narrow tunnel which led to the forest. Wendy was the last to go; she hated very much to leave Peter Pan alone here in the forest, but she just had to go home to see her father and mother. Sorrowfully she poured out some medicine for Peter Pan and made him promise that he would take it when he got up in the morning.

As the boys came up through the hole in the ground, the pirates were there waiting for them. The lads were seized and gagged, then carried away prisoners to the pirate ship, Wendy along with them.

THE TRIP HOME

It was the middle of the night, and Peter Pan lay asleep. Captain Hook left the pirate ship and crept back to the tunnel. Now was his chance to slay his enemy! Noiselessly he slipped down the passage-way and came to the door of Peter Pan's room. He tried to open the door, but could not. Again and again he pressed on the door and the latch, while Peter Pan slept peacefully within. At last the terrible captain gave it up; he could not get in. Then the pirate-chief saw the glass of medicine, left by Wendy. He craftily took a bottle of poison from his pocket and poured it into the glass.

Peter Pan woke up early the next morning. His first thought was his promise to Wendy, and he went to take his medicine. Just then faithful little Tinker Bell entered and cried out:

"Don't drink, don't drink!"

"But I have promised Wendy," answered Peter, and picked up the glass.

Tinker Bell pleaded with him, but all in vain. Then just as Peter was about to drain the glass, the little Shining Light fell into the glass and swallowed the deadly liquid. Immediately her light went out, and she dropped in a death-agony.

Peter Pan was heart-broken. He knew there was only one way he could possibly save his little friend. He rushed out and asked all the world if it believed in fairies. And from all the world's children came the answer:

"We do believe in fairies!"

As a result, little Tinker Bell was saved, for such a declaration would bring any little fairy to life. After she revived, she told Peter Pan of

PETER PAN

what had happened to the boys and Wendy.

With Tinker Bell leading the way, they both started for the ship. Peter arrived just as the captain was about to torture his prisoners. Taking an alarm-clock out of his pocket, Peter Pan held it so that the captain could hear it. The captain gave a cry of horror, thinking the dreadful crocodile was near. He forgot all about his prisoners in his excitement. Peter Pan stole unnoticed into the cabin and hid with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

After a while the clock ran down, and the captain grew brave again. "Go and get the cat-o'-nine-tails," he ordered, thinking of some more deviltry.

The ruffian who went to obey gave a terrible shriek as he entered the cabin. A second pirate tried it, and the same thing happened. Panic now seized the rest of the crew. Just as the confusion was the greatest, Peter Pan rushed out, sword in hand, and a dreadful fight took place. All the boys came to Peter's aid, while Wendy bravely cheered them on. The captain was flung overboard, to be eaten by the waiting crocodile; and the rest of the pirates were killed.

Nothing eventful, after this one mishap, disturbed the children on the rest of their trip. They all arrived at the Darling home late in the evening, and what a joyous time they had! Mr. and Mrs. Darling greeted all the little boys warmly, and made them feel very much at home. Good old Nana was so happy that he almost wagged his tail off. Mrs. Darling told the children how she had left the window open in the nursery, hoping they would find their way home some night. Mr. Darling had repented of his crossness, and Nana ruled the household. It was a wonderful home-coming.

Back in Never-Never Land Peter Pan was very lonely, and longed for Wendy. Every year she goes to see him and cleans up his house for him. And there, in Peter Pan's treetop home, they talk over their happy days together in Never-Never Land.

THE STORY OF PIPPA

RETOLD FROM ROBERT BROWNING

Have you ever played at make-believe, or spent long afternoons weaving dreams of fancy? My story is about a little girl, named Felippa, whose favorite game was play-dreams, with which she relieved the long, tiresome hours of work. Pippa, as she was commonly known, was a silk-winder in a mill of Asolo, Italy. She had no father or mother to care for her, so she had her own way to make in the world. She toiled very hard, and then was able to earn only enough for a bare existence.

If you should meet Pippa on the street you would not notice her thin and threadbare clothes, or her hatless head and bare feet. You would be attracted by her intelligent and beautiful face. She was dark, with an olive skin and lustrous black hair, which curled lightly around her face. The most noticeable features were her eyes. They were large and dark, and seemed to shine with a soft radiance. No one could read all the meaning that lay in Pippa's wonderful eyes, but they would tell you much of Pippa's dream-world.

In these games Pippa's thoughts would travel far away from the monotonous work, and she would forget her tired fingers and aching back. She was then her own little mistress, and would wander in imagination to a cool, silent forest where she might lie down on the soft green ferns and rest. Or she would pretend she was old Luca, the rich owner of the silk-mills; and, unlike Luca, would imagine herself playing the Lady Bountiful to all poor silk-weavers. Many and varied were the games Pippa played, but she was not just a dreamer. Indeed, she was more practical than most girls, for she really earned her own living, however meager it might be.

On New Year's Day Pippa was to have a holiday—the only one she had in all the year. She had planned on it for a long time, and wanted it to be her one perfect day.

PIPPA'S HOLIDAY

She awakes, on New Year's Day, a little after dawn, in the great, bare attic room, which is her home. It is a dingy, plain room, with cheap, unattractive furniture—a bed, a rickety table, an old cupboard, and a battered chair or two. There is no carpet or other comforts to brighten the room. However, Pippa does not notice the dreariness, but springs gayly from her bed and hastens to see what kind of a day it is. Her window opens toward the east; and, as she gazes out, there far across the valley the sun is ap-

pearing, as though to greet her on this day of days. The air is cool, and so clear you can see many miles away over the beautiful Italian country. The deep-blue sky seems to bend caressingly over the earth, as though it loved it. All out-of-doors is gay, and Pippa's heart throbs with the joy of living in such a world. Each living thing seems to beckon to her to come out and play; even the mulberry tree, which springs across her window, and the flame-red martagen on her window-sill, are whispering words of joy in their own way.

She hastily dresses, and eats her poor, little breakfast of bread and milk. What though her clothes are old and thin and her breakfast is meager! This whole long day is her own to do with as she likes; is that not enough to cause happiness? As she hurries about she muses to herself and considers how best to spend the day. She thinks the "four happiest" people in Asolo are Ottima, Phene, Luigi, and the priest; and she tries to decide which of them she will be.

But, first—Ah! how glad she is this is a perfect day. How much it means to her! This holiday takes away last year's sorrow, and gives her strength for all the year to come. If it rains this morning, Ottima would not care; if it grows dark and gloomy at noon, Jules and his bride, Phene, would not mind; if a mist obscures the evening, Luigi and his mother would not grieve; nor will the priest be disturbed by a storm at night.

"But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelve-months' toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil."

But come! Pippa is wasting her time in an idle dream:

"What shall I please to-day,
My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa, who winds silk
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk.
But this one day I have leave to go
And play out my fancies' fullest games.
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the "happiest four" in all Asolo!"

Pippa's heart craves love more than anything else. She has picked out the four in Asolo who seem to her to have the most perfect love, and she wants to decide which love of the four is really the best. Eager to play her game, she goes to her window and looks up the slope toward Ottima's house. She imagines herself the proud owner of such a beautiful home, and loved by Sebald. But in a moment she says:

"There is better love, I know:
This foolish love was only day's first offer.

Perhaps she will be Phene, the beautiful Greek girl, the bride of Jules. Yes, Phene must be wonderfully happy, for she is sheltered from all harm, and Jules loves her. But—Phene is cold and appears unresponsive to his love. At this thought, Pippa decides not to be Phene, for there must be a greater love.

"Only parents' love can last our lives."

When she remembers that, she decides to be Luigi, and to know such love as is bestowed upon him by a devoted Mother. Pippa voices a cry from her own heart when she says:

"If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father's too."

She considers for a little while, and then comes to the conclusion that the best love of all must be God's. Surely she will be happier to be the holy priest. Just as Pippa was about to leave the room, having decided the love of the priest is best, the words of a New Year's hymn come into her mind. The thought, "All service ranks the same with God," seems to cling in her mind, and with a rush of feeling she declares:

"Oh, yes,
I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With Thee to lead me, O Day of mine."

She leaves her room.

MORNING

On the very morning of Pippa's holiday a terrible crime has been done. Luca, the wealthy old mill-owner, has been killed by his young wife, Ottima, and her lover, Sebald. The two guilty ones are standing out in the shrub-house trying to calm themselves and quiet their con-

sciences in regard to the crime. Sebald is showing signs of repentance, but not Ottima. She tries to assure her lover that all will be well, and that their love justifies their deed, when a song disturbs the stillness, and a happy young voice, singing from pure joy of life, breaks in upon the tragic scene. Pippa, all unconscious of the tragedy so near her, is passing by Ottima's house, and playing her game of fancy. She sings:

"The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven:
All's right with the world!"

Sebald starts guiltily as he hears Pippa's song, and keen remorse takes hold upon him. He will not listen to Ottima when she answers indifferently, wishing to check the effect of the little peasant-girl's song. The thought, "God's in His heaven," has made clear to Sebald the dreadful crime he has committed; he welcomes any torture to punish his deed. Then Ottima, too, is touched, and begins to repent. They both pray to God to be merciful.

NOON

The morning has passed quickly, and Pippa is now approaching the home of Jules. She has had a lovely morning, and her game is delighting her childish heart; but how heavy are the hearts of the ones who she imagines are the happiest of Asolo!

Jules is just returning from the church at Pasagro with his bride. Moved by envy, several students have tricked Jules into marrying this young girl, whom he believes of high social standing and a patroness of art—one to be very helpful to him. She is really very poor and of lowly birth, though personally attractive. Jules leads his bride into her new home and speaks ardently to her of love. At first the girl appears unmoved by his declaration of devotion; until, overcome by his earnestness, she hurriedly tells him how he has been deceived. The story is such a shock to the young bridegroom that his wonderful love gives way to indifference, and his only feeling is a fierce hatred for those that have deceived him. Just as he is about to send Phene away and seek revenge upon his fellow-students, Pippa passes in the street below. As usual, she is blithely singing, and this time of "Kate, the Queen."

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!"

carols Pippa gayly, and sings on of the Queen who would humble herself and give up all for love. Jules listens unwillingly, and steps to the window to watch the little singer tripping down the street. Shall he do less than a Queen? he muses. His heart is touched, and he decides to accept Phene as she is and to love her, to forget the past and move to—

"Some isle
With the Sea's silence on it: there
To begin Art afresh."

EVENING

Just as daylight deepens into night, and the purple twilight is passing, the young patriot, Luigi, and his mother enter the turret. They are talking cautiously of the dangerous mission on which Luigi is about to depart—a mission by which Italy is to be freed from a despotic ruler. The mother is pleading with him to give up his plan. She fears his enthusiasm is becoming madness. Luigi tells her that at times he fears the same thing, but it troubles him not. He has had happiness and lived a youth of joy. Italy now suffers, and he must aid her

The mother, still unconvinced, argues with him and tells him he never will escape.

"Escape?" cries Luigi, "to even wish that would spoil all.
The dying is the best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life."

The mother's heart cannot yet feel that she must sacrifice her son to his country, and she tries another argument. She reminds him of his sweetheart, who is to come in June; and that seems to tempt Luigi a little from his purpose.

Just at this moment little Pippa, who has had a long day and is tired, leans against the wall outside and sings of a wonderful King who was noble, wise and good. The gods and people loved him so that there was no need for him ever to die. He ruled his city well, and judged every wrong deed, and then—

"'Tis said a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old King sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare, . . .

Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old King smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!"

With the words, Luigi's strength of purpose returns, and he breaks away from his mother, saying:

"'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Farewell!"

NIGHT

It is now late. Monsignor, the Bishop, has eaten his evening meal. Meanwhile he is holding an interview with Maffeo, a wicked man who has helped one of the bishop's brothers, now dead, to do away with the heir of an elder brother, and thus obtain a fortune. The Bishop is demanding the charge of the property. Maffeo cunningly tries to show that this cannot be done, as the heir is still living, "a little, black-eyed, pretty-singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl." Then he unfolds a cruel plot to remove the unsuspecting girl, who is no other than Pippa. Just as he finishes his story, Pippa passes by outside, all unconscious of the terrible fate that threatens her. Her day is ending, and she sings a quaint, innocent little song:

"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was naught above me, naught below,
My childhood had not learned to know;
For what are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun.
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the seven and one,
Like the fingers of my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me!"

The Bishop's heart fills with tenderness at her childish words. He is horrified at the thought of the evil plot, which touched his very life; he cries loudly for this villain, Maffeo, to be bound and cast out:

"Miserere mei, Domine" ("Have mercy on me, Lord")!

is his prayer of repentance.

PIPPA COMES HOME

Pippa now returns to her shabby home, tired out. Her holiday has left her a bit sad. Little does she know the greatness of the changes her songs have made in the lives in the "Happiest Four" in Asolo. Nor can she know of the good fortune that is soon to change her own life. She is only a tired little girl, lonely, and a little disappointed in her day's pleasure. She undresses slowly; and, as she climbs into bed, her last thoughts are the words of the New Year's hymn which she had sung so blithely that morning:

"All service ranks the same with God—
With God . . . there is no last nor first."

The words comfort her, and she falls asleep.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

BY JONATHAN SWIFT. ADAPTED BY JOHN LANG

GULLIVER had always had a great longing to travel, and he thought that a knowledge of navigation would be of use to him if he should happen to go on a voyage.

After leaving London he went to Germany, and there studied medicine for some years, with the view of being appointed surgeon of a ship. And by the help of his late master in London, such a post he did get on board the "Swallow," on which vessel he made several voyages. But tiring of this, he settled in London and, having married, began practice as a doctor.

He did not, however, make much money at that, and so for six years he again went to sea as a surgeon, sailing both to the East and to the West Indies.

Again tiring of the sea, he once more settled on shore, this time at Wapping, because in that place there are always many sailors, and he hoped to make money by doctoring them.

But this turned out badly, and on May 4, 1699, he sailed from Bristol for the South Seas as surgeon of a ship named the "Antelope."

GULLIVER IS WRECKED ON THE COAST OF LILLIPUT

At first everything went well, but after leaving the South Seas, when steering for the East Indies, the ship was driven by a great storm far

to the south. The gale lasted so long that twelve of the crew died from the effects of the hard work and the bad food, and all the others were worn out and weak. On a sailing ship, when the weather is very heavy, all hands have to be constantly on deck, and there is little rest for the men. Perhaps a sail, one of the few that can still be carried in such a gale, may be blown to ribbons by the furious wind, and a new one has to be bent on.

The night, perhaps, is dark, the tattered canvas is thrashing with a noise like thunder, the ship burying her decks under angry black seas every few minutes. The men's hands are numb with the cold and the wet, and the hard, dangerous work aloft. There is no chance of going below when their job is done, to "turn in" between warm, dry blankets in a snug berth. Possibly even those who belong to the "watch below" may have to remain on deck. Or, if they have the good fortune to be allowed to go below, they may no sooner have dropped off asleep (rolled round in blankets which perhaps have been wet ever since the gale began) than there is a thump, thump overhead, and one of the watch on deck bellows down the forecastle hatch, "All hands shorten sail." And out they must tumble again, once more to battle with the hungry, roaring seas and the raging wind. So, when there has been a long spell of bad weather, it is no wonder that the men are worn out. And when, as was the case with Gulliver's ship, the food also is bad, it is easy to understand why so many of the crew had died.

It was on the 5th of November, the beginning of summer in latitudes south of the equator. The storm had not yet cleared off, and the weather was very thick, the wind coming in furious squalls that drove the ship along at great speed, when suddenly from the lookout man came a wild cry: "Breakers ahead!"

But so close had the vessel come to the rocks before they were seen through the thick, driving spray that immediately, with a heavy plunge, she crashed into the reef, and split her bows.

Gulliver and six of the crew lowered a boat and got clear of the wreck and of the breakers. But the men were so weak from overwork that they could not handle the boat in such a sea; and very soon, during a fierce squall, she sank. What became of the men, Gulliver never knew, for he saw none of them again. Probably they were drowned at once, for they were too weak to keep long afloat in a sea breaking so heavily.

And, indeed, Gulliver himself was like to have been lost. He swam till no strength or feeling was left in his arms and legs; swam bravely, his breath coming in great sobs, his eyes blinded with the salt seas that broke over his head. Still he struggled on, utterly spent, until at last, in a part where the wind seemed to have less force, and the seas swept over him less furiously, on letting down his legs he found that he was within his depth. But the shore shelved so gradually that for nearly a mile he had to wade wearily through shallow water, till, fainting almost with fatigue, he reached dry land.

By this time darkness was coming on, and there were no signs of houses or of people. He staggered forward but a little distance; and then, on the short, soft turf, sank down exhausted and slept.

When he woke, the sun was shining, and he tried to rise; but not by any means could he stir hand or foot. Gulliver had fallen asleep lying on his back, and now he found that his arms and legs were tightly fastened to the ground. Across his body were numbers of thin but strong cords, and even his hair, which was very long, was pegged down so securely that he could not turn his head.

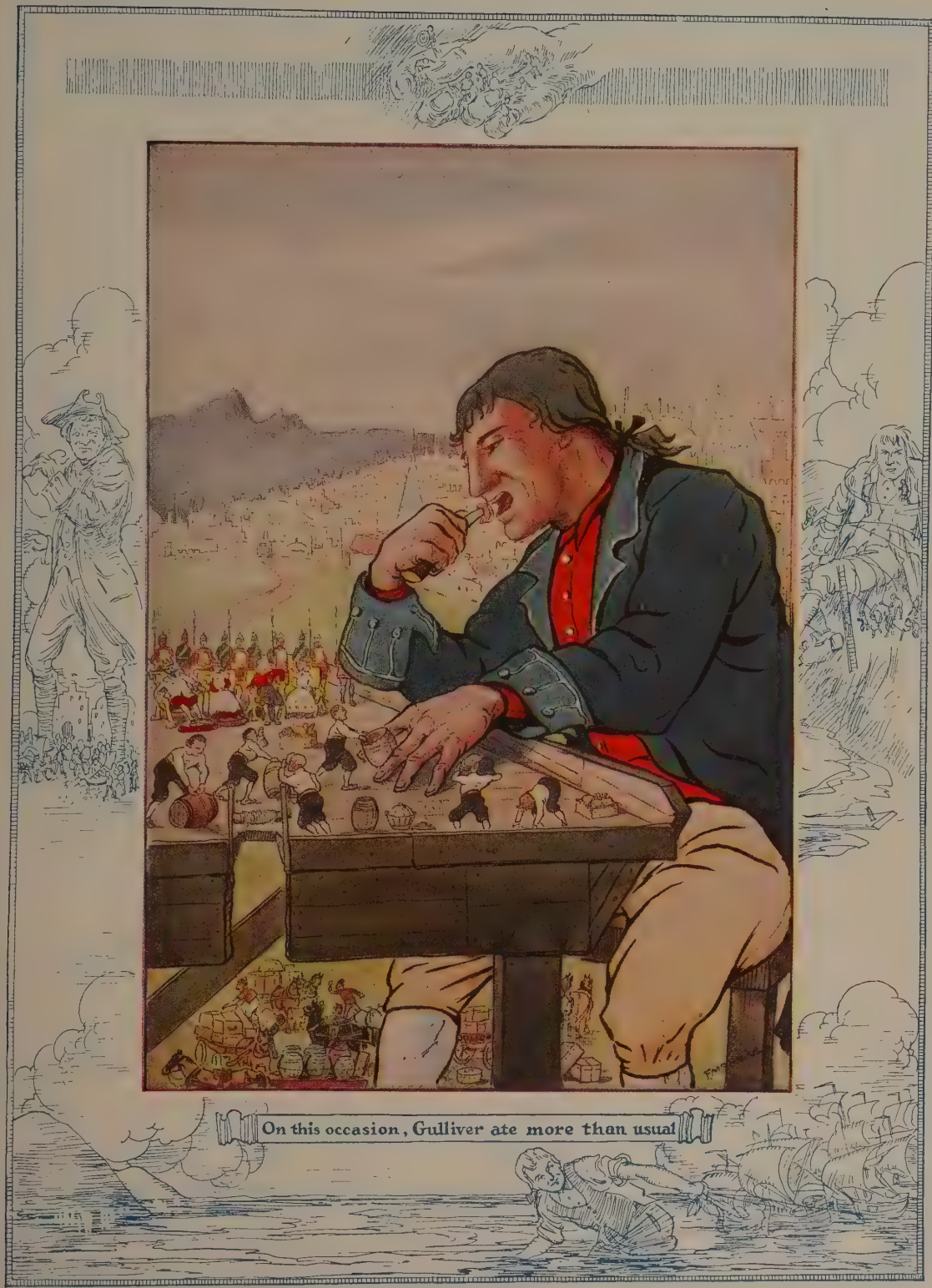
All round about him there was a confused sound of voices, but he could see nothing except the sky, and the sun shone so hot and fierce into his eyes that he could scarcely keep them open.

Soon he felt something come gently up his left leg, and forward onto his breast almost to his chin. Looking down as much as possible, he saw standing there a very little man, not more than six inches high, armed with a bow and arrows.

Then many more small men began to swarm over him. Gulliver let out such a roar of wonder and fright that they all turned and ran, many of them getting bad falls in their hurry to get out of danger. But very quickly the little people came back again.

This time, with a great struggle, Gulliver managed to break the cords that fastened his left arm; and at the same time, by a violent wrench that hurt him dreadfully, he slightly loosened the strings which fastened his hair, so that he was able to turn his head a little to one side. But the little men were too quick for him, and got out of reach before he could catch any of them.

Then he heard a great shouting, followed by a shrill little voice that called sharply, *"Tolgo phonac,"* and immediately, arrows like needles were shot into his hand, and another volley struck him in the face. Poor Gulliver covered his face with his hand, and lay groaning with pain.



On this occasion, Gulliver ate more than usual

Again he struggled to get loose. But the harder he fought for freedom, the more the little men shot arrows into him, and some of them even tried to run their spears into his sides.

When he found that the more he struggled the more he was hurt, Gulliver lay still, thinking to himself that at night at least, now that his left hand was free, he could easily get rid of the rest of his bonds. As soon as the little people saw that he struggled no more, they ceased shooting at him; but he knew from the increasing sound of voices that more and more of the little soldiers were coming round him.

Soon, a few yards from him, on the right, he heard a continued sound of hammering, and on turning his head to that side as far as the strings would let him, he saw that a small wooden stage was being built. On to this, when it was finished, there climbed by ladders four men, and one of them (who seemed to be a very important person, for a little page boy attended to hold up his train) immediately gave an order. At once about fifty of the soldiers ran forward and cut the strings that tied Gulliver's hair on the left side, so that he could turn his head easily to the right.

Then the person began to make a long speech, not one word of which could Gulliver understand, but it seemed to him that sometimes the little man threatened, and sometimes made offers of kindness.

As well as he could, Gulliver made signs that he submitted. Then, feeling by this time faint with hunger, he pointed with his fingers many times to his mouth, to show that he wanted something to eat.

They understood him very well. Several ladders were put against Gulliver's sides, and about a hundred little people climbed up and carried to his mouth all kinds of bread and meat. There were things shaped like legs, and shoulders, and saddles of mutton. Very good they were, Gulliver thought, but very small, no bigger than a lark's wing; and the loaves of bread were about the size of bullets, so that he could take several at a mouthful. The people wondered greatly at the amount that he ate.

When he signed that he was thirsty, they slung up on to his body two of their biggest casks of wine, and having rolled them forward to his hand they knocked out the heads of the casks. Gulliver drank them both off at a draught, and asked for more, for they held only about a small tumblerful each. But there was no more to be had.

As the small people walked to and fro over his body, Gulliver was sorely tempted to seize forty or fifty of them and dash them on the ground, and then to make a further struggle for liberty. But the pain he had already suffered from their arrows made him think better of it, and he wisely lay quiet.

Soon another small man, who from his brilliant uniform seemed to be an officer of very high rank, marched with some others on to Gulliver's chest and held up to his eyes a paper which Gulliver understood to be an order from the King of the country. The officer made a long speech, often pointing toward something a long way off, and (as Gulliver afterward learned) told him that he was to be taken as a prisoner to the city, the capital of the country.

Gulliver asked, by signs, that his bonds might be loosed. The officer shook his head and refused, but he allowed some of his soldiers to slack the cords on one side, whereby Gulliver was able to feel more comfortable. After this, the little people drew out the arrows that still stuck in his hands and face, and rubbed the wounds with some pleasant-smelling ointment, which so soothed his pain that very soon he fell asleep. And this was no great wonder, for, as he afterward understood, the King's physicians had mixed a very strong sleeping draught with the wine that had been given him.

Gulliver awoke with a violent fit of sneezing, and with the feeling of small feet running away from off his chest.

Where was he? Bound still, without doubt, but no longer did he find himself lying on the ground. It puzzled him greatly that now he lay on a sort of platform. How had he got there?

Soon he began to realize what had happened; and later, when he understood the language, he learned all that had been done to him while he slept. Before he dropped asleep, he had heard a rumbling as of wheels, and the shouts of many drivers. This, it seemed, was caused by the arrival of a huge kind of trolley, a few inches high, but nearly seven feet long, drawn by fifteen hundred of the King's largest horses.

On this it was meant that he should be taken to the city. By the use of strong poles fixed in the ground, to which were attached many pulleys, and the strongest ropes to be found in the country, nine hundred men managed to hoist him as he slept. They then put him on the trolley, where they again tied him fast.

It was when they were far on their way to the city that Gulliver awoke. The trolley had stopped for a little to breathe the horses, and one of the

officers of the King's Guard who had not before seen Gulliver, climbed with some friends up his body. While looking at his face, the officer could not resist the temptation of putting the point of his sword up Gulliver's nose, which tickled him so that he woke, sneezing violently.

GULLIVER IS TAKEN AS A PRISONER TO THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT

The city was not reached till the following day, and Gulliver had to spend the night lying where he was, guarded on each side by five hundred men with torches and bows and arrows, ready to shoot him if he should attempt to move.

In the morning, the King and all his court, and thousands of the people, came out to gaze on the wonderful sight. The trolley, with Gulliver on it, stopped outside the walls, alongside a very large building, which had once been used as a temple, but the use of which had been given up, owing to a murder having been committed in it.

The door of this temple was quite four feet high and about two feet wide, and on each side, about six inches from the ground, was a small window. Inside the building the King's blacksmiths fastened many chains, which they then brought through one of these little windows and padlocked round Gulliver's left ankle. Then his bonds were cut, and he was allowed to get up. He found that he could easily creep through the door, and that there was room inside to lie down.

His chains were nearly six feet long, so that he could get a little exercise by walking backward and forward outside. Always when he walked, thousands of people thronged around to look at him; even the King himself used to come and gaze by the hour from a high tower which stood opposite.

One day, just as Gulliver had crept out from his house and had got on his feet, it chanced that the King, who was a very fine-looking man, taller than any of his people, came riding along on his great white charger. When the horse saw Gulliver move it was terrified, and plunged and reared so madly that the people feared that a terrible accident was going to happen, and several of the King's guards ran in to seize the horse by the head. But the King was a good horseman, and managed the animal so well that very soon it got over its fright, and he was able to dismount.

Then he gave orders that food should be brought for Gulliver, twenty little carts full, and ten of wine; and he and his courtiers, all covered with gold and silver, stood around and watched him eating. After the King had gone away the people of the city crowded round, and some of them began to behave very badly, one man even going so far as to shoot an arrow at Gulliver which was not far from putting out one of his eyes. But the officer in command of the soldiers who were on guard ordered his men to bind and push six of the worst behaved of the crowd within reach of Gulliver, who at once seized five of them and put them in his coat pocket. The sixth he held up to his mouth and made as if he meant to eat him, whereupon the wretched little creature shrieked aloud with terror; and when Gulliver took out his knife, all the people, even the soldiers, were dreadfully alarmed. But Gulliver only cut the man's bonds, and let him run away, which he did in a great hurry. And when he took the others out of his pocket, one by one, and treated them in the same way, the crowd began to laugh. After that the people always behaved very well to Gulliver, and he became a great favorite. From all over the kingdom crowds flocked to see the Great Man Mountain.

In the meantime, as Gulliver learned later, there were frequent meetings of the King's council to discuss the question of what was to be done with him. Some of the councilors feared lest he might break loose and cause great damage in the city. Some were of the opinion that to keep and feed so huge a creature would cause a famine in the land, or, at the least, that the expense would be greater than the public funds could bear; they advised, therefore, that he should be killed—shot in the hands and face with poisoned arrows. Others, however, argued that if this were done it would be a very difficult thing to get rid of so large a dead body, which might cause a pestilence to break out if it lay long unburied so near the city.

Finally, the King and his council gave orders that each morning the surrounding villages should send into the city for Gulliver's daily use six oxen, forty sheep, and a sufficient quantity of bread and wine.

It was also commanded that six hundred persons should act as his servants; that three hundred tailors were to make for him a suit of clothes; and that six professors from the University were to teach him the language of the country.

When Gulliver could speak the language, he learned a great deal about the land in which he now found himself. It was called Lilliput, and

the people Lilliputians. These Lilliputians believed that their kingdom and the neighboring country of Blefuscu were the whole world. Blefuscu lay far over the sea, to these little people dim and blue on the horizon, though to Gulliver the distance did not seem to be more than a mile. The Lilliputians knew of no land beyond Blefuscu. And as for Gulliver himself, they believed that he had fallen from the moon, or from one of the stars; it was impossible, they said, that so big a race of men could live on the earth. It was quite certain that there could not be food enough for them. They did not believe Gulliver's story. He must have fallen from the moon!

Almost the first thing that Gulliver did when he knew the language fairly well, was to send a petition to the King, praying that his chains might be taken off and that he might be free to walk about. But this he was told could not then be granted. He must first, the King's council said, "swear a peace" with the kingdom of Lilliput, and afterward, if by continued good behavior he gained their confidence, he might be freed.

Meantime, by the King's orders, two high officers of state were sent to search him. Gulliver lifted up these officers in his hand and put them into each of his pockets, one after the other, and they made for the King a careful list of everything found there.

Gulliver afterward saw this inventory. His snuff-box they had described as a "huge silver chest, full of a sort of dust." Into that dust one of them stepped, and the snuff, flying up in his face, caused him nearly to sneeze his head off. His pistols they called "hollow pillars of iron, fastened to strong pieces of timber"; and the use of his bullets, and of his powder (which he had been lucky enough to bring ashore dry, owing to his pouch being water-tight), they could not understand; while of his watch they could make nothing. They called it "a wonderful kind of engine, which makes an incessant noise like a water-wheel." But some fancied that it was perhaps a kind of animal. Certainly it was alive.

All these things, together with his sword, which he carried slung to a belt round his waist, Gulliver had to give up, first, as well as he could, explaining the use of them. The Lilliputians could not understand the pistols, and to show his meaning, Gulliver was obliged to fire one of them. At once hundreds of little people fell down as if they had been struck dead by the noise. Even the King, though he stood his ground, was sorely frightened. Most of Gulliver's property was returned to him; but the pistols, and powder, and bullets, and sword were taken away and put, for safety, under strict guard.

As the King and his courtiers gained more faith in Gulliver, and became less afraid of his breaking loose and doing some mischief, they began to treat him in a more friendly way than they had hitherto done, and showed him more of the manners and customs of the country. Some of these were very curious.

One of the sports of which they were most fond was rope-dancing, and there was no more certain means of being promoted to high office and power in the state than to possess great cleverness in that art. Indeed, it was said that the Lord High Treasurer had gained and kept his post chiefly through his great skill in turning somersaults on the tight rope. The Chief Secretary for Private Affairs ran him very close, and there was hardly a Minister of State who did not owe his position to such successes. Few of them, indeed, had escaped without severe accidents at one time or another, while trying some specially difficult feat, and many had been lamed for life. But however many and bad the falls, there were always plenty of other persons to attempt the same or some more difficult jump.

Taught by his narrow escape from a serious accident when his horse first saw Gulliver, the King now gave orders that the horses of his army, as well as those from the royal stables, should be exercised daily close to the Man Mountain. Soon they became so used to the sight of him that they would come right up to his foot without starting or shying. Often the riders would jump their chargers over Gulliver's hand as he held it on the ground; and once the King's huntsman, better mounted than most of the others, actually jumped over his foot, shoe and all—a wonderful leap.

Gulliver saw that it was wise to amuse the King in this and other ways, because the more his Majesty was pleased with him the sooner was it likely that his liberty would be granted. So he asked one day that some strong sticks, about two feet in height, should be brought to him. Several of these he fixed firmly in the ground, and across them, near the top, he lashed four other sticks, enclosing a square space of about two and a half feet. Then to the uprights, about five inches lower than the crossed sticks, he tied his pocket-handkerchief, and stretched it tight as a drum.

When the work was finished, he asked the King to let a troop exercise on this stage. His Majesty was delighted with the idea; and for several days nothing pleased him more than to see Gulliver lift up the men and horses, and to watch them go through their drill on this platform. Sometimes he would even be lifted up himself and give the words of command; and once he persuaded the Queen, who was rather timid, to let herself be held up in her chair within full view of the scene. But a fiery horse one day, pawing with his hoof, wore a hole in the handkerchief, and came down heavily on its side, and after this Gulliver could no longer trust the strength of his stage.

GULLIVER IS FREED, AND CAPTURES THE BLEFUSCAN FLEET

By this time Gulliver's clothes were almost in rags. The three hundred tailors had not yet been able to finish his new suit; and he had no hat at all, for that had been lost as he came ashore from the wreck. So he was greatly pleased one day when an express message came to the King from the coast, saying that some men had found on the shore a great, black, strangely shaped mass, as high as a man; it was not alive, they were certain. It had never moved, though for a time they had watched before going closer. After making certain that it was not likely to injure them, by mounting on each other's shoulders they had got on the top, which they found was flat and smooth; and, by the sound when stamped upon, they judged that it was hollow. It was thought that the object might possibly be something belonging to the Man Mountain, and they proposed by the help of five horses to bring it to the city.

Gulliver was sure that it must be his hat, and so it turned out. Nor was it very greatly damaged, either by the sea or by being drawn by the horses over the ground all the way from the coast, except that two holes had been bored in the brim, to which a long cord had been fixed by hooks. Gulliver was pleased to have it once more.

Two days after this the King took into his head a curious fancy. He ordered a review of troops to be held, and he directed that Gulliver should stand with his legs very wide apart, while under him both horse and foot were commanded to march. Over three thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry passed through the great arch made by his legs, colors flying and bands playing. The King and Queen themselves sat in their State Coach at the saluting point, near to his left leg, and all the while Gulliver dared not move a hair's-breadth, lest he should injure some of the soldiers.

Shortly after this, Gulliver was set free. There had been a meeting of the King's Council on the subject, and the Lord High Admiral was the only member in favor of still keeping him chained. This great officer to the end was Gulliver's bitter enemy, and though on this occasion he was out-voted, yet he was allowed to draw up the conditions which Gulliver was to sign before his chains were struck off.

GULLIVER CAREFULLY WALKED DOWN THE FINEST OF THE STREETS

The conditions were:

First, that he was not to quit the country without leave granted under the King's Great Seal.

Second, that he was not to come into the city without orders; at which times the people were to have two hours' notice to keep indoors.

Third, that he should keep to the high roads, and not walk or lie down in a meadow.

Fourth, that he was to take the utmost care not to trample on anybody, or on any horses or carriages, and that he was not to lift any persons in his hand against their will.

Fifth, that if at any time an express had to be sent in great haste, he was to carry the messenger and his horse in his pocket a six-days' journey, and to bring them safely back.

Sixth, that he should be the King's ally against the Blefuscans, and that he should try to destroy their fleet, which was said to be preparing to invade Lilliput.

Seventh, that he should help the workmen to move certain great stones which were needed to repair some of the public buildings.

Eighth, that he should in "two moons' time" make an exact survey of the kingdom, by counting how many of his own paces it took him to go all round the coast.

Lastly, on his swearing to the above conditions, it was promised that he should have a daily allowance of meat and drink equal to the amount consumed by seventeen hundred and twenty-four of the Lilliputians, for they estimated that Gulliver's size was about equal to that number of their own people.

Though one or two of the conditions did not please him, especially that about helping the workmen (which he thought was making him too much a servant), yet Gulliver signed the document at once, and swore to observe its conditions.

After having done so, and having had his chains removed, the first thing he asked was to be allowed to see the city (which was called Mildendo). He found that it was surrounded by a great wall about two and a half feet high, broad enough for one of their coaches and four to be driven along, and at every ten feet there were strong flanking towers.

Gulliver took off his coat, lest the tails might do damage to the roofs or chimneys of houses: and he then stepped over the wall, and very carefully walked down the finest of the streets, one quite five feet wide. Wherever he went, the tops of the houses and the attic windows were packed with wondering spectators, and he reckoned that the town must hold quite half a million of people.

In the center of the city, where the two chief streets met, stood the King's Palace, a very fine building surrounded by a wall. But he was not able to see the whole palace that day, because the part in which were the royal apartments was shut off by another wall nearly five feet in height, which he could not get over without a risk of doing damage.

Some days later he climbed over by the help of two stools which he made from some of the largest trees in the Royal Park, trees nearly seven feet high, which he was allowed to cut down for the purpose. By putting one of the stools at each side of the wall Gulliver was able to step across. Then, lying down on his side, and putting his face close to the open windows, he looked in and saw the Queen and all the young Princes. The Queen smiled, and held her hand out of one of the windows, that he might kiss it. She was very pleasant and friendly.

One day, about a fortnight after this, there came to call on him, Reldresal, the King's Chief Secretary, a very great man, one who had always been Gulliver's good friend. This person had a long and serious talk with Gulliver about the state of the country.

He said that though to the outward eye things in Lilliput seemed very settled and prosperous, yet in reality there were troubles, both internal and external, that threatened the safety of the kingdom.

There had been in Lilliput for a very long time two parties at bitter enmity with each other, so bitter that they would neither eat, drink, nor talk together, and what one party did, the other would always try to undo. Each professed to believe that nothing good could come from the other.

Any measure proposed by the party in power was by the other always looked upon as foolish or evil. And any new law passed by the Government party was said by the Opposition to be either a wicked attack on the liberties of the people, or something undertaken solely for the purpose of keeping that party in, and the Opposition out of power. To such a pitch had things now come, said the Chief Secretary, entirely owing to the folly of the Opposition, that the business of the kingdom was almost at a standstill.

Meantime the country was in danger of an invasion by the Blefuscans, who were now fitting out a great fleet, which was almost ready to sail

to attack Lilliput. The war with Blefuscu had been raging for some years, and the losses by both nations of ships and of men had been very heavy.

This war had broken out in the following way. It had always been the custom in Lilliput, as far back as history went, for people when breaking an egg at breakfast to do so at the big end. But it had happened, said the Chief Secretary, that the present King's grandfather, when a boy, had once when breaking his egg in the usual way, severely cut his finger. Whereupon his father at once gave strict commands that in future all his subjects should break their eggs at the small end.

This greatly angered the people, who thought that the King had no right to give such an order, and they refused to obey. As a consequence no less than six rebellions had taken place; thousands of the Lilliputians had had their heads cut off, or had been cast into prison, and thousands had fled for refuge to Blefuscu, rather than obey the hated order.

These "Big-endians," as they were called, had been very well received at the Court of Blefuscu, and finally the Emperor of that country had taken upon himself to interfere in the affairs of Lilliput, thus bringing on war.

The Chief Secretary ended the talk by saying that the King, having great faith in Gulliver's strength, and depending on the oath which he had sworn before being released, expected him now to help in defeating the Blefuscan fleet.

Gulliver was very ready to do what he could, and he at once thought of a plan whereby he might destroy the whole fleet at one blow. He told all his ideas on the subject to the King, who gave orders that everything he might need should be supplied without delay. Then Gulliver went to the oldest seamen in the navy, and learned from them the depth of water between Lilliput and Blefuscu. It was, they said, nowhere deeper than seventy *glumgluffs* (which is equal to about six feet) at high water, and there was no great extent so deep.

After this he walked to the coast opposite Blefuscu, and lying down there behind a hillock, so that he might not be seen should any of the enemy's ships happen to be cruising near, he looked long through a small pocket-telescope across the channel. With the naked eye he could easily see the cliffs of Blefuscu, and soon with his telescope he made out where the fleet lay—fifty great men-of-war, and many transports, waiting for a fair wind.

Coming back to the city, he gave orders for a great length of the strongest cable, and a quantity of bars of iron. The cable was little thicker than ordinary pack-thread, and the bars of iron much about the length and size of knitting-needles. Gulliver twisted three of the iron bars together and bent them to a hook at one end. He trebled the cable for greater strength, and thus made fifty shorter cables, to which he fastened the hooks.

Then, carrying these in his hand, he walked back to the coast and waded into the sea, a little before high water. When he came to mid-channel, he had to swim, but for no great distance.

As soon as they noticed Gulliver coming wading through the water toward their ships, the Blefuscan sailors all jumped overboard and swam ashore in a terrible fright. Never before had any of them seen or dreamed of so monstrous a giant, nor had they heard of his being in Lilliput.

Gulliver then quietly took his cables and fixed one securely in the bows of each of the ships of war, and finally he tied the cables together at his end. But while he was doing this the Blefuscan soldiers on the shore plucked up courage and began to shoot arrows at him, many of which stuck in his hands and face. He was very much afraid lest some of these might put out his eyes; but he remembered, luckily, that in his inner pocket were his spectacles, which he put on, and then finished his work without risk to his eyes.

On pulling at the cables, however, not a ship could he move. He had forgotten that their anchors were all down. So he was forced to go in closer and with his knife to cut the vessels free. While doing this he was of course exposed to a furious fire from the enemy, and hundreds of arrows struck him, some almost knocking off his spectacles. But again he hauled, and this time drew the whole fifty vessels after him.

The Blefuscans had thought that it was his intention merely to cast the vessels adrift, so that they might run aground, but when they saw their great fleet being steadily drawn out to sea, their grief was terrible. For a great distance Gulliver could hear their cries of despair.

When he had got well away from the land, he stopped in order to pick the arrows from his face and hands, and to put on some of the ointment that had been rubbed on his wounds when first the Lilliputians fired into him. By this time the tide had fallen a little, and he was able to wade all the way across the channel.

The King and his courtiers stood waiting on the shore. They could see the vessels steadily

drawing nearer, but they could not for some time see Gulliver, because only his head was above water. At first some imagined that he had been drowned, and that the fleet was now on its way to attack Lilliput.

There was great joy when Gulliver was seen hauling the vessels; and when he landed, the King was so pleased that on the spot he created him a *Nardac,* the highest honor that it was in his power to bestow.

His great success over the Blefuscans, however, turned out to be but the beginning of trouble for Gulliver. The King was so puffed up by the victory that he formed plans for capturing in the same way the whole of the enemy's ships of every kind. And it was now his wish to crush Blefuscu utterly, and to make it nothing but a province depending on Lilliput. Thus, he thought, he himself would then be monarch of the whole world.

In this scheme Gulliver refused to take any part, and he very plainly said that he would give no help in making slaves of the Blefuscans. This refusal angered the King very much, and more than once he artfully brought the matter up at a State Council. Now, several of the councilors, though they pretended to be Gulliver's friends, so long as he was in favor with the King, were really his secret enemies, and nothing pleased these persons better than to see that the King was no longer pleased with him. So they did all in their power to nurse and increase the King's anger, and to make him believe that Gulliver was a traitor.

About this time there came to Lilliput ambassadors from Blefuscu, suing for peace. When a treaty had been made and signed (very greatly to the advantage of Lilliput), the Blefuscan ambassadors asked to see the Great Man Mountain, of whom they had heard so much, and they paid Gulliver a formal call. After asking him to give them some proofs of his strength, they invited him to visit their Emperor, which Gulliver promised to do.

Accordingly, the next time that he met the King, he asked, as he was bound to do by the paper he had signed, for permission to leave the country for a time, in order to visit Blefuscu. The King did not refuse, but his manner was so cold that Gulliver could not help noticing it. Afterward he learned from a friend that his enemies in the council had told the King lying tales of his meetings with the Blefuscan ambassadors, which had had the effect of still further rousing his anger.

It happened, too, most unfortunately, at this time, that Gulliver had offended the Queen by a well-meant, but badly-managed, effort to do her a service, and thus he lost also her friendship. But though he was now out of favor at court, he was still an object of great interest to every one.

GULLIVER'S ESCAPE FROM LILLIPUT AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

Gulliver had three hundred cooks to dress his food; and these men, with their families, lived in small huts which had been built for them near his house.

He had made for himself a chair and a table. On to this table it was his custom to lift twenty waiters, and these men then drew up by ropes and pulleys all his food, and his wine in casks, which one hundred other servants had in readiness on the ground. Gulliver would often eat his meal with many hundreds of people looking on.

One day the King, who had not seen him eat since this table had been built, sent a message that he and the Queen desired to be present that day while Gulliver dined. They arrived just before his dinner hour, and he at once lifted the King and Queen and the Princes, with their attendants and guards, on to the table.

Their Majesties sat in their chairs of state all the time, watching with deep interest the roasts of beef and mutton, and whole flocks of geese, and turkeys, and fowls disappear into Gulliver's mouth. A roast of beef of which he had to make more than two mouthfuls was seldom seen, and he ate them bones and all. A goose or a turkey was but one bite.

Certainly, on this occasion, Gulliver ate more than usual, thinking by so doing to amuse and please the court.

But in this he erred, for it was turned against him. Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, who had always been one of his enemies, pointed out to the King the great daily expense of such meals, and told how this huge man had already cost the country over a million and a half of *sprugs* (the largest Lilliputian gold coin). Things, indeed, were beginning to go very ill with Gulliver.

Now it happened about this time that one of the King's courtiers, to whom Gulliver had been very kind, came to him by night very privately in a closed chair, and asked to have a talk, without any one else being present.

Gulliver gave to a servant whom he could trust orders that no one else was to be admitted, and having put the courtier and his chair upon the table, so that he might better hear all that was said, he sat down to listen.

Gulliver was told that there had lately been several secret meetings of the King's Privy Council, on his account. The Lord High Admiral (who now hated him because of his success against the Blefuscan Fleet), Flimnap, the High Treasurer, and others of his enemies, had drawn up against him charges of treason and other crimes. The courtier had brought with him a copy of these charges, and Gulliver now read them.

It was made a point against him that, when ordered to do so by the King, he had refused to seize all the other Blefuscan ships. It was also said that he would not join in utterly crushing the empire of Blefuscu, nor give aid when it was proposed to put to death not only all the Big-endians who had fled for refuge to that country, but all the Blefuscans themselves who were friends of the Big-endians. For this he was said to be a traitor.

He was also accused of being over-friendly with the Blefuscan ambassadors; and it was made a grave charge against him that though his Majesty had not given him written leave to visit Blefuscu, he yet was getting ready to go to that country, in order to give help to the Emperor against Lilliput.

There had been many debates on these charges, said the courtier, and the Lord High Admiral had made violent speeches, strongly advising that the Great Man Mountain should be put to death. In this he was joined by Flimnap, and by others, so that actually the greater part of the council was in favor of instant death by the most painful means that could be used.

The less unfriendly members of the council, however, while saying that they had no doubt of Gulliver's guilt, were yet of the opinion that, as his services to the Kingdom of Lilliput had been great, the punishment of death was too severe. They thought it would be enough if his eyes were put out. This, they said, would not prevent him from being still made useful.

Then began a most excited argument, the Admiral and those who sided with him insisting that Gulliver should be killed at once.

At last the Secretary rose and said that he had a middle course to suggest. This was, that Gulliver's eyes should be put out, and that thereafter his food should be gradually so reduced in quantity that in the course of two or three months he would die of starvation. By which time, said the Secretary, his body would be wasted to an extent that would make it easy for five or six hundred men, in a few days, to cut off the flesh and take it away in cart-loads to be buried at a distance. Thus there would be no danger of a pestilence breaking out from the dead body lying near the city. The skeleton, he said, could then be put in the National Museum.

It was finally decided that this sentence should be carried out, and twenty of the King's surgeons were ordered to be present in three days' time to see the operation of putting out Gulliver's eyes properly done. Sharp-pointed arrows were to be shot into the balls of his eyes.

The courtier now left the house, as privately as he had come, and Gulliver was left to decide what he should do.

At first he thought of attacking the city, and destroying it. But by doing this he must have destroyed, with the city, a great many thousands of innocent people, which he could not make up his mind to do.

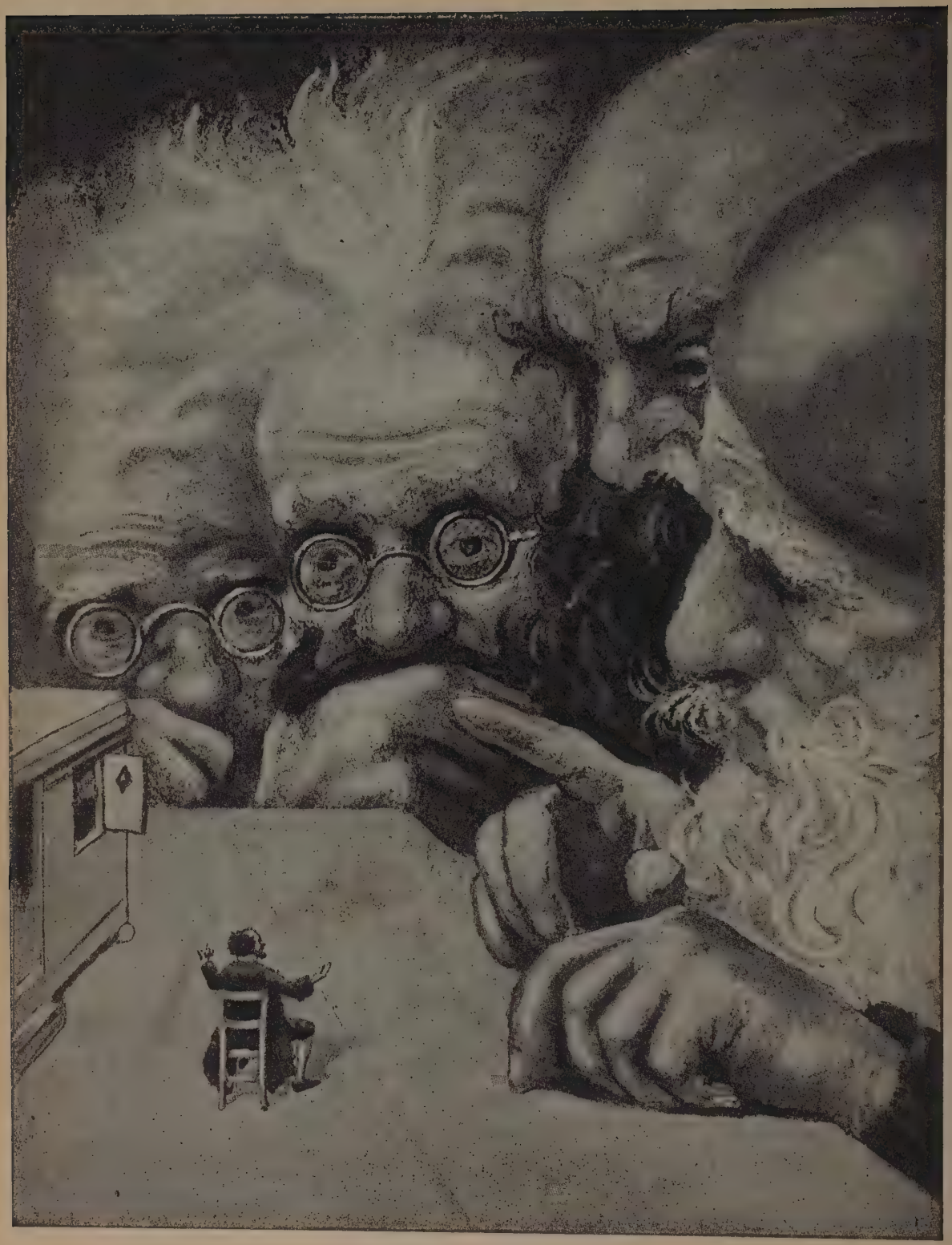
At last he wrote a letter to the Chief Secretary, saying that as the King had himself told him that he might visit Blefuscu, he had decided to do so that morning.

Without waiting for an answer, he set out for the coast, where he seized a large man-of-war which was at anchor there, tied a cable to her bow, and then putting his clothes and his blanket on board, he drew the ship after him to Blefuscu. There he was well received by the Emperor. But as there happened to be no house big enough for him, he was forced, during his stay, to sleep each night on the ground, wrapped in his blanket.

Three days after his arrival, when walking along the seashore, he noticed something in the water which looked not unlike a boat floating bottom up. Gulliver waded and swam out, and found that he was right. It was a boat. By the help of some of the Blefuscan ships, with much difficulty he got it ashore. When the tide had fallen, two thousand of the Emperor's dockyard men helped him to turn it over, and Gulliver found that but little damage had been done.

He now set to work to make oars, and mast, and sail for the boat, and to fit it out and provision it for a voyage.

While this work was going on, there came from Lilliput a message demanding that Gulliver should be bound hand and foot and returned to that country as a prisoner, there to be punished as a traitor. To this message the Emperor re-



GULLIVER AND THE GIANTS

plied that it was not possible to bind him; that, moreover, the Great Man Mountain had found a vessel of size great enough to carry him over the sea, and that it was his purpose to leave the Empire of Blefuscu in the course of a few weeks.

Gulliver did not delay his work, and in less than a month he was ready to sail.

He put on board the boat the carcasses of one hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with a quantity of bread and wine, and as much meat ready cooked as four hundred cooks could prepare.

He also took with him a herd of six live black cows and two bulls, and a flock of sheep, meaning to take them with him to England, if ever he should get there. As food for these animals he took a quantity of hay and corn.

Gulliver would have liked to take with him some of the people, but this the Emperor would not permit.

Everything being ready, he sailed from Blefuscu on September 24, 1701, and the same night anchored on the lee side of an island which seemed to be uninhabited. Leaving this island on the following morning, he sailed to the eastward for two days. On the evening of the second day he sighted a ship, on reaching which, to his great joy, he found that she was an English vessel on her way home from Japan.

Putting his cattle and sheep in his coat-pockets, he went on board with all his cargo of provisions. The captain received him very kindly, and asked him from whence he had come, and how he happened to be at sea in an open boat.

Gulliver told his tale in as few words as possible. The captain stared with wonder, and would not believe the story. But Gulliver then took from his pockets the black cattle and the sheep, which of course clearly showed that he had been speaking truth. He also showed gold coins which the Emperor of Blefuscu had given him, some of which he presented to the captain.

The vessel did not arrive at the port of London till April, 1702, but there was no loss of the live stock, excepting that the rats on board carried off and ate one of the sheep. All the others were got safely ashore, and were put to graze on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where they throve very well.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE

After this Gulliver took another voyage and found himself somewhere in the Indian Ocean, in the Land of the Brobdingnags, or giants. He woke up in a grain field, where he was seized between the thumb and forefinger of a farmer and raised up sixty feet in the air to be examined. The farmer carried him home in his pocket to show to his family.

Here the people were kind to him, although when the baby started one day to play with him he was nearly killed in his friendly grasp, and he had serious times contending with the family cat. The noise of their voices was like thunder, and he was rather lonesome when they put him into a bed that was twenty yards wide.

The King heard of him and called him to his court, where he had many adventures. The court ladies used to put him into a pool and waft him across in a tiny boat with their fans. The King had a small house built on purpose for him, in front of which he used to sit and talk with the scholars who came to study him. He had his own special dishes and clothing and servants, and a traveling box in which the King carried him wherever he went.

You will want to read some day how Gulliver escaped from the giants and found himself back home in England. Kindness is always welcome, but to be handled by men fifty feet high and played with by monkeys that are larger and stronger than lions is a strenuous experience.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

RETOLD FROM DANIEL DEFOE

When Robinson Crusoe was a little boy he wanted, more than anything else, to be a sailor. So when he grew up he ran away to sea. He had many exciting adventures; he was shipwrecked and captured by pirates; but always he came out safely.

But once when he was far at sea, thousands and thousands of miles from home, his ship met a frightful storm. For days the boat was tossed about by the wind and waves. At last, one dark night, a terrific wave dashed it against the shore and everyone was drowned—everyone but Robinson Crusoe. He was washed up on the rocks and spent the long stormy night in a tree-top, so that no one could attack him.

When morning came and Robinson found that he was the only one saved from the wreck, he looked about him to see what kind of place he

was in. It was very wild; there were no houses, or roads, or people in sight. Just long, thick grass, rocks, and bushes and a few high trees. He saw a hill a little way from the shore, and said to himself:

"Perhaps if I climb that hill I shall find some people and houses on the other side."

But after he had climbed the hill he saw that everywhere, as far as he could see, it was just as wild. He found now that he was on an island, with no other land in sight.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he thought, "here I am alone on a desert island. All my friends are drowned, and I have nothing to eat, and no place to live. There may even be wild animals who will eat me. What shall I do?"

Then he looked out to sea and saw his old ship, with her masts broken, lying in the water not far from shore.

"I know," he said; "I will swim out to the ship and get food."

So he took off his clothes and swam out to the wreck. When he climbed on board he found a lot of things that he wanted. He made a raft by nailing some boards together, and took back bread, and meat, and rice, and flour, and other food. He took back, also, an old sail which he found on deck; and when night came he made a tent of it, and slept in it all safe and sound.

Next morning when he woke up he said to himself: "It may be a long while before any vessel comes to this island and takes me back home. So I had better get all the food I can off the old ship. I must bring some gunpowder and guns with which to shoot birds and animals, so I will have plenty to eat. And then if there are any wild beasts, I will need a weapon."

So he went out to the ship on his raft again. This time he brought back two cats and a dog which had been saved from the storm; and he was glad, indeed, to have them for company. He secured, also, hatchets, and hammers, and nails, and many other things that would help him in building a house.

Every day for a long while he went out to the ship for supplies. One morning he woke up and found that the old craft had been washed out to sea.

The first thing Robinson did after he got his things on shore was to fix up his house. On the side of the hill he put up a strong tent. Then all round the tent he pounded sharp, pointed sticks so that no animals could get in and hurt him while he was asleep. In back of the tent he dug a deep cave, where he hid his gunpowder and guns. Soon he was very cozy in his little hut.

But he was very lonely, too. For he had not anybody to talk to; and as day after day went by, and no ship came in sight, he began to wonder: "Shall I ever get back home again? Shall I ever have anybody to talk to? Why, how can I tell what day it is, or how long I have been here? I have no calendar, and no church bells ringing to remind me it is Sunday. How shall I know?"

Then he thought of a fine plan. "I know; I shall put up a great cross by my house and every day I shall cut a line in it. On Sundays I shall cut a long line. Thus I shall keep track of the time and know just what day it is always."

Almost every day he went out for a long tramp to see what he could find. Of course, he did not dare go very far from his house, for fear he would get lost or be caught by some beast. But he went a good many miles in all, and learned that there were some lovely fruits growing on the island. He found tobacco plants, also. Then, too, the barley and rice which were left in the bags that he brought off the ship took root, and a fine crop of grain grew up.

But one day something alarming happened. Robinson was working in his cave, when he felt the ground shake under him. He jumped up and ran out as fast as he could, for he thought the roof was falling through. But when he got outside he found that all the ground was moving so that he could hardly stand. Then a terrific wind blew, and Robinson knew he was in an earthquake. He was frightened for a few minutes, but by lying flat on the ground he was quite safe.

Very soon after the earthquake Robinson was caught in an awful storm. He was soaked. And in a few days he took a cold and fever. He was so ill that he just lay in his little tent and moaned. There was no one to do kind things for him. But he finally got well, and after that he was very careful about going out in the rain.

As his clothes were now all worn out, he decided to make himself some out of goat-skins. And very funny he looked in them, and very wild, too. His skin was brown from the sun and wind, and his hair shaggy because there was no barber to trim it. His suit was of long, dark-brown fur, and a high, peaked fur hat with a flap down the back. But they kept off the rain and sun, and there was no one around to see how it looked.

He made an umbrella, too, to put in the little

"THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD SAY ANYTHING TO EACH OTHER WAS BY MAKING MOTIONS WITH THEIR HANDS"

boat he had built. In this boat he hoped to explore the island; but the first trip he took he was carried out to sea so far he thought he would never get back.

Year after year went by, and still no ship came in sight. Not a single human being did Robinson see. The only voice he heard was that of a parrot which he had caught. But still Robinson tried to be brave and cheerful, and kept very busy.

One day as he was walking along the beach, a long way from his house, he stopped suddenly and looked down at the sand. His eyes almost popped out of his head. He could scarcely breathe, for there in the sand, what do you think he saw? A human footprint! Somebody had been on the island—maybe someone was there now!

Robinson was so frightened that he ran all the way home; for he thought it might be a horrible savage who would try to kill him—maybe eat him. He could hardly sleep that night. Any minute he thought a lot of these savages would break in his house. For weeks Robinson kept watching for the stranger whose footprint he had noticed, but he did not see anyone.

A long, long time went by. Robinson got so lonely on his island that he thought sometimes he would drift out to sea in his little boat and be drowned. One day he said to himself:

"I shall go and climb the highest hill on the island, and see if there is not a ship in sight."

You can imagine his surprise when he saw five canoes coming in toward the shore, with four men in each boat. He was about to shout with delight, when he saw that the men did not wear any clothes, and that their skin was brown. By this he knew they were savages, and would probably eat him if they could find him.

The savages had two prisoners, and when Robinson saw them he said to himself: "I shall try to save those poor men. Then maybe they will stay with me, and I shall have some companions."

So he ran back to his house and got out his guns. Then he hid behind the bushes to see what would happen. First the savages built a fire; then they seized one of the prisoners to throw him on it. Just when they had their backs turned, the other prisoner saw his chance and ran off into the trees. He ran like a deer straight toward Robinson's house, with all the savages following.

Robinson did not run out at once to help, for fear the savages would only kill them both. But soon all but two stopped following. Then he grabbed his knife and gun and ran in between them and their prisoner. First he knocked one down; and just as the other was going to shoot him with his bow and arrow, he fired.

The poor prisoner was almost as much afraid of Robinson as of the savages. When he saw Robinson kill a man by just pointing a stick at him that banged and puffed smoke he was even more afraid; for he had never in his life seen a gun.

But Robinson waved to him in a friendly way, and showed he wanted to help him. Then the poor fellow came and knelt before Robinson, and put Robinson's foot on his head. That was to show that he would be Robinson's servant.

As soon as the other savages found they could not catch their prisoner they got into their boats and went off.

Robinson and the prisoner were left alone together, and you can guess how glad Robinson was to see another man, after all these years. But the prisoner was a savage, and did not understand English. The only way they could say anything to each other was by making motions with their hands.

"To-day is Friday," said Robinson, "so I shall call my man Friday." Of course, the savage did not know what Robinson said; but when he pointed to him and said: "Your name, Friday—you, Friday," he smiled and nodded his head. Soon he learned to call Robinson "Master," and to say "yes," and "no," and many other English words.

At first Robinson would not let Friday sleep inside his hut, because he did not trust him. But soon he saw that Friday would not hurt him. After this he took him on all his trips about the island. Friday was so thankful to Robinson for saving his life that he would do anything in the world for him. And Robinson treated his man very kindly. He liked to teach him to talk English, and to shoot a gun, and to reap the crops.

"Friday," he once asked, "when you go back to your country will you promise me never to eat human beings again?"

"Oh, yes, Master, I promise. What you say I not do, I not do." You see he thought that whatever Robinson told him was just right.

"Tell me about your country, Friday," he said to his man.

"Oh, fine country. Miles off on the water. We make boat and go over. My people they no read like you. But some white men there. Some Spaniards got wrecked."

When Robinson heard this, he said: "We will

make a boat and go over. Then maybe the white men will help me to get back to my country."

"Oh yes, Master; I show you to make a fine boat—better than yours." And very quickly Friday and Robinson built a beautiful little canoe, which Friday paddled very fast.

But before they could start on their journey they had a very exciting adventure. Robinson was reading in his cozy little house one day, when Friday came running in, calling: "Master! Master! Some savages come with prisoners! Come see!"

Sure enough, a band of savages were landing on the shore. Robinson and his man armed themselves with guns and knives, and went out to save them.

They hid themselves behind the trees and shot at the savages, who were so surprised and terrified that they left their prisoners and ran for their boats. They were so frightened that they never came back to the island again.

When they went to let loose the prisoners, Friday gave a loud scream, and jumped up and down.

"My father! My father!" he cried. And what do you think? One of the prisoners really was his father. The other was a Spaniard, who had been shipwrecked on the shores of the country where Friday's people lived.

After that there were four men to hunt and reap crops, and they got a great deal of food stored away in the cave. Robinson was no longer lonely; but seeing a white man made him all the more anxious to get home again.

"I will send you back to Friday's country," he said, "and you can get all the white men who are there and bring them back here. Then we can all together build a boat big enough to take us home."

"Yes, that will be fine," answered the Spaniard. "I am sure they will be glad to help. I will take Friday's father with me and start right off."

A few weeks after the Spaniard and his companion had gone, Friday stole into Robinson's tent early one morning before he was awake. "Master, Master, wake up. A ship. The white men come back."

Robinson jumped into his clothes and ran up to the hill-top to look. And what do you think he saw? A great English ship! It was lying out a little way from shore. Robinson was so happy he almost cried. Now, at last, was his chance to go home!

Coming from the boat to the shore was a rowboat filled with English sailors. But just as Robinson was going to run down to meet them he saw that three of the men were being badly treated and driven along by the others.

When the men had all come ashore, the three men who seemed to be prisoners were left alone, while the others went off in the woods to explore. So Robinson crept down to the shore to speak to them. When the men looked up and saw Robinson in his queer clothes they were so startled they were ready to run away. He looked to them just like a wild man.

"I will not hurt you," said Robinson. "I, too, am an Englishman. I have been shipwrecked on this island for twenty-eight years. But what is the matter?"

"I am the captain of the ship," answered one of the men, "and my men have mutinied."

"That is too bad," answered Robinson. "I and my man have several guns. We will help you to escape if you will promise to take us back home with you in your boat."

"Indeed I will be glad to," the captain said.

It was not at all hard to get the best of the sailors, for most of them really liked their captain and were glad to leave their wicked leaders and return to him.

So, after twenty-eight long years on a desert island, Robinson at last sailed for home. Of course, he took Friday with him, because he had become so fond of him while they had been alone together.

When, after many days, the ship at last came within sight of England, Robinson was so happy to see his old home again that he put his head in his arms and cried like a little boy.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

RETOLD FROM WASHINGTON IRVING

ICHABOD CRANE was a schoolmaster who looked like his name. A tall, thin fellow, with arms so long that ordinary sleeves wouldn't cover them; little head, with flat top; big ears; green eyes; and a long beaky nose. If you had met him on a windy day, with his clothes all mud, you'd have thought he was a scarecrow blown out of a cornfield.

He lived away up the Hudson, in that quiet country where even the hills sleep and dream in

the sun. Sleepy Hollow is its name. It was so sleepy that the only real live thing in it was a man who was dead. Queer? Oh, no; you see he was a ghost—a real frolicsome, interesting ghost! He had been a Hessian soldier, and his head had been blown off; so every night he used to jump on his horse, and go galloping off, looking for his lost member. There were lots of stories up there, but the man looking for his head was the chief one.

Ichabod Crane was a great man for stories. But I must first tell you about his schoolhouse. It was just one big room, built of logs, its windows partly glass, partly old leaves of used copybooks stuffed in where there was no glass; a very crude sort of place, locked up with a willow twig stuck through the latch, the shutters closed by stakes laid against them. It stood in a lonely place; not far away a brook babbled; close by a mighty birch tree grew. On the warm summer days the hum of children's voices flowed out of the windows, varied by the loud voice of Ichabod as he scolded them, or the scream of some naughty one which showed what the birch's branches were used for. Those fat little Dutch urchins were not spoiled!

Ichabod Crane was quite an important personage, for not only was he a teacher, but he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and on Sundays he led the singing in church. Led, for did not his voice sound high over all others! So important a man, of course, was a frequent visitor at the farm-houses, especially where there was something good to eat: for you must know that Ichabod had but little money, but he had a terrific appetite. He was also the news-gatherer, and passed on the gossip from house to house; moreover, he had some books and he had read them; books all about witches and such things, so when he sat by the fireside he would tell such awful tales of witches, and ghosts, and haunted houses, and haunted bridges, and especially of the Headless Horseman on his hunt for his head, that everybody shuddered, and shivered, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves by being horribly afraid. Filled to the neck with wild stories, and believing them, Ichabod saw witches, ghosts, and goblins on every side as he wandered homeward after dark.

Amongst those who came to learn singing was Katrina van Tassel. She was the only child of a rich Dutch farmer, a bright, rosy-cheeked little lassie, as sweet as her father's peaches; something to see and remember, especially when dressed in the quaint frock of the time, gleaming with red gold ornaments that her great-great-grandmother had brought from Holland.

Ichabod, of course, looked longingly on this pretty maiden, especially after he had visited her home. Her father, old Balt van Tassel, was a rich, contented, and generous soul. His home nestled in the rich lands near the river-side, surrounded by troops of black pigs, armies of turkeys, geese, chickens, and ducks. He smoked his pipe in peace. Whenever the schoolmaster came and saw all these things, and the house shining with pots and kettles, the tables stacked with good things to eat, and Katrina, his mouth watered and he dreamed about the time when he should dwell there.

The rustic admirers were rather afraid of Ichabod—teacher, psalm-singer, and man who knew all about witches, warlocks, and spooks. But there was one fellow who was a serious rival of Ichabod's, Abraham van Brunt, known as "Brom Bones." He was a big, burly, black-headed fellow, a good rider, great at rough-and-tumble fights, the leader of a mischief-loving gang of noisy companions; a bit of a bully, overbearing, but at the bottom good-hearted, and with a strong sense of humor. In the cold weather he wore a fur cap, topped by a bushy fox-tail; and when he and his following went yelling and whooping, all screaming, through the village at midnight, the good folks were not quite certain whether it was Brom Bones and his madcaps or the ghostly person looking for his head.

Naturally, the boisterous, rakish Brom cast longing eyes on Katrina; and so long as his horse was found on a Sunday night tied to the van Tassel's railing, no other suitor ventured to cross his path.

Ichabod Crane knew full well what a formidable rival he had, and how useless it was to oppose him, in the open; and so he quickly set to work to use his position to approach the fair lady. Brom understood all about this, and began to try to see what he could do to upset Ichabod's plans. The schoolmaster knew but too well how careful he must be, and so gave Brom no chance to "double him up and lay him on the schoolroom shelf."

Brom was determined to do something, so he and his gang began to make things lively for Ichabod; they stuffed the chimney of the singing-school, and smoked the songsters out, or broke into the schoolroom, breaking everything therein, so that the distracted man thought the witches held their meetings there. Worst of all, Brom

taught a mongrel pup he had to howl whenever Ichabod lifted up his voice to sing.

One day, as Ichabod sat enthroned on his high stool surrounded by apples, popguns, and toys taken from naughty children, a ragged Negro mounted on a wild colt appeared, and in pompous language invited Ichabod to a quilting frolic to be held that evening at Mynheer van Tassel's. In a moment all was in uproar; books filled the air, ink-pots fell over, benches were overset, as, an hour ahead of time, a mob of shouting, laughing youngsters rushed out of school. As for Ichabod, he brushed up his rusty best suit and titivated himself before his broken bit of mirror; then he borrowed a horse from his landlord, Van Ritter. Such a horse! Shaggy and vicious, his one good eye terrific in its glare. Once this horse had been such a fine animal that he was called Gunpowder. He still had some of that spirit tucked away. Horse and man were a wonderful couple.

On the way that fine fall day, Ichabod dreamed of nice things to eat; his very mouth watered over the thought of pies, cakes, and flapjacks swimming in butter, luscious with treacle, all served by the dainty Katrina!

He arrived and joined the festive crowd gathered from everywhere. Then there was supper, such a supper that even the dreams of Ichabod were more than fulfilled, and he thought of the time when he should own this, and Katrina. The old Negro scraped his fiddle, and the floor was filled with merry dancers, amongst them none so wonderful as Ichabod; here and there he flew, he jumped, he kicked, he spun, whilst Brom sat in a corner and glowered. Was not Katrina that man's partner!

Amongst the old folks the air was filled with war stories; wild ones, such as how one of the heroes stopped a bullet with a sword, but none so strange and wonderful as the yarns about the ghosts, and cries, and wailings of Sleepy Hollow. Chief of them all was the Headless Horseman, who nightly tethered his steed in the church-yard. The church-yard was on a lonely hill which sloped down to a noisy brook. At one place, where the water was deep and black, not far from the church, a wooden bridge had been built. The road leading to it was dark and gloomy even in the daytime, being thickly shaded by overhanging trees. It was just the place for ghosts, and said to be a favorite haunt of the headless one. Such stories were bandied amongst the crowd, who shivered and shook, especially when Ichabod added some fearful ones from his store.

The party over, he left in a very mixed state of mind, the more so as he had lingered convinced that all was well with the lady, although all was wrong with his nerves.

What did Katrina think? Who knows?

The night was dark and silent, save for the bark of some watch-dog, or the dull boom of a restless bullfrog. Ichabod was lonely and frightened—the more so as the night grew darker. Right in the middle of the road a curious old twisted tree waved its branches like a giant. His fear grew! Beyond was that awful brook and bridge. Taking courage, he made a dash to get across, but the old nag would not go; right in the middle he stopped with terrible suddenness.

Out of the gloom rose something! Ichabod's hair stood straight up! "Who are you?" he stammered. No answer. Again he tried to get on; again the awful Thing drew nearer—a great black horse and a giant on its back. Silently it drew near to Gunpowder's blind side. Ichabod thought of the Hessian. He would ride fast; the mysterious pair kept up with him. He slowed down; so did the ghost. He tried to sing; his tongue was too dry. The silence of his companion was appalling. When they got to the hill-top he saw the Thing had no head. *That,* he carried in front of him, tied to the saddle.

Terrified, he whipped, kicked and lashed Gunpowder to get away; he could not; the spook kept up with him. Away they galloped headlong, stones and sparks flying on every side; away streamed his flimsy garment. On and on! Down and up and down to the fateful bridge. The saddle girths broke, and he had but time to hang on to the old horse's neck. On and on, jolt, bang, slip, slide, grab. Lo! through an opening the church bridge was seen—the place where Brom Bones said he saw the ghost disappear. If he could but reach that spot, he thought. Behind he heard the panting and blowing of the black horse. Another kick and over the bridge they thundered. Safe? He turned to see, and lo! the ghost was in the very act of throwing his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge. Too late! It hit him square on the head with a fearful smash, and down he went into the mud. Gunpowder and the spectre horse and rider whirled on!

Next morning, the old horse, minus his bridle, was found quietly cropping the grass at his master's gate.

No Ichabod at breakfast. No Ichabod at din-

ner. No Ichabod at school! Search showed deep dents made by racing horses' feet on the church road, and a saddle trampled in the mud. On the brook-bank, where the water was deep, lay Ichabod's hat, and nearby a shattered pumpkin! Never again was Ichabod seen. Hans van Ritter took possession of the bundle that held the unfortunate one's effects. Evidently the Hessian had carried him off. The school moved; a new schoolmaster came. Nobody bothered any more.

Some years later a farmer, who went to New York City, reported that Ichabod was alive. He had left, it seemed, partly from fear of the ghost; partly because Katrina would have none of him. Then he had studied law and been made a Justice.

As for Brom, he married Katrina; and, whenever Ichabod was mentioned, looked as if he knew something he could tell, if he liked!

But the old country-folk firmly believe that the schoolmaster was carried away by the Headless Horseman. The fateful bridge was feared more and more; the old schoolhouse fell into ruin; but the ploughboys declare that, on quiet summer evenings, the sad sounds of Ichabod's melancholy psalm are still heard floating out of the dreamy and mysterious Sleepy Hollow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

DON QUIXOTE

RETOLD FROM MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

About three hundred years ago a strange old gentleman named Quixada lived in Spain. He had a horse and a small farm; his niece and his housekeeper lived with him.

Quixada never spent his time thinking about breakfast, and dinner, and supper. Instead, he thought about fairies, and giants, and magicians, and the wonderful adventures men sometimes have. He found the plain, ordinary, every-day things, like eating and sleeping, very dull; and

he longed for the excitement of the days when Knights, all clad in armor, sallied forth on prancing steeds to fight for ladies to whom they had sworn loyalty. Of course, he understood that they often did not know the ladies at all: that made the adventure the more exciting. Besides, Quixada didn't have a thing in the world to do, because he hired a man to work the farm.

Quixada read stories about giants and Knights and thrilling adventures so constantly that he finally decided he could no longer endure the stupid life he was living. He determined to set forth on his "fine white steed"—which was really a decrepit old farm-horse—in quest of adventure.

"I have a charger," said he, "but where shall I find armor?" And he proceeded to rummage in the old house where he lived until he found the armor which belonged to his great-grandfather. He spent days polishing and mending it.

Quixada looked at himself with pride and satisfaction when he had donned his complete suit of armor. He had made his helmet himself, out of pasteboard, lined with thin metal; but he was sure it looked like the real thing!

"Now," said Quixada, drawing himself up proudly, "it remains to name myself and my noble steed." For days he pondered, and then, "Ah!" he cried, "my charger shall answer to the name of Rozinante, and I shall be known as Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"But who shall be the lady whom I shall defend, and whose glove I shall wear on my helmet as token of my devotion?" This was indeed a hard question, for Don Quixote knew no ladies.

"There's Aldonza Lorenzo," he mused. "She's just a healthy, country girl, but I guess she'll do. She must change her name, though. Henceforth, oh, Aldonza Lorenzo, thou shalt be known as Dulcinea del Toboso! And I, thy faithful Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, will proclaim thee everywhere the fairest lady in the land. Let who dares deny it at his peril!"

The very next morning Don Quixote fared forth on Rozinante. He was terribly upset when he suddenly thought: "I've not yet been knighted!" He knew, however, that adventurers were sometimes knighted by persons they happened to meet.

"My first duty," he swore, "shall be to earn my knighthood. Come, Rozinante, go which way thou pleasest, but see to it that it be in the way of adventure!"

All day Don Quixote jogged along, but, sad to relate, without any kind of an adventure. Fortunately, Rozinante's instinct directed him to an inn, where he thought he could spend a comfortable night. Horse and rider were very tired when they approached the inn at nightfall.

"Ah! a castle!" cried Don Quixote, when he saw the inn before him. "What! I hear no trumpet sounding to announce our approach!"

If Don Quixote had had his way he would have waited no one knows how long for the trumpet to sound; but Rozinante took affairs into his own hands, and made straight for the stable and supper.

"Toot! toot!" Just as the horse started off, a horn sounded. Don Quixote did not know that it was merely a swineherd summoning his pigs; he was satisfied that a watchful dwarf had spied him out and announced his coming very properly to the castle.

At the door of the inn were two village girls; to Don Quixote they were charming ladies of the castle, enjoying the evening glories of nature.

"Good evening to you, fair ladies." said Don Quixote, in his best knight-errant manner; and entered upon a long speech about everything imaginable. Don Quixote was exceedingly gallant and entirely in earnest, but the girls did not understand him at all, and laughed rudely in his face. Such treatment did not at all suit Don Quixote's idea of his own dignity, and something quite terrible might have happened had not the inn-keeper come out in the nick of time.

The inn-keeper was a jolly, good-natured fellow, and a friend to every man. So, although he thought Don Quixote the strangest guest he had ever had, he did not laugh at him, but did his best to make him feel at home.

Don Quixote dismounted with difficulty: he was stiff from his long ride.

"If it please you, most honorable governor of the castle," he said to the inn-keeper, handing Rozinante over to him, "see that my good steed wants for nothing; there is not his like in the whole world."

Then Don Quixote learned some of the inconveniences of wearing armor. He could not get his helmet off without cutting the green ribbons with which it was tied. Nothing could persuade him to cut the ribbons, so the inn-keeper had to get a long funnel, through which Don Quixote's supper was poured.

When supper was over Don Quixote turned suddenly to the landlord and said: "Most gra-

cious Sire, will you honor me by meeting me in the stable?" The inn-keeper obediently followed Don Quixote to the stable, wondering what he would do next.

"Noble and valorous Knight," cried Don Quixote, shutting the stable door, and flinging himself at the inn-keeper's feet, "I shall kneel before you like this until you grant me a boon."

"'Tis granted before you ask it," said the inn-keeper, determined to play his part in the strange game of his guest.

"The boon, honored Sire, is that you make me a Knight to-morrow!"

Don Quixote prepared to carry out all the proper ceremonies connected with being knighted. He was disappointed that there was no chapel where he could stand all night on guard over his armor; but, at the landlord's suggestion, he watched in the court-yard instead. He laid his armor in the watering trough, and began to march solemnly up and down the court-yard. The inn-keeper had told the other guests what was going on, and they enjoyed the performance greatly—from a safe distance!

A mule-driver brought his mules up to the trough to water them. "Hold, bold Knight!" shouted Don Quixote. "Touch with your defiling hand that armor, and you risk your life!" But the mule-driver threw out the armor, and was about to lead the mules up to drink.

"My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, be gracious to me as I risk my life to defend your honor and mine!" With this prayer Don Quixote brought down his spear upon the poor mule-driver's head. The man fell down senseless; Don Quixote put his armor back in the trough, and continued his march up and down the court.

In a few moments another driver came up to water his mules. Without any warning, Don Quixote struck at him with his spear. The man was badly hurt, and made an outcry which brought a number of persons to his defense. They threw stones at Don Quixote; but the Knight, undaunted, drew his sword, protected himself with his shield, and shouted: "Lay on, base knaves, if ye dare!"

At this juncture the inn-keeper appeared as peacemaker; he stopped the stone-throwing and soothed Don Quixote's ruffled dignity.

"You have proved yourself so valiant," said the inn-keeper, "that you need watch your armor no longer. I will knight you at once."

This he did. The inn-keeper mumbled some words he pretended to read from a book; he struck Don Quixote a smart blow with the flat of a sword; the sword was belted around him; his spurs were buckled on; Rozinante was brought forward, and Don Quixote rode forth—a Knight!

The inn-keeper had suggested to Don Quixote that he ought to have money and a squire to attend him on his adventures, and Don Quixote determined to go home in search of these. But he kept his eyes and ears open for adventure along the way.

"Halt! I hear the moans of one in distress!" Don Quixote exclaimed. He turned Rozinante into a wood, thankful to have found so soon an opportunity to prove himself worthy of his knighthood. Sure enough, he found a boy tied to a tree, and a man beating him angrily, and calling out: "I'll teach you! I'll teach you!"

Don Quixote lost no time in making his presence known. "Sir Knight," he said decidedly, "the laws of knighthood forbid a Knight to strike one who cannot defend himself. I challenge you to combat! I will show you that you are a coward."

The countryman was so terrified that his legs shook beneath him. "The lad is my servant, Sir, and he is indeed a poor one." (At this the lad howled again.) "I tell him to watch my sheep, but he goes off and plays and lets the sheep stray and get lost."

"But, Sir," the lad protested, "not a cent has he paid me in wages."

"Scoundrel!" cried Don Quixote. "So you beat the lad and cheat him as well! But now the defenseless has in me a defender. I command you to pay the boy and let him go."

"Nine months have I worked for him, Sir, and not a cent has he paid me!"

"The boy does not tell the truth to you, for I owe him much less than he says. Nevertheless, to show you that I am a kind master, I will take the boy home and pay him the full nine months' wages. I cannot pay him here, for I have no money."

"No, no! Don't let him do that!" Andreo begged. "I am afraid to go home with him!"

"Be not afraid, Andreo," said Don Quixote. "He will not dare harm you, for I command him to treat you well. Sir," said he to the man, "swear by your order of knighthood that you will deal fairly with the boy."

"I swear," said the fellow. "Come on, Andreo."

"Remember your oath, for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs." And the Knight spurred his horse and set off at a gallop.

"PAY AT ONCE, YOU SCOUNDREL"

Little did Don Quixote guess that as soon as his back was turned the countryman seized the lad again and punished him more severely than before. Then he set him free, but he did not pay him. Don Quixote, however, felt quite sure that he had performed a knightly service well, and was satisfied with himself.

He did not have to wait long for his next adventure. Six silk merchants appeared on the road, each riding a fine horse, and shading himself with a big umbrella. They had four servants on horseback and three on foot.

"What a chance," thought the Knight, "to prove that my lady is most lovely of all!"

"Halt!" he shouted to the men. "I hold this road against all who do not declare that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is the loveliest lady in the whole world!"

"Who is this lady? Without seeing her, we cannot pass judgment on her beauty." So spoke the silk merchants, who were quite puzzled by the strange encounter.

"I will fight anyone who dares say he does not know the famous beauty of Lady Dulcinea del Toboso," roared the Knight, who was furious that the men had not given in to his demand without question. "Prepare to defend yourselves."

With this, Don Quixote rode at full speed toward the men, who had nothing but their umbrellas with which to defend themselves. Luckily for them, Rozinante stumbled and fell, rolling poor Don Quixote off into the ditch in a manner most unseemly for a Knight. His armor was so heavy that he could not rise and attack the men with weapons, but he continued to call them knaves and cowards. One of the servants resented this tongue-lashing, and beat the Knight with the Knight's own spear!

Don Quixote lay in the ditch for several hours, but was at last discovered by a friend, who took him home. He was very sick after this, and had to stay in bed a long time.

The village curate and the barber decided that the only way to keep Don Quixote from starting off again in search of adventure was to destroy the books where he had read all the tales of Knights and ladies. They not only burned the books, but they bricked up the library door, and made it appear as if there had never been a library there.

When Don Quixote was well enough to walk again he searched in vain for his library. Finally, much disturbed, he asked his niece about it.

"No, there is no library here now," she told him. "While you were away a famous enchanter flew here on a dragon. He entered your study. We were too frightened to stop him. The house filled with smoke. Then we saw him fly out of the roof. Since then we have looked without success for your library."

"Freston! It must have been Freston, the notorious enchanter, for he hates me bitterly. I shall get the better of him yet!"

Don Quixote spent several weeks after his recovery in preparation for the next adventure. He found a farm laborer, named Sancho Panza, to whom he promised fame and great riches, and who agreed to go with him as his squire. He got together some money, too, remembering what the inn-keeper had told him.

One night, when everyone was asleep, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza set out, without telling anyone of their plans. As they rode they talked of the great conquests which lay before them.

"Already adventure is upon us," cried Don Quixote, as they came to the top of a hill. "Do you see the giants on the plain below?" And he pointed to several windmills flapping their wings in the breeze.

"Giants!" exclaimed the squire, scornfully. "They're windmills."

"They are giants, I say, ignoramus! I shall conquer them all." Without waiting another instant, he rode furiously at the windmills, lance in hand, to attack them. The breeze turned the windmills just then, and rolled horse and rider over, as Don Quixote's spear entered the whirling sail.

Sancho ran quickly to the rescue. "But, Sir, did I not say they were windmills?"

"Friend Sancho," said the Knight, "they merely look like windmills. In reality they are giants to whom Freston, that wicked enchanter, has given the shape of windmills, so that they could overcome me. Next time I shall win." Sancho helped him to mount, and they started off again.

Don Quixote was quiet as they rode, worrying over the loss of his spear. "Sancho," he said, "I shall get me a new spear in a manner befitting a knight. The next oak tree we meet shall be my spear."

"What, Sir, will you pull up a big tree for a spear?"

"Perhaps a branch will do," said Don Quixote. "Whatever it is, it will bring me fame, as did the sword which the Bruiser, famous Knight that he was, made for himself of a tree limb." That night he fixed his spear end on a branch he tore

from a tree, and was well pleased with his makeshift lance.

Adventures now came thick and fast for Don Quixote. In the very next encounter his helmet was ruined, although he conquered his opponent. Don Quixote swore he would not rest until he took a helmet just as good from another Knight. He did not have long to wait.

"Sancho," he called eagerly, as they rode along one morning, "do you see the Knight on a fine gray charger, wearing a helmet of gold? That helmet shall be mine!"

Sancho was skeptical, as usual. "The man's on an old ass, Sir, and that's no helmet on his head."

Don Quixote would not listen to such nonsense, and rushed at his opponent. The man jumped from his ass in an effort to save himself; and his helmet, which was too big for him, rolled off. The man fled, too frightened to protest, and left helmet and ass behind.

Sancho ran quickly to pick up the booty.

"This is a strange helmet," said Don Quixote, trying it on.

"Why, master, it's not a helmet at all," said Sancho. "The fellow must have been a barber, for that's the sort of a basin they use in their trade. He must have put it on to keep the rain off, for it's raining hard."

"It may look like such a basin," said Don Quixote, decidedly, "but it is not. It's an enchanted helmet of pure gold."

Don Quixote was proud and happy as he rode along with his new helmet on his head.

Not many days later the Knight was greatly excited by a cloud of dust on the road ahead.

"It must be a mighty army, and they are marching this way," said he.

"There must be two armies then," said Sancho, "for I see another cloud of dust just like it over there." Don Quixote was mightily pleased, thinking a great battle was about to take place before their eyes.

"What shall we do, master, if they fight?"

"Help the weaker side, of course," said Don Quixote. "What else could brave men do? Do you see that valiant knight, Laurcalio, and the giant Braudabarbaray, and hear the horses neigh? It will be a glorious battle."

"But, master, not a horse do I see or hear. I believe it is two flocks of sheep. Yes, I hear them bleating. Come, do not attack them!"

Sancho's words had no effect on Don Quixote, who rushed off to the attack, leaving Sancho behind, protesting.

The shepherds who were watching the sheep were astounded to have an armed man bear down upon their flocks and scatter them right and left. They shouted at him to stop, but he paid no attention. Then they threw stones at the Knight, and at last made him stop his destruction of their innocent sheep. Don Quixote fell from his horse, and the shepherds ran away.

Once more Sancho came to the rescue. "But, master," he said, "why did you attack them when I told you they were sheep?"

"They were not really sheep, Sancho, but Knights whom Freston disguised as sheep to shame me. Over that hill you may see them, I wager, returned to their real knightly shapes."

The encounter with the shepherds, and many other adventures, left Don Quixote weak and sick, so they rode away to rest awhile. One night they even fell sound asleep before they got off their mounts.

Sancho's loud snores attracted a passing adventurer, who wanted an ass. He placed four long sticks under Sancho's saddle, loosened the straps, raised the saddle and Sancho above the ass's back, and led the animal off, leaving Sancho and the saddle behind, high in the trees!

These were but the beginning of the adventures of this strange pair. Sancho got back his ass, and Don Quixote had many other encounters. At last the curate and the barber found the Knight and took him home, in a very ordinary cart, which Don Quixote knew to be an enchanted chariot.

The curate and the barber could take Don Quixote home, but they could not keep him there. It was not long before he started off for a third journey, with the faithful Sancho in attendance. This time the purpose was a visit to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

They reached the town at midnight. "Lead me to her palace, Sancho," the Knight directed.

"Palace!" exclaimed the matter-of-fact squire. "When last I saw her she lived in a very small cottage in a very poor part of the village. Besides, this is no time of day to go calling."

"Leave that to me, Sancho," said Don Quixote, in his sternest manner. "This very building before us must be my lady's palace."

With this the Knight smote mightily on the door of a huge building, which happened to be the church of Toboso. Not a trace of Dulcinea's palace did they find, although they hunted all night. In the morning they rested in a grove of trees well out of the village. There could be no rest for Don Quixote, however, until he

should find Dulcinea. Sancho was sent to the village to look for her again.

The idea of hunting through Toboso again for Dulcinea did not appeal to Sancho at all. He was sure he could not recognize her, if, as Don Quixote said, she was a beautiful lady and lived in a palace. The girl that Sancho had known was a simple country maid.

"My master is surely mad," he thought. "He never sees things as they are. Sheep to him are Knights, and windmills giants. I believe any country maid might seem to him to be his Dulcinea. What's the use in hunting? I'll wait here until a country girl comes along, and take her to the master."

It was nightfall when Sancho saw three girls riding along on asses. Sancho hurried to tell Don Quixote.

"Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her attendants are on the way, master. Make haste and meet them!" shouted Sancho.

Don Quixote lost no time in mounting his horse. As they rode to meet the girls, Sancho said: "They're three most beautiful ladies, Sir, and are wearing jewels that sparkle a mile off, diamonds and rubies. Their dresses are of cloth of gold."

"Where are they, Sancho?" asked the Knight, looking up and down the road, where the three country lasses were plainly visible.

"Before your very eyes, master," said Sancho. "I see only three country wenches riding asses."

"Country wenches! asses! Your eyes must be bewitched, Sir! It's the lady herself, and two attendants. I at least will do her honor." And Sancho dismounted and flung himself at the feet of one of the girls.

Don Quixote followed suit, wondering how this red-faced, fat lass could be his fair Dulcinea.

The girl was frightened. "Leave us alone!" she cried. "We must hurry home."

"Ah, now I am sure the enchanter has been at his evil work again," said Don Quixote, roused by the girl's voice. "He has even hid from me, most beautiful lady, your loveliness."

"Silly old fellow! Go on about your business, if you have any," the girl said. "We're off." And before Sancho and Don Quixote could get from their knees the girls were gone in a great cloud of dust.

"The deceit of those unscrupulous enchanters! To make my lovely Dulcinea, fairest and daintiest lady in all the world, look and act like that!" Don Quixote was saddened by fate's cruel treatment of him.

"Would that we could make way with all the evil crew of enchanters, and force them to do penance for their foul deeds!" Sancho echoed heartily. But behind Don Quixote's back he laughed at the way he had outwitted his master.

One day as Don Quixote journeyed along with Sancho they were overtaken by a gentleman in a green suit, who rode a fine horse. The gentleman was interested in the Knight, and rode along with him. They had not gone far when they saw a large wagon approaching, drawn by mules, and gay with little red-and-yellow flags.

"An adventure!" cried Don Quixote. "Bring me my helmet, Sancho!" Sancho heard the shout and came up, not knowing what was wanted. He had just filled Don Quixote's helmet with milk, which he had bought of some shepherd. He dared not hesitate to hand it to the Knight when he asked for it, and Don Quixote clapped it on his head, full of milk as it was.

"The enchanter has sent this adventure against me, and, coward that he is, would give my opponent the odds by blinding me before the combat! Or, Sancho, perhaps you put this milk in my helmet?"

"I, Sir?" asked Sancho, mournfully. "I'd much rather put it in my mouth!" Sancho was depressed by seeing the milk he had paid for go to waste. "The devil himself must have done that deed," he said.

The wagon was all the time coming nearer. Don Quixote rode up and spoke to the driver.

"What have you in this wagon, and where are you taking it? What do the flags mean?"

"In the wagon I have a lion, which we are taking to the King, and the flags mean it is royal Spanish property," the driver answered, politely enough.

"Is it a large lion?" asked Don Quixote, rather taken aback.

"Large! It's far the biggest lion I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot of them, too." This was from the keeper, who sat on top of the wagon. "Pray, clear the road so we can pass. The lion's dinner-time is past, and he is getting hungrier and more savage every minute."

"I am not to be frightened by such talk, young man," said Don Quixote, proudly. "I'll show that wicked enemy of mine the stuff of which I am made. Mr. Keeper, kindly let the lion out of his cage so I can engage him in combat."

Sancho appealed to the gentleman who had joined their party. "Pray, Sir, keep my master from this dangerous and foolish act! We shall all be torn to pieces!"

"Is your master mad, then?"

"No, Sir; only rash; very, very rash."

"I'll fix it," said the gentleman, and remonstrated with Don Quixote. The Knight told him quite bluntly not to interfere.

"Mr. Keeper," cried Don Quixote, "open that cage at once, or I'll give you reason to regret it."

"My mules!" cried the driver. "If the lion is to be let out, they will be eaten; and this wagon and team are all I have. Pray, let me take them to a safe distance."

"Very well," said the Knight, "but be quick about it."

"Everybody get out of the way!" shouted the keeper. "This gentleman, against my will, makes me loose the lion. Everybody for himself now; and, remember, if the lion gets you, it's this gentleman's fault, not mine."

"Pray, let the men take their lion off in peace," the gentleman in green begged.

"Sir, let not my acts concern you. I know what I do. If you are afraid, ride quickly to a place of safety," said Don Quixote, haughtily.

"Dear master," pleaded Sancho, who was quite upset, "what shall I do if the lion kills you?"

"Go to Dulcinea and tell her—I have often told you what to tell her!"

So everyone but the keeper and Don Quixote scurried off to safety. Don Quixote dismounted, determined to meet the lion on foot, because he felt sure Rozinante would be more timid than he. He placed himself, sword in hand, before the door of the cage.

Still protesting, the keeper threw the door as far open as it would go, and ran off to a safer place. The lion saw the open door, and, looking straight at Don Quixote, stretched himself, and thrust out his great paws. He stuck out his huge tongue and licked his chops. He rose to his feet, walked to the door, and put his great shaggy head out. He gazed with his blazing eyes at Don Quixote. He turned and walked toward the rear of the cage. Then he opened his huge jaws and yawned a great, lazy yawn, and proceeded to lie down.

"Force him to come out and do battle," cried Don Quixote to the keeper.

"I will not. I dare not. And, indeed, Sir, you have conquered. What more can a man do than persuade his enemy by the fierceness of his manner, that it were best he did not fight?"

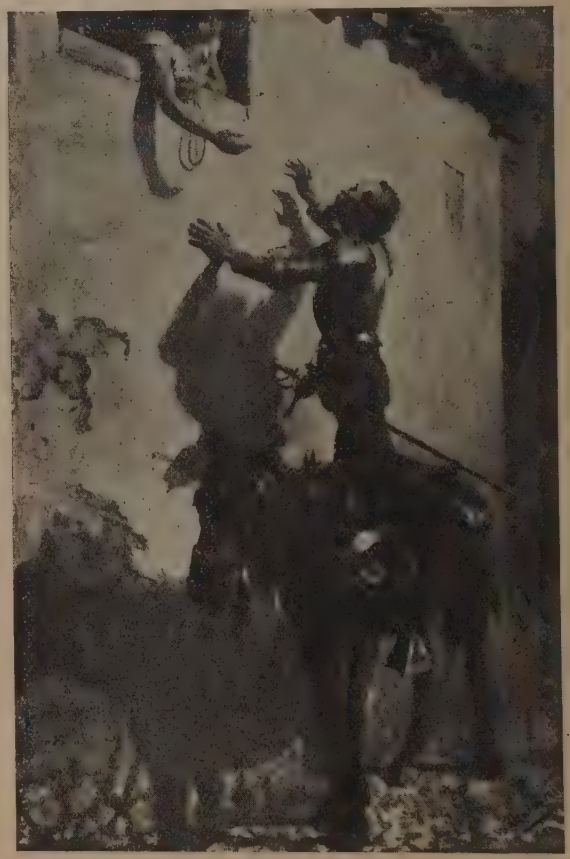
"You are right, my man," said Don Quixote. "Shut the door, then, and see that you give a true account of this happening, that all men may know that even a lion fears to fight Don Quixote de la Mancha." And the Knight waved a white cloth on the end of his spear to let the others know that the danger was over.

Sancho and the rest came hurrying up, and the keeper told them what had occurred. He lost no opportunity to show how brave Don Quixote had been. "When I get to court," he declared, "I shall tell the King himself of this gentleman's bravery."

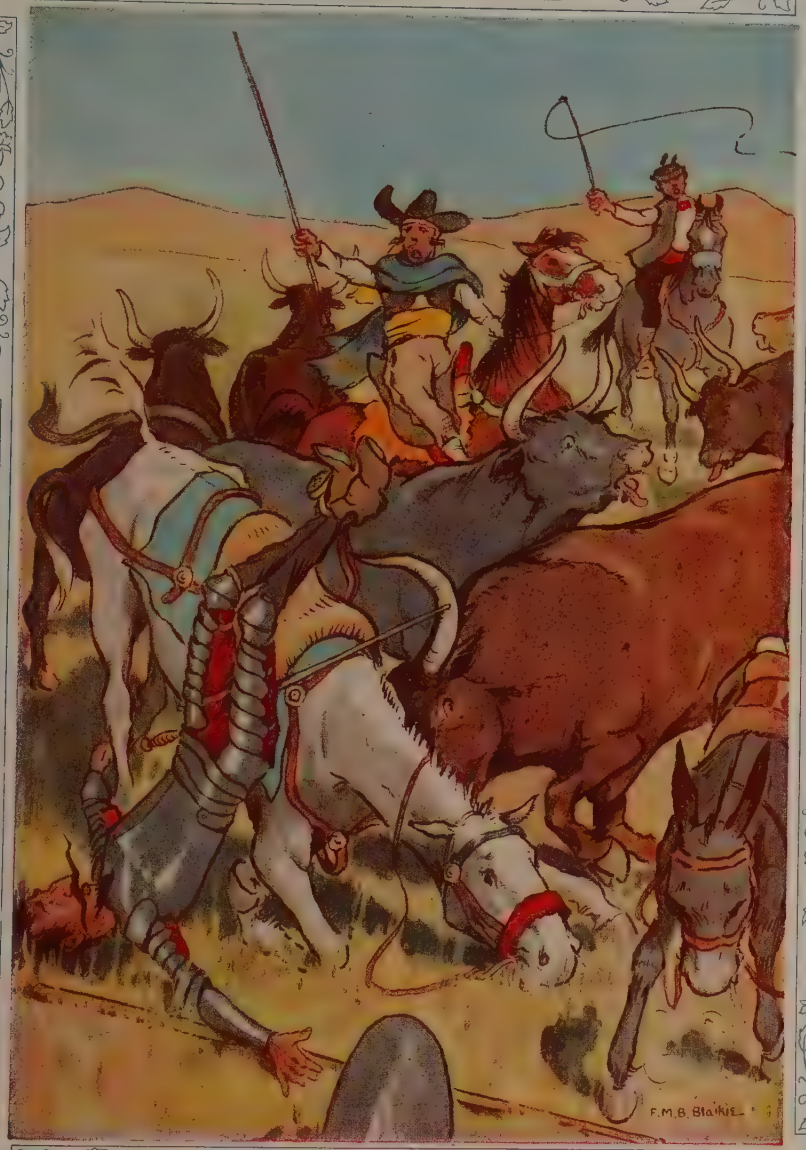
"If," said Don Quixote, drawing himself up, "the King should ask who did this thing, you may say that the Knight of the Lions did it, for that shall be my name from this day on."

The gentleman in green now begged Don Quixote to spend some time at his mansion, and they all proceeded thither together.

When Knight and squire set out again they stopped one night at an inn. They had hardly arrived when another guest appeared. He was clad in leather, and wore a green patch over his left eye.



AT THE LAST DON QUIXOTE GETS A KIND WORD FROM HIS DULCINEA



DON QUIXOTE

"Have you lodgings to-night for Master Peter, who has with him the fortune-telling ape and the famous puppet show of Melisendra's Deliverance?"

The landlord received Master Peter with great enthusiasm. He explained to Don Quixote that Master Peter had the cleverest ape in the world. "Just try him, Sir," urged the landlord. "Ask it any question, and it will jump up on its master's shoulder and tell him the answer."

The ape no sooner arrived than Don Quixote and Sancho commenced to ask him questions. Sancho asked: "What is my wife Teresa doing at home?"

The ape, at his master's signal, jumped on his shoulder and chattered in his ear. Apparently the ape told Master Peter who Sancho Panza and the Knight were. Master Peter listened, and then fell in admiration at Don Quixote's feet, crying: "Oh, wonderful Knight of the Lions! Great Don Quixote de la Mancha! We have not words to praise you rightly!"

Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed at the ape's cunning. Little did they guess that Master Peter and not the ape had found out about Don Quixote, and the landlord had told him what he knew.

Soon the puppet show began. Master Peter moved the puppets, and a boy in front explained to the audience what was happening on the stage. The story was exciting. The hero, who had just rescued his wife from captivity, was being set upon by the enemy. There seemed no escape from death for hero and heroine.

Don Quixote could not endure this triumph of might over right. He rose in his seat and cried: "Halt! No harm shall befall that fair lady and her brave husband! I myself will defend them against the enemy host!" He drew his sword and attacked the puppets violently. Master Peter himself had hardly time to get out of his way.

Nothing could stop the Knight, who in his rage, broke the entire show into bits. When no puppet was left whole, he cried: "I rejoice that this trial did not find me wanting. I could never have called myself Knight again had I let those wicked Moors destroy the lovely Melisendra and her husband."

Master Peter wailed loudly over his loss. "Cheer up, Master Peter," Sancho said, "my master will repay you when he realizes that the Moors he thinks he killed are only your puppets."

"His puppets?" said the Knight.

"See, master, there before you, and all about you are the broken wooden pieces that were this man's puppet show."

"Those enchanters have been trying to outwit me again! All that was acted I believed to be real. Now the enchanters have turned my enemies to wooden puppets. I will give you money to buy you new puppets, Master Peter."

Don Quixote did not know that Master Peter was the thief who had taken Sancho's ass from under him. Do you suppose the story would have ended so well for Master Peter if he had known?

Soon after this, Don Quixote and Sancho were invited to join a group of picnickers whom they met in the woods. The men and women were dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses. The Knight was very grateful for their kindness, and, as a sign of his appreciation, announced that for two days he would remain in the middle of the high road leading to Saragossa and make everyone who came by admit that the ladies in the party, disguised as shepherdesses as they were, had no rival in beauty save the unequaled Lady Dulcinea.

The very first thing to pass along the road was a great herd of wild bulls, driven by several men on horseback. Even for them Don Quixote would not step aside. He stayed in the middle of the road and ordered them to halt. The bulls paid no attention, but ran right ahead, knocking horse and rider, squire and ass, into the ditch, and trampling on them. Don Quixote got up and ran after the herd, begging them to stop and fight him. They did not even stop to listen.

Knight and squire were in very low spirits when they reached the inn where they intended to spend the night. Sancho's spirits sank even lower when he found that the fare at the inn was very poor, but the Knight ate with other guests who had wisely brought their supper with them.

From this place the Knight went to Barcelona, which lies on the Mediterranean Sea. One morning Don Quixote rode, fully armed, on the road along the shore. A Knight armed as he was came toward him. A bright moon was painted on his shield, and he announced in a loud voice:

"I am the Knight of the White Moon, most famous Don Quixote de la Mancha. You have doubtless heard of my exploits. Be it known to you now that the lady of my heart—whoever she is—is far more lovely than your Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Confess it, and you may go free. Deny it, and I shall overcome you. If I win, my prize must be that for a year you stay at home. Conquer me, and all that I have, even my fame, is yours."

"Your challenge, unknown Knight, is accepted. Your terms, also, I accept; but I will never add the fame of your deeds to my own, because my own are enough, and yours I know not. Had you ever but once seen my Lady Dulcinea, however, you would never have challenged me thus. Choose your ground, and let us speedily to the fray!"

Just then the Governor of Barcelona, who knew Don Quixote, came on the scene. He would have stopped the battle, but when he heard why they were fighting he decided it must be a joke, and stopped to watch what would happen.

UNDINE

In a moment the Knight of the White Moon had Don Quixote on the ground and stood over him. "Kill me!" Don Quixote exclaimed, "for I will never yield."

"Not so," said the Knight of the White Moon. "But you must do as you agreed and return home for a year."

The Knight did not tell Don Quixote, but the only reason he wanted to fight him was in order to make him go home and be cured of his mad desire for adventure.

After this battle Don Quixote was very sick. As soon as they could move him so far they took him to his home. There a fever set in, and he had to stay in bed. The doctor said he was in great danger. When Don Quixote heard this he asked everyone to leave the room that he might sleep. He awoke a different man.

"Those fairy tales are all gone. I am as I used to be before I knew of Knights, and giants, and great adventures. Bring me a lawyer, that I may make my will as a wise man."

In his will, Don Quixote left almost everything to his niece. But even though he had decided that all his adventures were madness, he did not forget to leave the devoted Sancho Panza a small sum of money. We can hardly imagine, though, that any amount of money would have comforted Sancho for the loss of the master with whom he had passed through so many strange adventures.

UNDINE

RETOLD FROM BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE

ONCE there was a little water-spirit named Undine. She lived down in the depths of the ocean among the fishes, and the corals, and the pearls, in a lovely palace, for she was the daughter of the Lord of the Ocean.

One dark night a fisherman and his wife who lived beside the sea found a little lost child at their door. And they took her in kindly and brought her up as their own. She was a beautiful little creature, but very frolicsome and thoughtless. And she was not careful to help the good people who had done so much for her. On wild and windy nights she would run away out of doors, and they would be frightened for fear she was lost. They did not know that the little mermaid dived down to the bottom of the sea to play with the fishes and the fairies there. But this she did even when she had grown up, so that she lived part of the time among men and part of the time in the water.

Once there came a brave Knight to the fisherman's hut, and Undine loved him and he loved her, and they were married. At the wedding they put on each other's fingers two beautiful gold rings that Undine had held in glad expectancy.

Then she took him over to the island that was near the hut, and told him her story. "I am the daughter of the Sea King," she said, "and I have no soul, and I cannot suffer. So my father sent me to live among men, because if I could learn to love I could learn to suffer and be kind. And he gave me these two rings that we wear to-day, to give to the one who should come to love me. Now I have told you my story, and if you cannot love me because I am a water-spirit I shall leap into the sea again, and there I shall live, always sorrowful, alone."

"Of course I love you, my dear Undine," he said, and the Knight took her up in his arms and carried her back with him to the cottage.

And now she had a soul, and could suffer and could be kind, and she was never thoughtless or cruel again. And she did not long to be back in the palace in the sea. But that night the candle light in the cottage seemed to her brighter than all the lights in her father's palace.

And they lived in the cottage together, and were forever happy.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

RETOLD FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ONCE, long ago, a little boy sat talking to his mother at their cottage door. The sun was setting, and the glorious brightness of the sunset was flooding all the mountain-side with light.

Now, on this mountain, where the steep, bare cliffs towered straight above the lower sides, where forests grew, a Great Stone Face appeared, and seemed to look down at the broad, fertile valley where they lived. And the face seemed to send blessings on the valley land and people, it looked so noble.

Some men had climbed the mountain side to

see the face close by, and found only rough rocks. But when they gazed up at it from a distance, they saw a perfect face, as if a giant of the ancient days had carved his likeness there. Many thought that if the lips could speak, a voice of thunder would have rolled from them all down the valley.

The little boy—his name was Ernest—liked to look at it, and watch the sunbeams play around the lips that seemed to smile at him. And then sometimes, he thought, the smile crept all across the noble face, and filled the vale with warmth, and wrapped his little heart about with love.

He loved to think about it earnestly, and talk of it. And so he asked his mother what it was, and said: "Mother, I wish that it could speak. It looks so kind, I think its voice would be a pleasant one. If I could see a man with such a face I know that I should love him dearly."

Then his mother told him that when she herself was yet a little child, his grandmother had told her what the Indians said about the great face.

The Indians told the white men, when they came, that in the far-off past the murmuring mountain streams had told their forefathers, and the winds that wandered through the trees had whispered it, that some time there would come a child who would become a man with a grand, noble face, and a sweet smile, just like the mountain face. This man, they said, would be the noblest and the greatest person of his time. And some men thought this was a prophecy, and others thought it would be so long that they would never see a man like that.

"Oh, mother, mother dear," cried little Ernest, "I do hope that I shall live to see him." And his wise, loving, thoughtful mother said: "Perhaps you may."

The years went by, and Ernest grew to be a man. Always when he was a boy he loved to watch the face. When his tasks were done, and he had helped his mother, he loved to sit beside the cottage door and gaze at it. As he sat and gazed, and thought of what a man who looked like it would be, and of the great thoughts he would think, and all the noble deeds that he would do, the boy's own heart grew strong and loving, and the great and noble thoughts it seemed to him this man would think became his own.

As he grew up, a thoughtful sun-browned youth, and merry, too, he labored in the fields like other boys around him. But when his daily task had been well done, he would hasten to the cottage door and gazed up at the calm, strong face he loved so well.

So he grew up a calm, strong, tender man, ready to help; he never quarreled, but saw in all his neighbors something to love. But still he never thought he himself was noble.

Now, in the valley another boy grew up, and went away to a large town beside the sea. There he became a merchant, and was very rich. Men called him Gathergold. He had a fleet of ships that brought him gold and money, pearls and diamonds and other jewels, and rich furs, and teas and spices, from across the sea, to sell.

But he grew very weary; and he thought that if he could go back to the calm beauty of his native fields and woods he would have rest. So at his bidding a great white marble house was built for him, with gleaming windows, and huge and splendid rooms. And troops of servants came to wait on him.

And all the people in the valley said: "This is the great man, like the giant face, our fathers said would come." And even Ernest thought it might be true.

The day arrived for the rich man's coming, and he rode in a carriage drawn by four horses. And Ernest looked at him as he passed by, and saw his face was mean and hard. For all his life he had been gathering riches for himself, and never gave, nor even thought to give, some happiness to others. So his face grew cold, and little children shrank from him in fear.

The weary man went to his lovely, splendid house, where children never played, and there he died, and was forgotten.

Years still went on, and Ernest watched the Great Stone Face above him. The other men around him thought that this was idleness. But Ernest did his work better than they, and helped his neighbors in all kindliness. Only when the day was done, he loved to watch the face as the evening fell, and grew more like the man he thought would come.

Then a great soldier, who had been a valley boy, came home. He had seen great fights, and won great victories, and the people said: "This is the man!" One of his officers, who saw the Great Stone Face, said the great general was like it. The people of the valley made a banquet feast for General Blood-and-Thunder: so his soldiers called him. They brought one of George Washington's great chairs for him to sit in, and hung the flag above it, they were so proud of him.

Ernest went to see him, where the feast was spread beneath green trees. And when the Gen-

eral stood up to speak, all the people shouted with a mighty shout that rang for miles. But Ernest sadly shook his head. This man of energy, and iron will, and looks of stern command, never was like the giant face that looked down through the trees, as it had looked through ages long gone by. Ernest thought the giant face, too, could be stern, but never as hard as iron.

Again time went on. Ernest still lived in the same cottage. But years of thinking of great things had made this simple man a great man. He did not know it, and the people around him did not know it. They knew only that when he watched the face, they liked to sit with him, and listen to him talk of all the noble things he thought about; and, sometimes, of the great man he was sure would come into the valley, and of how the man would look, and speak, and act. And then they went away, and, without knowing it, tried to be like that man.

Again, another great man came—one who had left the valley in his boyhood days. This man was a statesman, and had helped to make his country's laws. His name was known through all the world. Indeed, his friends thought he would make a good President.

Before this time, many thousands, who had heard about the face, had come to see it. Some now said, "Why, this great man's face is like the mountain face." And, after that, "Old Stony Phiz" became the name by which the people knew him.

Ere the election came, the statesman thought he would like to see his native valley, and bring himself to the remembrance of the people there. He had brought fame to it; and so a huge crowd met, and made a great procession to do him honor.

There were bands of music, and banners flying; soldiers and men on horseback; and, in the midst of all, the great man came, bareheaded, in an open carriage drawn by four pure-white horses. The people said: "His face is like our giant face." And Ernest thought, perhaps so; but yet the statesman's face, he thought, was hard, also, and never had the smile the Great Stone Face had come to wear for him.

Long years went by, and Ernest was now a silver-haired old man. His fame had spread beyond the valley, and great and learned men come from far and near to talk with him, and learn wise things from this simple man of wisdom.

And when these great men went away they always looked up at the giant face, and each one said: "Somewhere I have seen a face like that great face up there."

Then a poet arose, whose songs of high and lovely things were known through all the world. And Ernest read them, and looked up at the face and said: "Surely this poet must have a noble face like that."

Then the poet came, and sat with Ernest on the bench beside the cottage door. There they talked about the beauty and the glory that are in the world. The poet thought that Ernest talked as if he had been taught by angels. And sometimes Ernest thought the poet's face was like the Great Stone Face. And then again his thoughts said, sadly: "No!"

The poet watched him, and his eyes grew dim with tears, and he said, sorrowfully: "No, my friend, I am not like it. How could I be? I have not always held the vision of beauty and of truth that I have seen."

When the sunset came, Ernest, by a pleasant custom that had grown up, set out to talk with neighbors in a little nook close by. They sat around him, in the sunset, on the grass, and Ernest stood against the rock and talked.

As the poet listened to his words he thought they were like pure pearls. It almost seemed to him as if the speaker's life of good deeds and of holy love were melted down and poured into his sentences.

Then the sunset glow lighted the Great Stone Face and Ernest's face with glory. And the poet cried: "Behold, behold! Ernest himself is like the Great Stone Face!"

The people looked, and lo! what the deep-sighted poet said was true. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, went slowly homeward in the twilight with the poet, hoping still that by-and-by some wise, strong man would come and grow into a likeness of the Great Stone Face.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

RETOLD FROM LORD MACAULAY

Long, long ago there was a King in Rome whose name was Tarquin. He was a bad man, and the people sent him away, and said he should not be their King.

Then this wicked King went to another city, called Clusium, and begged its King, Lars Porsena, to come with him and fight against the city of Rome, and make him King again.

Lars Porsena was glad, and gathered a great army of his soldiers, who came with joy, thinking they would conquer Rome. They thought of all the treasure in the city that they could take away, and of the people they could carry off to be their slaves.

To surprise the Romans they marched in haste; and, as they came in thousands, all the people in the country through which they went fled before them into the city of Rome. The little children and their mothers wept with fear, but the Roman soldiers hurried them on, lest Lars Porsena and his men overtake them. Many a manly boy shook his little fist at the host that he could see in the far distance, and wished he was a man and, like his father, could fight to save his country.

The invading soldiers were so close behind, and came on so fast, that even while the helpless crowd was on the bridge, across the river in front of the city gates, Lars Porsena and Tarquin and their army were in sight.

The Roman rulers did not know what to do. The army was not strong enough to hold the land on the far side of the river. But the crowded bridge was standing. How could they keep the great Clusian army back? They thought of Tarquin and his cruelty. They thought of Lars Porsena, and of the ruin and the sorrow he and his conquering army would bring to all their dear ones and to their native country that they loved so well.

Little time had they to think. Already they could see the clouds of dust raised by the marching feet of thousands upon thousands of men and horses; and, alas! they could see, too, the fires that rose from burning homes and villages, for not a house, nor fence, nor dove-cote did the invaders leave behind.

And still the crowd of aged and helpless ones and farmers from the plain around, with all their household goods, their flocks and herds of sheep and goats and cattle, choked up the way, as they had done for two long nights and days since first the news of the invasion came, and they had fled to seek the shelter of the city walls.

And then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! To arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."

The little town and hill of Janiculum, which guarded the bridge, were already lost, and on the messenger's heels the soldiers of the garrison came running hard to gain the bridge; while close behind them Lars Porsena's soldiers raced fast to cross with them and take the town.

The Consul and the Senators held council beside the city gate; and with his eyes fixed on the low hills to the west, the sorrowing Consul saw Porsena's host come marching down, and on the plain below the racing company that had taken Janiculum were closing up. Then in a low, deep voice the Consul said:

"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Naught else could save Rome, for in the brightness of the noonday sun all might now see the shining of the helmets and the spears, and through the rolling clouds of dust could plainly hear the trampling and the hum of thousands, and loud trumpet-tones proclaimed the triumph that the invaders saw before them.

With axes, even with swords, the men of Rome were hewing at the bridge, to break it down and stop the invading army by the yellow flood that foamed between the Tiber's banks. But when they clearly saw the foremost faces in the marching host, the Consul feared the enemy would be upon them before the bridge fell, and sadly said: "If once they win the bridge, how can we save the town?"

And then Horatius, the Captain of the Bridge, stood forth and bravely said: "Sooner or later, death comes to all on earth. What can a man do better than, facing fearful odds, die to save his country, and keep her free from shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spoke Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake Strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide at thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

And now, the Three had given the Romans time to destroy the bridge. The Consul was the first to seize an axe, and hew with vigor at the heavy planks. And all the Romans, rich and poor alike, swarmed on the bridge and under it, and smashed the beams, and loosened the props that held it in its place.

The City Fathers, watching, saw the Three stand calm and silent as the invading host came rolling up with flying banners, and with trumpets sounding peal after peal of triumph, and the bright sun flashing on spears and swords and helmets as they came.

Not silent was the host, for when the foremost ranks saw the Three standing at the bridge's head, shout upon shout of laughter rose among them. Then three chiefs dashed up; and, springing from their horses, drew their swords, and with their shields raised high rushed on to slay the Three. The proud chiefs fell in death; and other three, and still others who came after shared their fate.

There stood the Three, and facing them a whole army, six spear-lengths away. Forward they could not move while the Three lived, for only three had room at once to battle in that narrow way, where the three Roman champions, backed by grim death, awaited them. The host stood silent in astonishment, while battle after battle was fought out in silence; and on the city side the Romans still worked desperately to break the bridge.

Then from the invaders rose a mighty roar of anger, and the great crowd of soldiers seethed with wrath. But still, although Horatius was wounded, the Three fought on, and even taunted their proud foes, until at last the trumpets died away, and the great army shrank back.

And now the bridge was tottering to its fall, and all the City Fathers cried aloud: "Come back, come back, Horatius! Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Lartius and Herminius darted swiftly back, while brave Horatius stood behind to guard the bridge, lest one should slip behind him. And as they sped, the last plank crashed beneath their heavy tread, and with a thunder-crash the bridge went down into the furious waters of the rushing stream. A loud triumphant shout rose from the walls, and Lartius and Herminius would have rushed back to stand once more beside their friend, but could not:

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

The weary, wounded man had a hard fight to keep himself afloat in the swift flood; but, heartened by the cheers, he held his way. Sometimes it seemed that he must drown; but then he rose again, and Sextus, the false son of Tarquin, cursed Horatius and said: "Had it not been for him, we would have burned the town and seized its treasures for our own!"

At length, Horatius touched the land, and willing hands were stretched to draw him to the shore. And shouts of gladness met him, and the City Fathers thronged around to press his hands and bless and thank him. And the young men took him up and put him on their shoulders, and carried him through crowds of cheering people to his home.

And because he had forgotten himself, and thought only of how the city could be saved, the people gave him land, and made him gifts, and put his statue in the public place.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst snow;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
And the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

A MAD TEA-PARTY

(From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland")

BY CHARLES L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL")

The cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't care much where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat, "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on. "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore, I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen today?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again. . . .

After a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree. . . .

"I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it van-

THE RABBIT AND THE MAD HATTER

ished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice, "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter; and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled; "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's

remark seemed to have no meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles with no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" replied. "We quarreled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

> 'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
> How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know, in this way:

> 'Up above the world you fly,
> Like a tea-tray in the sky.
> Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep *"Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—"* and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse: *"very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went, "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked: "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "—well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage; and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart

To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the head of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause,
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green-lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder caroled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

BY CHARLES LAMB

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. . . . The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Hoti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out: "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, towns-folk, strangers, reporters, and all present

—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt,* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

GOBLIN MARKET

RETOLD FROM CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, Come buy."

This was the song of the goblins who haunted the glen where Laura and Lizzie, two sisters, used to walk after their work in the farmhouse was over. Both girls knew that it was dangerous to go near, even to peep at the goblin men, because whoever should taste their magic fruits would ever be thirsty until she should taste again, but having once tasted, the mischievous goblins would hide themselves and the unfortunate child who had been deluded by them would die of thirst.

The wiser Lizzie put her fingers in her ears, shut her eyes and ran away from the goblins' song, but

Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry.
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.

So, the unhappy Laura tasted the poisonous fruit and came home thirsty, anxious only for another evening until she could buy more of these delicious morsels.

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

The next evening the two sisters went with their pitchers to the brook in the glen. Lizzie still heard the pranksome goblin men singing

and calling to her, but to the thirsty Laura they were silent and invisible.

Day after day she pined away, for her thirst could never be quenched. She even planted the seeds of the magic fruits, but they never felt the sun and never burst through the earth.

The loving Lizzie could not bear to see her sister waste away, so one evening the brave child put a silver penny in her purse, kissed Laura and for the first time in her life began to listen and look in the shady glen for the goblins. Chuckling and laughing they welcomed her, took her penny and pressed their fruits upon her. Lizzie held out her apron, but would not taste. Angrily they elbowed and jostled her, held her hands and squeezed their fruits against her mouth.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleagured by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

Back home went Lizzie, aching and tingling, but she heard her penny jingle in her purse and its sound was music in her ear. "Kiss me, Laura!" she cried in the garden. "For your sake I have braved the glen and had to do with the goblin merchants."

Laura started from her chair, kissed Lizzie upon the mouth and quenched her thirst in the juice of the goblin's fruits. But it was wormwood to her tongue and she fell in a swoon.

But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass.
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie, but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of gray,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,—
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say: 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, aye, then shall he kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a Duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'"

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

UNA AND THE LION

BY EDMUND SPENSER
RETOLD BY JEANIE LANG

[More than 300 years ago there lived in England a poet named Edmund Spenser. He was brave, and true, and gentle, and he loved all that was beautiful and good. He wrote many poems, but the most beautiful of all is the one called "The Faerie Queene." The story of "Una and the Lion" is taken from "The Faerie Queene," in which great poem there are many more. Some

day you will probably have an opportunity to read the others for yourself.]

ONCE upon time, in a country not far from Fairy-land, lived a King and Queen and their daughter Una.

A hideous dragon came from another country, and killed men and women and little children. With its fiery breath it turned the trees, and grass, and flowers into black ashes, and it slew everybody that it came across.

It would have killed Una's father and mother, too, but they and some of their servants shut themselves up in a tower made of brass. The dragon tried very hard to get in and eat them up, but it could not break into a tower so strong.

For seven years the King and Queen hid in their tower, while the dragon lay outside.

Many brave Knights came and fought with the horrible monster, and tried to save the King and Queen. But the dragon was stronger than all the Knights, and killed every one of them.

At last Una made up her mind to ride to Fairy-land and ask the Queen of the Fairies to send one of her Knights to kill the dragon.

Una took no soldiers nor servants with her, but a dwarf carried for her the food and clothes she needed, and she rode forth on a little white ass.

Una safely got to the court of the Faerie Queene, and a young Knight, fearless, and faithful, and true, offered to come back with her to kill the dragon.

His name was George, but on the breast of his silver armor, and on his silver shield, a red cross was painted.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sang sweetly, as Una and her Knight rode away through the woods that lay between her father's kingdom and the country of the Faerie Queene.

The Knight's great war-horse pranced and champed at its bit, and Una's little donkey put down its dainty feet gently on the grass and wondered at the great big horse and his jingling harness as they went along side by side.

Before they had gone very far a storm came on. The sky grew dark and rain fell heavily, and they would have been drenched had they not found shelter in a thick wood. There were wide paths in this wood, and tall trees whose leafy branches grew so close that no rain could come through.

It was such a beautiful wood, and they were so happy talking together and listening to the birds' sweet songs, that they rode along without noticing where they went.

So when the rain stopped and they wished to get back to the open road, they could not find the way. On and on they went, until they came to the mouth of a great dark cave.

The Knight sprang from his horse, and, giving his spear to the dwarf to hold, went forward to see what might be hidden in the darkness.

"Do not be so rash!" cried Una. "I know that this is a terribly dangerous place, and that a dreadful monster stays in that black den!"

The frightened dwarf also begged him to come away, but the Knight said: "I should be ashamed to come back. If one is good, one need have no fear of the darkness."

So into the darkness he went, and in the faint light that came from his shining armor he saw a hideous monster. It had a great ugly head and a long speckled tail like a serpent's, and it rushed at the Knight, roaring furiously. He struck at it with his sword, but it wound its horrible tail round him until he was nearly crushed to death.

Una called to him not to fear, but to strike the monster bravely. And he, smiting it with all his might, cut off its head.

Then Una and he rode joyfully onward, and, as evening fell, they found a way out of the wood. On the road they met an old man who looked kind and good. He asked them to stay all night in his cottage in a little valley near at hand, and they gladly went.

This old man was a wicked magician, and all he wanted was to do them harm.

When they had lain down to rest, he began to work his magic on them. So well did he do it he made the Red Cross Knight believe that Una was very false and wicked, and that the best thing he could do was to go away from her. Very early in the morning the Knight made the dwarf saddle his horse, and they went off together and left Una asleep in the house of the wicked magician.

When she awoke and found them gone, Una could only weep bitterly at what seemed to her their cruelty.

She rode after them as quickly as she could, but her little donkey could only go slowly; and in his anger and sorrow the Knight had made his horse gallop so fast that she had no chance of overtaking them.

Day after day, up hill and down dale, in woods and on lonely moors, she sought her Knight. And her heart was very sad, because he whom she loved had left her so ungently.

One day when she was very tired she lay down to rest under the trees in a thick wood. She took off her black cloak, and her beautiful golden hair

UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

fell loosely round her face. Her face was so fair and so full of goodness that it seemed to make sunshine in the shady place.

Suddenly there rushed at her from out of the wood a furious lion. He was hunting for something to kill and eat, and when he saw Una he ran at her greedily, with hungry, gaping jaws.

But when he had looked at her lovely face, instead of tearing her in pieces he gently licked her little white hands and feet. And Una's sad heart was so grateful to the noble beast that her tears dropped on him as he did it.

The lion would not leave her. He kept watch while she slept, and when she was awake he followed her like a faithful dog.

Together they wandered on, but never met any one that Una could ask if he had seen the Red Cross Knight.

At last, one evening, they saw a young woman walking up a steep mountain path, and carrying a pot of water on her back. Una called to her, but when the woman looked round and saw a lovely lady and a lion, she got such a fright that she threw down the pot and ran for her life. Her old mother was blind, and they lived in a hut on the mountain, and when she got there she rushed in and shut the door.

Una and the lion followed her, and the lion, with one blow from his strong paw, drove the door in.

The two women were hiding in a dark corner, half dead from fear. Una tried to comfort them, and asked them if she and her lion might shelter there for the night.

In the middle of the night a knock came at the door. It was a wicked robber, who used to bring

the things he stole and give them to those two bad women. The women were so afraid of the lion that they dared not come out of their hiding-place. So the thief, in a rage, burst the door open, and when he did this, the lion rushed at him and tore him in pieces.

Next morning Una rose early and went away with the lion.

When she had gone, the women came out, and when they saw the robber's dead body, they were filled with rage at Una and her lion. They ran after her, calling her bad names, but they could not overtake her.

As they were going home they met the wicked magician. They told him about Una, and he rode quickly after her. By his magic he made himself armor the same as that of the Red Cross Knight; and when Una saw him she thought it was her own true Knight come back to her at last. He spoke to her as if he was really her Knight, and her heart was filled with gladness.

But she was not the only one who thought that the wicked magician was the Red Cross Knight. Sansloy, a rough and wicked man, whose brother had been killed in a fight with the Knight of the Red Cross, came riding along and met them. When he saw the red cross on the magician's breast he rode at him furiously.

The old magician had to fight, whether he wanted to or not, and Sansloy fought so fiercely that he wounded him and cast him bleeding on the ground. Then Sansloy dragged off his helmet and was going to kill him, when he found, instead of the Red Cross Knight's handsome young face, the wicked old face and gray hair of the magician.

Sansloy was afraid of the magician, so he drew back and did not hurt him more. But when he saw how beautiful Una was, he roughly dragged her off her ass, and made up his mind to take her away with him and make her his wife.

When the lion saw the Knight roughly take hold of Una, he made a fierce rush at him, and would have torn him in pieces; but Sansloy beat the lion back with his shield, and when the lion would have torn the shield from him, he drove his sword deep into the lion's faithful heart. With a great roar the noble beast fell dead, and Sansloy threw Una before him on his horse and galloped away with her. She wept and sobbed and begged him to let her go, but Sansloy would not listen. And it seemed as if Una had no friend left, or, at least, no friend that could help her. For the little white donkey trotted after her, afraid of nothing except to be left alone without his mistress.

Sansloy stopped his horse at last and lifted Una down. When she shrank from him in fear, he was so rough that she screamed for help until the woods rang and echoed her screams.

Now in the woods lived wild people, some of whom were more like beasts than men and women. They were dancing merrily in the starlight when they heard Una's cries, and they stopped and ran to see what was wrong.

When Sansloy saw them, with their rough long hair, and hairy legs and arms, and strange wild faces, he was so frightened that he jumped on his horse and galloped away.

But the wild people of the woods were more gentle than the cowardly Knight. When they saw Una, so beautiful, and so frightened, and so sad, they smiled at her to show her that they meant to be kind. Then they knelt before her to show her that they would obey her.

So Una was no longer afraid, and when the wild people saw that she trusted them, they were so glad that they jumped, and danced, and sang for joy. They broke off green branches and strewed them before her as she walked, and they crowned her with leaves to show that she was their Queen. And so they led her home to their chief, and he and the beautiful nymphs of the wood all welcomed her with gladness.

For a long time Una lived with them and was their Queen; but at last a brave Knight came that way. And when Una told him the story of the Red Cross Knight and the lion, and of all her adventures, his heart was filled with pity. He vowed to help her to escape, and to try to find the Red Cross Knight. So one day he and she ran away, and by night had got far out of reach of the wild men of the woods.

When the wicked magician knew of Una's escape, he dressed himself up like a pilgrim and came to meet her and the brave Knight of the forest.

"Have you seen, or have you heard anything about my true Knight, who bears a red cross on his breast?" asked Una of the old man.

"Ah, yes," said the magician, "I have seen him both living and dead. To-day I saw a terrible fight between him and another Knight, and the other Knight killed him."

When Una heard this cruel lie she fell down in a faint. The brave young Knight lifted her up and gently tried to comfort her.

"Where is this man who has slain the Red Cross Knight, and taken from us all our joy?" he asked of the false pilgrim.

"He is near here now," said the magician. "I left him at a fountain, washing his wounds."

Off hurried the Knight, so fast that Una could not keep up with him, and sure enough, at a fountain they found a Knight sitting. It was the wicked Sansloy who had killed Una's lion and carried her away.

The brave Knight rushed up to him with his drawn sword.

"You have slain the Red Cross Knight," he said; "come and fight and be punished for your evil deed."

"I never slew the Red Cross Knight," said Sansloy, in a great rage. "Your enemies have sent you to me to be killed."

Blood poured from their wounds, the earth was trampled by their feet, and the sound of their fierce blows rang through the air.

Una was so terrified at the dreadful sight that she ran away and left them fighting with great desperation.

Before she had gone far she saw a little figure running through the woods toward her. It was her own dwarf, and his woful face told her that some evil thing had happened to the Red Cross Knight.

The Knight had had many adventures since he left her in the magician's hut, and at last a giant had caught him, and kept him a prisoner in a dreary dungeon. The dwarf had run away, lest the giant should kill him.

Una loved the Red Cross Knight so much that her heart almost broke when she heard the dwarf's story. But she made up her mind to find her Knight and free him. So on she went, up hill and down dale, beaten by driving rain and buffeted by bitter winds.

At last, by good chance, she met a Knight and his squire. This Knight was the good Prince Arthur, of all the Knights of the Faerie Queene the bravest and the best. To him she told her sorrowful tale.

"Be of good cheer and take comfort," said the good Prince. "I will never leave you until I have freed the Red Cross Knight."

And the Prince kept his promise.

THE STORY OF THE BLUE BIRD

RETOLD FROM MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Mytyl and Tyltyl, the children of the woodcutter, were asleep in their little cots. Their careful mother had finished her work, tucked them up again to make sure that they were quite warm, and gone to her own bed in the next room. Before she went, she carefully put out the lamp, leaving them in darkness. But presently a beautiful clear light crept in through the chinks of the closed wooden shutters and flooded the cottage kitchen, in which the children slept, while the lamp relighted itself and burned with a soft glow that seemed to be part of the radiance from without.

Soft as it was, the light awakened the children. They lay quiet for a while, but soon the little boy raised his head, and called to his sister Mytyl. It was the night before Christmas, and the light was the light of a party that was being given to the rich children across the way. There was no Christmas gift for Mytyl and Tyltyl this year, for they were very poor.

The children jumped out of bed and watched the people coming and listened to the music. Just as they were about to get back, the door slowly opened, wide enough to let in a little old woman, whom they recognized at once as a fairy, although they thought she looked very like their neighbor, Madam Berlingot. She was dressed in green, with a red hood on her gray hair. Her back was bowed, so that she was bent almost double. She was so lame that she had to walk with a stick, her long nose and pointed chin almost met, and altogether she was as alarming-looking a fairy as one could wish to meet.

"Have you here," she said, "the Bird that is Blue?"

"Tyltyl has a bird," said Mytyl.

"But I can't give it away," said Tyltyl.

"Why not?" the fairy asked.

"Because it's mine."

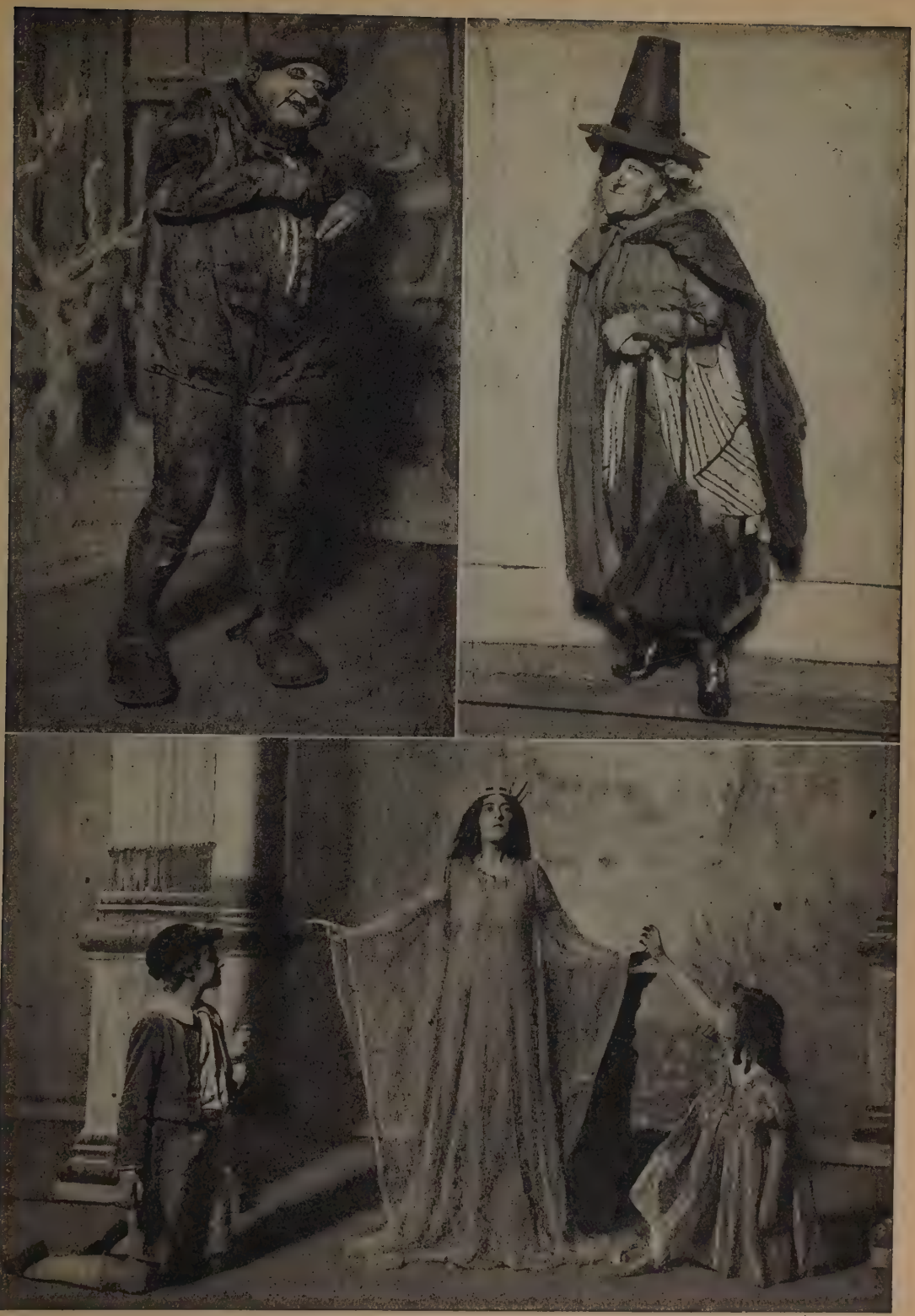
"That is a reason, no doubt. Where is the Bird?"

Tyltyl pointed to the cage, and, to his relief, she said, "It's not blue enough." But his relief changed to alarm when she went on: "You will have to go and find me the one I want."

Her little girl was ill. She wanted to be happy, and she was sure she could never be well or happy unless she had the Blue Bird for her own.

THE FAIRY PREPARES THE CHILDREN FOR THEIR JOURNEY

The children were rather frightened at the idea of going to look for the Blue Bird. They wanted the fairy to go with them; but she said she



IN THE UPPER, LEFT-HAND CORNER IS THE CHARACTER OF BREAD BEFORE HE DONS THE TOGS OF BLUEBEARD. HIS NEIGHBOR IS THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. BELOW THEM ARE LIGHT AND THE CHILDREN, MYTYL AND TYLTYL.

could not, for if she went out in the morning her soap always boiled over. However, she told them she would help them, and when they had dressed themselves she gave Tyltyl a pretty little green cap, with a great white diamond shining in front of it. If he wore this cap, she said, no one could see it; but if he turned the diamond, everything would change to their eyes and they would see into the souls of things.

She put the little cap on Tyltyl's head, he gave the diamond one little turn, and lo, the fairy changed into a beautiful princess with shining eyes and golden curls. The dingy cottage walls turned to a most beautiful color; the plain wooden furniture became noble and beautiful, and, most wonderful of all, the clock began to smile; the door opened, and out trooped the Hours, holding each other's hands, and dancing merrily to sweet music.

At the same moment the bread-box opened, and from it came a little man, dressed in crust-colored clothing; a small red-faced man in a red suit walked out of the smoldering fire; the cat and dog disappeared with a loud cry, and in their place appeared two little men. One had a face like a cat, who combed his hair and washed his face and hands before he went up and bowed to Mytyl. The other, who had a face like their bull-dog, rushed up to Tyltyl, kissed him, and capered round him.

In the meantime, out from the water-tap slipped a young girl, with long, streaming hair, who was weeping floods of tears and at once began to quarrel with Fire. The milk-jug tumbled off the table, broke, and from the pool of milk appeared a tall, shy girl, dressed in white, who seemed to be afraid of everyone.

From the sugar-bowl came a sweet-looking person in a long coat, half blue and half white, and best of all, the flame of the lamp grew taller and taller, and became the most beautiful maiden that ever was seen, dressed in long, shimmering garments, and wearing a soft white veil wrapped about her head.

"Who is it?" cried the children breathlessly, and the Fairy answered, "That, my children, is the Soul of Light."

At Fairy Berylune's house the children dressed themselves for their long journey, and while the Things waited for them the Cat, who did not want to go on the search, called a meeting and tried to arouse their feelings against the children. In high-sounding words the Cat told the Things that in serving man they were the victims of a nameless tyranny. Bread agreed with everyone. Sugar said sweetly, "There is something to be said on both sides." Fire and Water began again to quarrel, but the Dog said angrily: "This is ridiculous! I love man and that's enough. If you do anything against him I will beat you first and then go and tell him everything."

In the midst of the discussion the Fairy came in with Tyltyl and Mytyl and Light who was dressed in moonbeams. The Fairy asked the Things very brusquely what they were doing in a corner looking like conspirators and ordered them to get ready for the next day's journey.

Mytyl and Tyltyl were hungry, so Bread opened his robe and cut off a slice for each, and Sugar good-naturedly broke off a few of his sugar-candy fingers. He explained that it was no trouble at all, because they grew again at once, and so he always had clean fingers.

TO THE LAND OF MEMORY

Ere long the children found themselves in the Land of Memory, and here, as the fog lifted, they saw under an arching elm-tree a little vine-covered cottage, with bee-hives and flower-beds about it. The doors and windows stood open, and on a bench beside the door sat their grandfather and grandmother, fast asleep.

Just then they woke up, and the children rushed to them, shouting joyously.

How happy the old people were to see the children again, for in the Land of Memory folks sleep except when a loving thought from the living awakens them. Here, too, they found their lost little brothers and sisters, and here also was the old blackbird that they remembered from long ago.

"But he's blue!" cried Tyltyl; "why he's the Blue Bird which I am to take back to the Fairy! Oh, he's blue, blue! Grandad, Granny, will you give him to me?"

Their Grandmother bustled about, and, all the children helping her, she soon had supper ready on the table beneath the trees. When it was over, and Tyltyl and Mytyl had to leave them, their Grandmother begged them to keep her and their Grandfather and the little ones living in their memories, and with many promises Tyltyl and Mytyl went slowly away. The mist closed down around the cottage, the Land of Memory faded from their sight, and the two children found themselves alone again beneath the big tree.

"It's this way, Mytyl," said Tyltyl. "Where is Light?" asked Mytyl.

"I don't know, and the bird's no longer blue. He has turned black again."

THESE ARE THE SOULS OF THE "ANIMALS" AND "THINGS" IN "THE BLUE BIRD," AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: THE DOG, WATER, SUGAR, MILK, THE CAT, BREAD, AND FIRE. BESIDE BREAD IS THE WICKER CAGE IN WHICH THE BLUE BIRD IS TO BE CONFINED WHEN FOUND.

TYLTYL AND MYTYL WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS PAY A VISIT TO GRANNY AND GRANDADDY TYL IN THE LAND OF MEMORY.

"Give me your hand, little brother," said Mytyl. "I feel so frightened and so cold."

ADVENTURES IN THE PALACE OF NIGHT

Tyltyl took her hand and, fighting back his own fears, he led her on until they came to the Palace of Night, where Light had directed them to go and to ask for the Blue Bird, if they did not find it in the Land of Memory.

Night had been warned by the Cat of their coming, and was anxiously waiting for them in the Palace Hall.

At first the children could see nothing; but soon their eyes became accustomed to the glimmering light which seemed to come from the polished surface of the doors and pillars, and they went forward to meet her, followed by Dog, Bread, and Sugar.

The Cat, who had been strangely absent, ran up to greet them, but Tyltyl passed him, and approached Night, and demanded from her the keys of her Palace. Night tried to frighten Tyltyl with her terrors, but Mytyl pressed boldly on.

First he opened the doors where all the Sicknesses of the world are imprisoned, but he found them looking but poorly since man has begun to conquer them. He unloosed some of the Ghosts, at which little Mytyl was frightened, but with the aid of the Dog and Night he soon had them shut up once more. He unclosed the Wars, and it was hard work indeed to fling them back behind their iron bars. He found the Will-o'-the-Wisps, the Glow-Worms, the Fireflies and the Nightingale Songs, with which Night makes beautiful her shadows. He opened her great Middle Door, at which even the Queen herself trembled, and even faithful Dog made his humble protest.

"I must," said Tyltyl, affrighted but sturdy, and, with no companion but Tylo the Dog, he swung open the great portals.

IN THE QUEEN NIGHT'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

The doors glided swiftly back, and disappeared into the walls, showing the most exquisite garden that ever was made. It was lighted by the stars and planets and the moonbeams, and from star to star flew so many exquisite little Blue Birds that the feathers of their wings seemed to be the air itself.

"Oh!" cried Tyltyl. "Come quickly! They are here! We have them at last. Come, Mytyl! Come, Tylo. Come all! Yóu can catch them by handfuls! They are not afraid of us."

"I have caught seven already," said Mytyl, who had come running back; "I can't hold them."

But when they reached Light again, all the birds were dead. These could not live in the daylight. Light comforted them, and they sped on to the Land of Trees and Beasts.

THE TREES AND BEASTS RISE AGAINST THE CHILDREN

Here the sly Cat had been stirring up all the Souls of the Trees and the Animals against them, and when the children asked politely if they might search for the Blue Bird in the Forest, the Trees brought them before their court, and the Oak, their judge, put them on trial, and when nobody would say a good word for them, the Animals pitched upon them, before and behind. Had it not been for Dog, whom Cat had bound, but who burst his bonds and rushed in at the last moment, nobody knows what would have become of the children.

Back to their homes rushed the Souls of the Trees at the approach of Light, and the children learned that, in this world, it is Man alone against every living thing. Or shall we make exception of the Dog, who worships Man as his god?

THE WONDERFUL PALACE OF HAPPINESS

Next the children came to the Palace of Happiness. First they saw the Luxuries, fat and beastly, overeating at a gorgeous banquet, the Luxury-of-Being-Rich, and the Luxury-of-Eating-When-You-Are-Not-Hungry, and the Luxury-of-Knowing-Nothing, and all the rest. Here they met the little folks, a Child's-Happinesses, dressed in what is most beautiful in Heaven and Earth. Then came taller ones, all the Happinesses-of-Home, such as the Happiness-of-Being-Well, the Happiness-of-Blue-Sky, the Happiness-of-the-Forest, the Happiness-of-Being-Out-in-the-Rain, and the Happiness-of-Running-Barefoot-in-the-Dew, who is nimblest of all. These Home Happinesses all laughed aloud when they were told that the children did not yet know where to find the Blue Bird.

Last of all they saw, though they were not yet old enough to see them quite clearly, the Joy-of-Being-Good, the Joy-of-Loving, the Joy-of-Being-Just, and their sisters, and—the greatest and most beautiful of all, in lovely garments, and with a face they seemed to know—the Joy-of-Mother-Love. She told them that her dress was so lovely because it was made so by the kisses and caresses

of her children, but that her eyes were no more beautiful than when she was at home, if only they would take the pains to look.

"May we not stay here with you?" the children both pleaded.

"Heaven," answered their Mother's-Love, "is wherever you and I love each other."

Glad were the Happinesses to come face to face with Light, whom they had long awaited but never seen. Light promised them that there should come a day when she would remain with them always.

WHERE WAS THE BLUE BIRD WAITING ALL THE TIME?

It had been said that in the Graveyard, at the hour of midnight, down behind the gravestones, one of the Dead was hiding the magic Bird. So here Tyltyl came, where even the faithful Dog could not follow, with Mytyl clinging to his coat. But when the clock struck and the crosses on the mounds toppled over and the graves opened, there came a breath of Spring, birds sang, flowers blossomed and there was a sunny stillness.

"Where are the Dead?" whispered Mytyl.

And Tyltyl answered: "There are no Dead."

After that the children searched for the Blue Bird in the Azure Palace of the Kingdom-of-the-Future, where the children who are to be born wait their turn to come to Earth. But the Blue Bird was not there.

They did not stay very long in this Kingdom; and soon after they left it, they came to a red wall, with a little green door, and Light said: "Don't you recognize this door?"

At first they did not, and Light said: "How odd people are when they dream. They do not recognize their own hands!"

"Am I dreaming?" asked Tyltyl, and then Light said:

"It's the dear old house of your father and mother!"

"But," said Tyltyl then, "I recognize the wooden pin. Are they in there? Are we near Mummy? I want to kiss her at once!"

And now they said farewell to the Things that had accompanied them. Fire promised always to befriend them. Water said that she would kiss them without hurting them, and begged them to love the wells, to listen to the brooks, and hear what they had to say. Light, their faithful guide, bade them remember that, though she went into silence, she would speak to them in every moonbeam, watch over them in every twinkling star, and be with them in every dawn, in every lighted lamp. Then she said "Good-by," and all returned to willing silence except the Dog, who refused to believe that his little friend would not always understand his voice and feel his love.

Mummy Tyl had been busy about the house all the morning, and now she called cheerfully: "Get up, you little Lazybones. The sun is high above the trees. How they sleep! How they sleep! What sweet things children are! Still, they can't go on sleeping till mid-day. I mustn't let them grow up idle. Besides, I have heard that it's not very healthy."

Then she gently shook them and awakened them.

Tyltyl joyously kissed her and hugged her, and they told her about their journey, which she insisted was all a dream.

After a while their neighbor, Madam Berlingot, came in to wish them a Merry Christmas. But, she said, sadly, that her little girl was still very ill; there was just one thing she wanted for her Christmas box.

"I know," said Mummy Tyl, "it's Tyltyl's bird. Well, Tyltyl, aren't you going to give it to the poor little thing?"

"My bird?" said Tyltyl. "Where is he? Hullo, why he's blue! Why that's the Blue Bird we were looking for. We went so far, and he was here all the time!"

THE TEMPEST

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

With Additional Quotations from Shakespeare

ARRANGED BY KATHARINE WORTHINGTON

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to do these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! They will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certain I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Pros-

pero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm?"

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned."

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their unstaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the King, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witch-crafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors.

Pros. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father: "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely maiden in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

Ferd. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir, I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more

such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban."

To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.
Ferd. O most dear mistress,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.
Ferd. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Ferd. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish: my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

Ferd. "I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man."

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have over-

heard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them, and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too," and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda," she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

Said Prospero: "Let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see his joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as

MIRANDA: "I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!"
THE TEMPEST *Act* III *Scene* 1.

PERDITA: "Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue"
THE WINTER'S TALE *Act* IV *Scene* 4

my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Prospero entertained his guests with magic visions of goddesses and nymphs who came to wish Miranda and Ferdinand happiness, and who danced and sang before them.

Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Enter certain Nymphs.

Pros. You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

. . . . . .

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear:
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY JOHN BUNYAN

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

As I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, and his face away from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein, and as he read, he wept and trembled. His fear was so great that he brake out with a mournful cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight therefore he went home, and did all he could to hide his distress from his wife and children. But he could not be silent long, because his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he began to talk to his wife and children thus: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you my children, I am in despair by reason of a burden that lieth heavy on me. Moreover I am for certain told that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, when both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall be ruined, except some way of escape can be found." At this his wife and children were sore amazed, not because they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought he must be ill to talk in so strange a way. Therefore, as it was evening, and they hoped sleep might soothe him, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day, wherefore instead of sleeping he spent it in sighs and tears.

So when the morning was come, they asked him how he did. He told them, "Worse and worse," and began to talk to them again in the same strange manner, but they began to be careless of his words. They also thought to drive away his fancies by harsh and rough behavior to him. Sometimes they would mock, sometimes they would scold, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to stay in his room to pray for and pity them, and also to comfort his own misery. He would also walk alone in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes praying, and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw in my dream that when he was walking in the fields, he was reading his book and greatly distressed in mind. And as he read, he burst out crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run. Yet he stood still, because, as I saw, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man, named Evangelist, coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I see by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to be judged. And I find I am not willing to die, nor able to be judged."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since in this life you are so unhappy?"

The man answered, "Because I fear this burden will sink me lower than the grave, and the thought of that makes me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy fear, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go."

So Evangelist gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come." The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?"

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?"

The man said, "No."

"Well," said the other, "do you see yonder shining light?"

He said, "I think I do."

Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in thine eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate. When thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, seeing it, began to cry after him to return. But the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain. The neighbors also came out to see him run. And as he ran some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return. Among those that did so were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other was Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from

HE LOOKED NOT BEHIND HIM

them, but they had made up their minds to follow him, which they did, and in a little time overtook him.

Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are you come?"

They said, "To persuade you to go back with us."

But he said, "That can by no means be. You dwell in the City of Destruction, the place where I was born. Be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

"What!" said Obstinate, "and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!"

"Yes," said Christian, for that was his name.

"What do you seek, since you leave all the world to find it?" said Obstinate.

"I seek a treasure that never fades away. It is laid up in heaven and is safe there," said Christian. "Read it so, if you will, in my book."

"Tush!" said Obstinate, "away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?"

"No, not I," said the other, "because I have just set out."

"Come then, Neighbor Pliable, let us turn again and go home without him."

Then said Pliable, "If what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours. My heart makes me wish to go with him. But, my good Christian, do you know the way you are going?"

"I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall be told about the way."

"Come then, good neighbor," said Pliable, "let us be going." Then they went both together.

"And I will go back to my place," said Obstinate. "I will be no companion of such mistaken and foolish fellows."

Now I saw in my dream that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain. "I will tell you what my book says of the country to which we are going, and of the people we shall meet there," said Christian.

"But do you think the words of your book are certainly true?" said Pliable.

"Yes," said Christian, "for it was written by Him who cannot lie."

"Well," said Pliable, "tell me about this country."

"In this country," said Christian, "we shall live for ever. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun."

"This is excellent," said Pliable; "and what else?"

"There shall be no more crying nor sorrow, for He that is the Owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes," said Christian.

"And what companions shall we have there?" asked Pliable.

"There we shall be with those that will dazzle your eyes to look on. There also you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. None of them are hurtful, but loving and holy. In a word, there shall we see some with their golden crowns, there we shall see maidens with golden harps, there we shall see men that here were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten by beasts, and drowned in the seas, all for the love they bare to the Lord of this place. Now they are all well, and clothed with beautiful garments."

And as Pliable heard of the excellence of the country and of the company to which they were going, he said, "Well, my good companion, glad I am to hear of these things. Come on, let us go with more speed."

"I cannot go as fast as I would by reason of this burden that is on my back," said Christian.

Now I saw in my dream that just as they ended their talk, they drew nigh to a bog that was in the midst of the plain, and they being heedless did both fall suddenly into it. The name of this bog was the Slough of Despond. Here therefore they struggled for a time, being grievously covered with dirt. And Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Pliable, "Ah, Neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

"Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

At this Pliable began to be offended, and said angrily, "Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while? If I get out again with my life, you shall possess the wonderful country alone."

HE FELL IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the bog which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more. Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone. But still he tried to struggle to that side of the Slough that was further from his own house, and next to the Wicket-gate. But he could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back.

And I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, and as I was going thither I fell in here."

"Why did you not look for the steps?" said Help.

"I was so full of fear," answered Christian, "that I fled the next way and fell in."

Then said Help, "Give me thy hand." So Christian gave him his hand, and he drew him out and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Now in my dream I stepped up to the man that plucked Christian out, and said:

"Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to the Wicket-gate, is it that this Slough is not mended, that poor travelers might go over in more safety?"

And he said to me, "This place cannot be mended, yet it is not the pleasure of the King that it should remain so bad. His laborers also have for more than sixteen hundred years been employed on this patch of ground, in the hope that it might perhaps be mended. There has been swallowed up here twenty thousand cartloads of the best material in the attempt to mend the place. But it is the Slough of Despond still; and still will be so, when they have done all they can. It is true that there are some good and strong steps even through the very midst of this mire. But men through the dizziness of their heads miss the steps and so tumble into the mire, but the ground is good when they have once got in at the gate."

Then I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable was got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him, and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for going with Christian. Others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying, "Surely since you began to go, you need not have been so base as to have given out for a few difficulties. So Pliable sat like a coward among them.

Now as Christian was walking alone, he espied one afar off, come crossing over the field to meet him. The gentleman's name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He dwelt in a very great town, close by the one from which Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, began thus to enter into some talk with him: "How now, good fellow, whither are you going in this burdened manner?"

"A burdened manner indeed," said Christian. "I am going, sir, to yonder Wicket-gate before me, for there, I am told, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden."

"Hast thou a wife and children?" asked Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

"Yes, but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly."

"Will you harken to me if I give thee counsel?"

"If it be of good, I will, for I stand in need of good counsel."

"I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden, for thou wilt never be contented till then."

"That is what I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden, but get it off myself I cannot, nor is there any man living in our country who can take it off my shoulders. Therefore I am going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden."

"Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?"

"A man that appeared to me a very great and honorable person. His name, as I remember, is Evangelist."

"He has given thee foolish counsel. There is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee. Thou hast met with some danger already, for I see the mud of the Slough of Despond is upon thee. Hear me, I am older than thou. Thou

art likely to meet with, in the way which thou goest, painfulness, hunger, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and death."

"Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things."

"But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Hadst thou but patience to listen, I could direct thee how to get what thou desirest, without the danger that thou in this way wilt run thyself into."

"Sir, I pray that thou wilt tell me this secret."

"Why, in yonder village there dwells a gentleman, who is very wise, and who has skill to help men off with burdens like thine from their shoulders. To him thou mayest go to be helped at once. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if thou dost not desire to go back to the City of Destruction, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to come to thee to this village. There are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have without great cost. Food is there also, cheap and good, and what will make thy life the more happy is, that thou shalt live beside honest neighbors, in respect and comfort."

Now the Christian puzzled, but he thought, "If what Mr. Worldly Wiseman says is true, my wisest plan is take his advice."

"Sir," said Christian, "which is my way to this honest man's house?"

"Do you see yonder high hill?"

"Yes, very well."

"By that hill you must go, and the first house you come to is his."

So Christian turned out of his way to go to the house for help. But behold, when he was now close to the hill, it seemed so steep, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head. Wherefore he stood still, and knew not what to do. And his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned. Here, therefore, he did quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. Then he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer, and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance.

"What dost thou here, Christian?" said he. At which words Christian knew not what to answer, wherefore at first he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist, "Art not thou the man I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?"

"Yes," said Christian, "I am the man."

"Did I not direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?"

"Yes," said Christian.

"How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned out of the way?"

"I met with a gentleman, as soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who told me that in yonder village I might find a man who could take off my burden."

"What was he like?"

"He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to believe his words. So I came hither, but when I beheld this hill and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly stood still lest it should fall on my head."

"What said that gentleman to you?"

"Why, he asked me whither I was going, and if I had a wife and children, and he bid me make good speed to get rid of my burden. And I said, "I am going to yonder gate to be told how I may get rid of it."

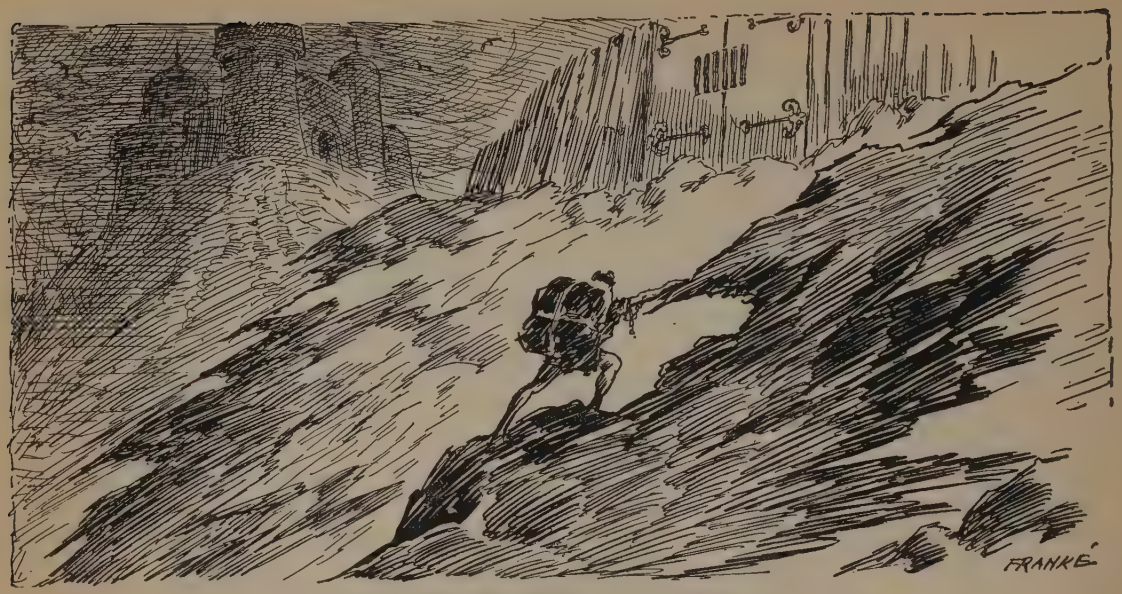
"So he said he would show me a better and a shorter way, and not so full of difficulties as the way that you directed me. But when I came to this place, I stopped for fear of danger, and now I know not what to do!" So Christian stood trembling before Evangelist.

Then said Evangelist, "Give heed to the things I shall tell thee. Mr. Worldly Wiseman sought to turn thee out of the way and to bring thee into danger. In yonder village has no man ever yet got rid of his burden, nor is he ever likely to lose it there. Therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his friend are deceivers, and cannot help thee."

After this there came words and fire out of the mountain under which Christian stood. Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out, saying he would he had never met Mr. Worldly Wiseman or that he had never listened to him. Then he turned to Evangelist and said, "Sir, what do you think? Is there any hope? May I now go back and go up to the Wicket-gate? Or shall I be sent back from the gate ashamed? I am sorry I have listened to this man's counsel, but may my sins be forgiven?"

Evangelist said to him, "Thy sin is very great. Thou hast left the good way and walked in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good will for men. Only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again."

Then did Christian prepare to go back. And Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him Godspeed. So Christian



IN PROCESS OF TIME CHRISTIAN REACHED THE GATE

went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way. Even if any one spoke to him, he would not venture an answer. He walked like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he had got into the way which he had left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will. He asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he desired.

"I am a sinner," said Christian; "I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion. I am told that by this gate is the way thither, and I would know if you are willing to let me in."

"I am willing with all my heart," said Good-will, and he opened the gate. So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull.

"Why do you do that?" said Christian.

Then Good-will told him, "A little distance from this gate a strong castle has been built, of which Beelzebub is the captain. And he and those that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, hoping they may die before they enter."

So when Christian had come in, Good-will asked him who had directed him to the gate.

"Evangelist bid me come here and knock, as I did. And he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do."

Then Good-will said, "Come a little way with me, good Christian, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go."

"But," said Christian, "are there no turnings, nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?"

"Yes, there are many ways join this, but they are crooked and wide. Thou mayest know the right from the wrong way, for the right way is always straight and narrow."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian asked him if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back. For as yet he had not got rid of it, nor could he get it off without help. But Good-will said, "Thou must be content to bear it, until thou comest to a place where stands a Cross, for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

Then Christian began to get ready to continue his journey. So Good-will told him that when he had gone some distance from the gate, he would come to the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him wonderful things. Then Christian took leave of his friend, and he again bid him Godspeed. Now Christian went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door and asked who was there.

"Sir," said Christian, "I am a traveler who was told by Good-will to call here. I would, therefore, speak with the master of the house." So he called

for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian and asked what he would have.

"Sir," said Christian, "I am a man that has come from the City of Destruction, and I am going to Mount Zion. I was told by the man that stands at the Wicket-gate that if I called here you would show me things that would help me on my journey."

Then said the Interpreter, "Come in, and I will show thee what will help thee." So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him. Then he took him into a private room, and bid his man open a door. And Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall. He had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

"The man whose picture this is," answered the Interpreter, "is one of a thousand. He is the only man who may be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way. Wherefore be very careful to remember whom thou hast seen."

Then the Interpreter led him into a very large parlor that was full of dust, because it was never swept, and after he had looked at it for a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began to fly about, so that Christian was almost choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood near, "Bring hither the water and sprinkle the room." And when this was done the room was swept and cleansed.

Then said Christian, "What does this mean?"

The Interpreter answered, "This parlor is like the heart of an evil man. The dust is his sin, and the damsel that sprinkles the water is the Gospel."

I saw moreover in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be very discontented, but Patience was very quiet.

Then Christian asked, "What is the reason of the discontent of Passion?"

The Interpreter answered, "The governor of the children would have them wait for their new toys, till the beginning of next year, but Passion wishes to have them all now, while Patience is willing to wait." Then the Interpreter took Christian to a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing near it, always casting much water upon it to quench it, yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. But afterwards the Interpreter took him to the back of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, and he poured the oil continually, but secretly, into the fire.

"What does this mean?" asked Christian.

The Interpreter answered, "The fire is a picture of the grace God puts into the heart. He that casts water on it to put it out is the Evil

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" ASKED CHRISTIAN

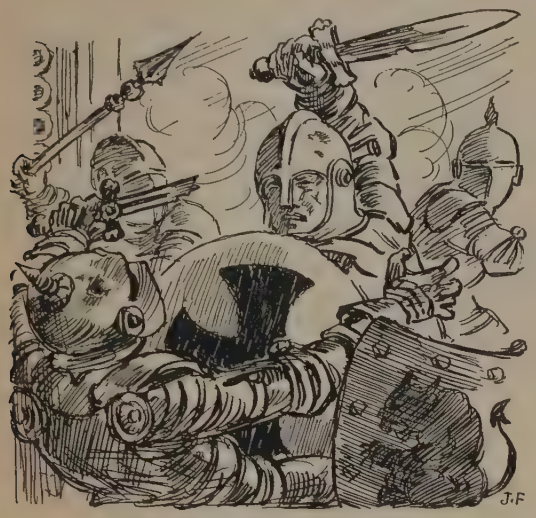
One. And the man who pours oil on the fire to keep it alight is Christ."

I saw also that the Interpreter took Christian again by the hand and led him into a place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw also upon the top of the palace certain persons walking, and they were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, "May we go in here?" So the Interpreter took him and led him toward the door of the palace. Now before they came up to the door, they passed a man, sitting at a table, with a book and his inkhorn before him, to take down the name of any who should enter. And, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, who wished to go in, but did not dare enter, for within the doorway stood many men in armor to guard it. Now, these men in armor were determined to do any who would enter as much harm and mischief as they could. Christian was amazed. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man with a very strong face come up to the man that sat at the table saying:

"Set down my name, sir."

And when this was done, Christian saw the strong man draw his sword and put an helmet on his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men. The armed men fought with great strength, but the man with the strong face was not at all discouraged, but fought most fiercely.



HE WAS NOT DISCOURAGED

So after he had received and given many wounds to those that tried to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace. Then there was a pleasant voice heard from those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying:

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in and was clothed in such garments as they.

"Now," said Christian, "let me go."

And the Interpreter said, "Hast thou understood these things?"

"Yes," said Christian, and he began to get ready to go on his journey.

Then said the Interpreter, "God be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to Mount Zion."

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall. Up this way, therefore, did Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came to a steeper place, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up to the Cross the burden fell from off his back, and began to tumble till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and happy, and he stood for a while to look and wonder, for it was surprising to him to see that the Cross should make him lose his burden. Now as he stood looking, behold three Shining Ones came to him and greeted him.

The first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." The second took away all his rags and clothed him in new raiment. The third set a mark on his forehead and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he should give in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing. I saw then in my dream that as he walked he saw two men come tumbling over the wall into the narrow way.

"Gentlemen, where do you come from and whither do you go?" said Christian.

THE BURDEN FELL FROM HIS BACK

They told him, "We were born in a land called Vainglory, and we are going to Mount Zion."

"Why came you not in at the gate?" said Christian.

They said that to go to the gate was too far, so they had taken a short cut and climbed over the wall.

"But," said Christian, "will the Lord of the City to which we are going be pleased that you should come into the way over the wall?"

But the men said he need not trouble his head about that, for what they did had been done many times before. It had been a custom for more than a thousand years. And besides, said they, "If we get into the way, what does it matter how we get in? You came in by the Wicket-gate, and are in the way, and we came tumbling over the wall and are in the way, so now we are all in the same condition."

"But," said Christian, "I walk by the Rule of my Master, and you walk just as you like best."

Then said they, "We see not how thou art different to us, except by the coat thou wearest, and that, we suppose, was given thee by some of thy neighbors, to hide thy rags."

"Well," said Christian, "the Lord of the City to which I go gave me this coat the day that he took away from me my rags. He will surely know me, since I have His coat on my back. I have also a mark in my forehead, which you may not have noticed, and this was given to me by one of my Lord's friends, on the day my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you too, that I had a roll given me, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way. I am also to give in the roll at the Celestial Gate. All these things I think you are without, because you came not in at the gate."

To these things they gave him no answer, only they looked at each other and laughed. I beheld then, that they all went on without talking much together, till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. The narrow way lay right up the hill, but there were also two other ways here. One turned to the left hand and the other to the right at the bottom of the hill. Christian now went to the spring and drank to refresh himself, and then began to go up the narrow path that led to the top of the hill. The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, they made up their minds to go in the other paths that lay round the side of the hill. So one took the way that was called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took the way called Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell and rose no more. I looked then to Christian to see him go up the hill, and then I saw that he had begun to clamber upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travelers. When Christian got there he sat down to rest, then he pulled out his roll and read in it to comfort himself, and he began again to look at the garment that was given to him at the Cross. Thus he at last fell into a slumber, and then into a sound sleep, which kept him in that place, until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him and awaked him. Then Christian suddenly started up and sped on his way till he came to the top of the hill.

When he was got to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him. The name of the one was Timorous, and the other Mistrust.

"Sirs," said Christian, "what is the matter? You run the wrong way."

Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion and had got up that difficult place. "But," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust; "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, but we thought if we came within reach, they would pull us in pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid, but yet I will go forward." So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. And as he went he thought again of what he heard from the men. Then he felt for his roll, that he might read and be comforted, but he felt and found it not.

Now was Christian in great distress and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that was on the side of the hill, and then he went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can tell the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and often he chided himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that all the way as he went. For he hoped to find the roll that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went back till he came again within sight of the arbor where he had sat and slept, but that sight renewed his sorrow again, by reminding him how eagerly he had slept there. And as he went towards the arbor, he sighed over his sleepiness, saying, "Oh, foolish

man that I was, why did I sleep in the daytime? Oh, that I had not slept."

Now, by the time he was come to the arbor again, for a while he sat down and wept, but, at last, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, he espied his roll, which with trembling haste he caught up. But who can tell how joyful Christian was when he had got his roll again, or with what joy and tears he began to go up the hill again. And, oh, how nimbly did he go up! Yet before he reached the top the sun went down. Now Christian remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous had told him, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. And he said to himself, "If these beasts meet me in the dark, how shall I escape being by them torn to pieces?"

But while he was in this fright, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway side. So I saw in my dream that he made haste, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and looking before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. The lions were chained, but Christian did not see the chains. Then he was afraid and thought he would go back, but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, seeing Christian stop, as if he would go back, cried, "Fear not the lions, for they are chained."

Then I saw that Christian went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was.

HE ESPIED TWO LIONS IN THE WAY

And Christian said to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? May I lodge here tonight?"

The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, for the safety of pilgrims."

So Watchful the porter rang a bell, at the sound of which a grave and beautiful damsel came out of the door. When she saw Christian she brought him into the Palace Beautiful, and she and her sisters talked with him until supper was ready. Now all their talk at table was about the Lord of the hill, and, by what they said, I know that He had been a great Warrior, and that He had fought and slain Death, but not without great danger to Himself, which made me love Him the more. They talked together till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they went to bed. The room in which the pilgrim slept had a window opening towards the sunrising, and the name of the room was Peace. In the morning they all got up, and after some more talk, they told him that they would take him to the armory before he left them. So they did, and when he came out, he was harnessed from head to foot, lest he should be attacked in the way. Then Christian walked with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he had seen any pilgrims pass.

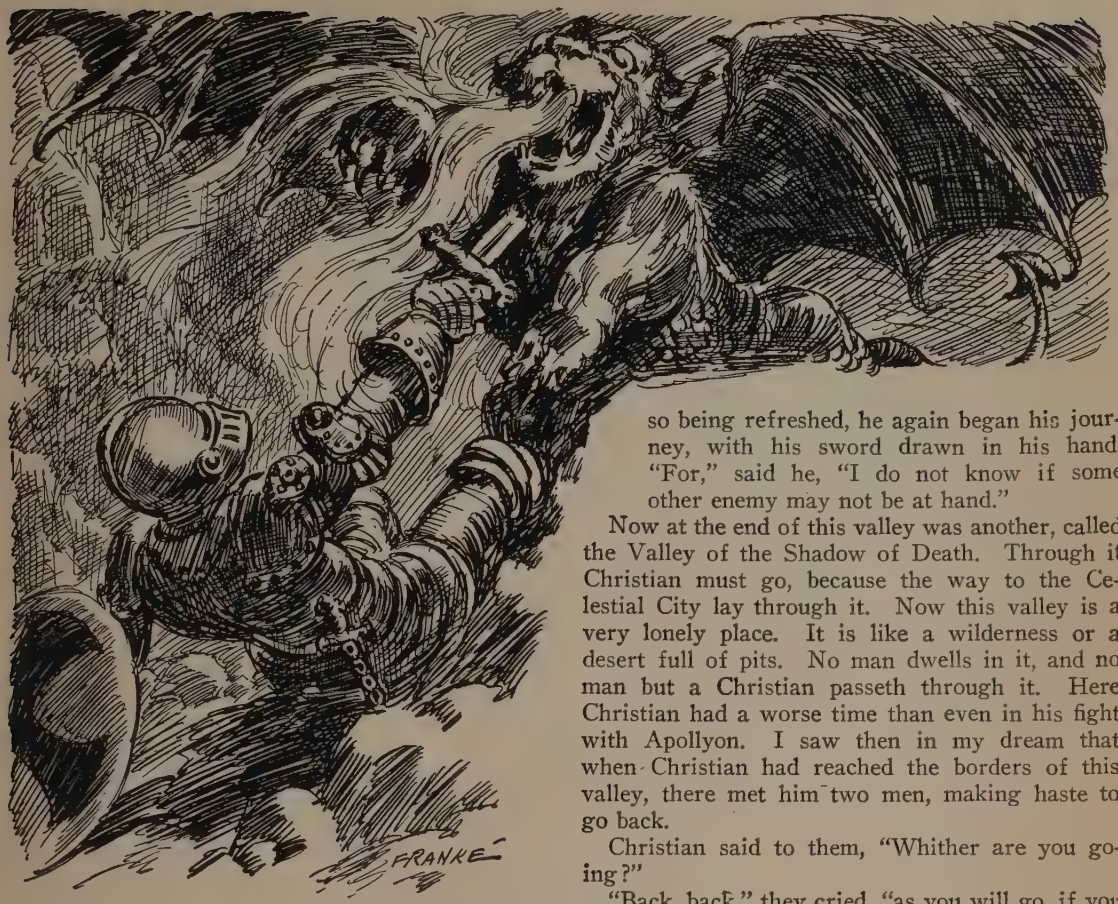
The porter answered, "Yes, a pilgrim called Faithful has passed this way."

"Oh," said Christian, "I know him. He comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he has got?"

"By this time he is below the hill," said the porter.

Then Christian began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation, where it is difficult not to slip. He went down very warily, yet he slipped once of twice. Now in the valley Christian had a hard fight with a fiend called Apollyon. Apollyon was a monster and hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish, he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion, and out of it came fire and smoke. When he came up to Christian he looked at him with rage in his face, and said, "Prepare thyself to die, for thou shalt go no farther." And he threw a flaming dart at him, but Christian had a shield in his hand, which caught the dart, so that it did him no harm. Then did Christian draw his sword, but Apollyon threw darts at him as thick as hail, and wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This great combat lasted half a day, till Christian was almost worn out.

Then Apollyon came close to Christian, and wrestled with him and gave him a dreadful fall, and Christian's sword flew out of his hand.



HE GAVE APOLLYON A DEADLY THRUST

"I am sure of thee now," said Apollyon. But while he was taking a last blow to kill this good man altogether, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it. Then he gave Apollyon a deadly thrust, and Apollyon spread his wings and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more. In this combat no man could imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight. He spake like a dragon. On the other side, sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him give so much as a pleasant look, till he saw that he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edge sword. Then indeed he did smile and look upward, but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will give thanks to Him that did help me against Apollyon."

He also sat down in that place to eat and drink, so being refreshed, he again began his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, "For," said he, "I do not know if some other enemy may not be at hand."

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Through it Christian must go, because the way to the Celestial City lay through it. Now this valley is a very lonely place. It is like a wilderness or a desert full of pits. No man dwells in it, and no man but a Christian passeth through it. Here Christian had a worse time than even in his fight with Apollyon. I saw then in my dream that when Christian had reached the borders of this valley, there met him two men, making haste to go back.

Christian said to them, "Whither are you going?"

"Back, back," they cried, "as you will go, if you prize life or peace!"

"Why, what is the matter?" said Christian.

"Matter!" said they. "We were going the way you are going, and we went as far as we dared. But had we gone a little farther we had not been here to bring the news to thee."

"But what have you met with?" said Christian.

"Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but by good chance we looked before us and saw the danger before we came to it."

"But what have you seen?" said Christian.

"Seen!" said the men, "why, the valley itself was as dark as pitch. We also saw hobgoblins and dragons, and we heard a continual howling and yelling as of people in great misery. Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is altogether dreadful, being utterly without order."

"But," said Christian, "this is the way to the Celestial City."

"Be it your way, then; we will not choose it for ours." So they parted. Christian went on

his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, lest he should be attacked.

I saw then in my dream, that as far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous mire, into which if a man falls he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on. The pathway here was also exceeding narrow, and, therefore, Christian was the more distressed. For when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tumble over into the mire on the other, and when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would nearly fall into the ditch. Then he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly. For besides these dangers, the pathway was here so dark, that when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where, nor upon what he should set it next. About the middle of this valley I saw the mouth of hell to be, and it stood close to the wayside.

"Now," thought Christian, "what shall I do?"

And ever and anon the flame and smoke came out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, that he was forced to put away his sword and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer.

Then he cried out in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be rushing towards him. Also he heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets.

This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together. Then Christian came to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, and he stopped and began to think what it would be best for him to do. Sometimes he thought he would go back, but again he thought he might be half-way through the valley. So he resolved to go on, yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come almost close to him, he cried out in a loud voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God." Then the fiends went back and came no farther.

Now Christian thought he heard the voice of a man going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Then he was glad, for he thought that some one who feared God was in this valley, as well as himself, and he hoped to overtake him and have company by and by.

Now morning being come, he looked back to see by the light of day what dangers he had gone through in the night. So he saw more plainly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the mire that was on the other, also how narrow the way was that lay between them both. He saw, too, the hobgoblins and dragons, but all afar off, for after break of day they came not nigh.

About this time the sun was rising, and this was a great help to Christian, for you must know that though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, through which he had to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous. For, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along so full of snares, traps, and nets here, so full of pits, pitfalls, and deep holes down there, that if it had been dark, he would almost surely have been lost, but as I said just now, the sun was rising. In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley.

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little hill, and going up he looked forward and saw Faithful before him. Then said Christian, "Stay, and I will be your companion."

And when he overtook Faithful they went very lovingly on together, and talked of all that had happened to them in their pilgrimage. Then I saw in my dream that when they got out of the wilderness they saw a town before them, and the name of that town was Vanity, and at the town there was a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It was kept all the year long.

At this fair there were sold houses, lands, trades, husbands, wives, children, silver, gold, pearls, and precious stones. And, moreover, at this fair, there were at all times cheats and jugglers and knaves and rogues.

Now the way to the Celestial City lay just through this town, so the pilgrims had to go through the fair.

The Prince of Princes Himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that on a fair-day too. And, I think, it was Beelzebub the chief lord of this fair that invited the Prince to buy of his vanities. Beelzebub even said he would have made Him lord of the fair, if He would have done him reverence as He went through the town. Yea, because the Prince was so great a person, Beelzebub took Him from street to street and showed Him all his kingdoms, that he might, if possible, tempt the Prince to buy some of his vanities. But the Blessed One did not wish any of these vanities, and, therefore, left the town without spending so much as one farthing upon these vanities.

Now these pilgrims, Christian and Faithful, as I said, had to go through this fair.

Well, so they did, but behold, whenever they

CHRISTIAN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

entered into the fair, it and the town itself were in a hubbub about them. For the pilgrims were clothed with raiment that was very different from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people gazed upon Christian and Faithful and called them outlandish men.

Then also, they wondered at the pilgrim's speech, as few could understand what they said, for they spoke the language of the Celestial City. But those that kept the fair spoke the language of the city of Vanity Fair, and they could not understand one another.

Now when these pilgrims would not buy their wares and would not even look at them, the sellers were angry and mocked these men, and some called on others to smite them. At last the master of the fair told his men to question the pilgrims. And when Christian and Faithful told the men that they were strangers in the world and were going to the Celestial City, the men thought they were mad. Therefore, they took them and beat them and threw mud at them, and then they put them in a cage to be a show to the people at the fair. But when they were tired of mocking them, these two pilgrims were again examined and charged as guilty of the great disturbance in the fair. So they beat them pitilessly, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair. Then Christian and Faithful behaved so wisely and patiently, that the others were still more angry, and said they would put these men to death.

Therefore, after a trial, Faithful was brought out, to do with him according to their law. And first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they stoned him with stones, then they pricked him with their swords, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Now I saw behind the people a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who was taken by it through the clouds, the nearest way to the Celestial City. Then was Christian sent back to the prison, where he dwelt for a time, till he escaped and went again on his way. But he did not go alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful, who left the town of Vanity, and was a companion to Christian in his pilgrimage. They went on their way till they came to a pleasant river. Now their way lay just along the bank of the river, and Christian and his companion walked there with great de-

CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL IN JAIL

light. They drank also of the river, and ate of the fruit that grew on the trees by its bank. On either side of the river was also a meadow, very beautiful with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie safely. Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, when the river and the way parted, and at this they were very sorry, yet they dare not go out of the way.

A little before them was a meadow and a stile to go over into it. Then said Christian, "If this meadow lies along by our path, let us go over." He went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay alongside of the way, on the other side of the fence.

"That is as I wish," said Christian. "Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

"But," said Hopeful, "what if this path should lead us out of the way?"

"That is not likely," said the other. "Look, it goes along by the wayside." So Hopeful, being persuaded by Christian, went after him over the stile. When they had gone over and had got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet. And as they looked before them they saw a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence. So they called after him, and asked where this way led.

He said, "To the Celestial City."

"Look," said Christian to Hopeful, "did I not tell you so? You see, we are right after all." So they followed Vain-confidence, and he went before them.

But behold, the night came on, and it was very dark, so that they that went behind lost sight of him that went before. Vain-confidence then went on, not seeing the way before him, and fell into a deep pit which was there. This pit was made by the Prince of those grounds on purpose, to catch such foolish men as Vain-confidence. He, then, fell into the pit and was dashed to pieces with his fall. Now Christian and Hopeful heard him fall, so they called to know what was the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning.

Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" But Christian was silent, for he began to be afraid that he had led Hopeful out of the way.

Now it began to rain and thunder and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the river flowed over its banks.

And Hopeful groaned, "Oh that I had kept on my way."

By this time the waters were greatly risen, so that to go back was very dangerous. Yet they tried to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that as they went they were nearly drowned nine or ten times, and they could not reach the stile again that night. Wherefore at last, coming to a little shelter, they sat down, but being weary they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, and the owner of the castle was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds the pilgrims were now sleeping. Wherefore the giant, getting up early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep. Then with a grim and surly voice he woke them, and asked them what they were doing in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and had lost their way.

The giant said, "You have trampled on my ground, and slept on it, and, therefore, you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. Also they said very little, for they knew they had done wrong.

The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any one to speak to them. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and he told her he had taken a couple of men prisoners, because they were sleeping on his grounds. Then she told him that, when he arose

in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

So Giant Despair got a cudgel, and went down to the dungeon and beat Christian and Hopeful fearfully, so that they could not move. Then the giant left them, and they spent their time in sighs and bitter tears.

The next night Giant Despair again talked to his wife, and she said, "Tell your prisoners to kill themselves, for they will never escape from the dungeon."

So when morning came, the giant went to them in a surly manner, and seeing they still ached with the stripes he had given them, he told them to poison themselves, for they would never get away from him in any other way. But they asked the giant to let them go. That made him so angry that he rushed on them and would have killed them, but he fell into a fit and lost for a time the use of his hand, wherefore he withdrew and left them as before. Well, towards evening the giant went down again to the dungeon to see if his prisoners had followed his advice and poisoned themselves. He found them alive, but because of their wounds and for want of bread and water they could do little but breathe.

Now at night the giant's wife said: "Take the prisoners into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those prisoners you have already killed. Tell them that in a week you will tear them to pieces, as you have torn your other prisoners."

When the morning was come, the giant went to them again and took them into the castle yard, and showed them all his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were pilgrims once as you are, but they walked in my grounds as you have done. And when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do to you. Get you down to your den again," and he beat them all the way there.

That night, about midnight, Christian and Hopeful began to pray, and they prayed till dawn of day.

Now just at dawn Christian spoke in sudden amazement. "How foolish we are to lie here, when we might be free after all. I have a key in my pocket called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That is good news, pull it out of your pocket and try."

Christian pulled it out and began to try the dungeon door, and the bolt, as he turned the key, yielded, and the door flew open, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the door that led to the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the

GIANT DESPAIR PUTS CHRISTIAN AND HOPE IN A DUNGEON

iron gate, for that must be opened too. That lock was terribly hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape in haste, but, as it opened, that gate made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who got up hastily to follow his prisoners, but he could not run after them, for again he took one of his fits. Then Christian and Hopeful went on till they came to the King's highway and so were safe, because they were out of the giant's grounds. Now when they had got over the stile, they began to wonder what they should do to keep other pilgrims from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they agreed to put up there a pillar, and to write on it this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country and seeks to destroy His holy pilgrims."

Many pilgrims, that came after, read what was written and escaped Giant Despair. They then went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains. These mountains belonged to the Lord of the steep hill which Christian had climbed. So they went up these mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains. There, too, they drank and washed themselves and ate the fruit of the vineyards. Now there were Shepherds on the mountains, who welcomed them

lovingly and showed them many wonders. First they took them to the top of a hill which was very steep on one side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had had from the top.

"These," said the Shepherds, "are for an example to others to be careful not to clamber too high, or to come too near the brink of this mountain." The name of this mountain was Error.

Then the Shepherds took them to the top of another mountain, and the name of it was Caution, and the Shepherds bid them look afar off. When the pilgrims did this, they saw, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there. And they saw that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Shepherds then answered, "Did you see a little below these mountains a stile that led into a meadow?" They answered, "Yes."

"From that stile," said the Shepherds, "there goes a path that leads straight to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair. These men," and the Shepherds pointed to those among the tombs, "came once on a pilgrimage as you do now. But when they came to the stile, because the right way was rough, they went over it into the meadow. Here they were taken by Giant Despair and cast into Doubting Castle. After they had been kept some time in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes. Then he led them among those tombs, and left them to wander there till this very day."

Then Christian and Hopeful thought of their escape from Doubting Castle, and they looked at one another with tears in their eyes. But yet they said nothing to the Shepherds. Now I saw in my dream that the Shepherds brought them to another place, where was a door in the side of a hill, and they opened the door and bid the pilgrims look in. They looked in, therefore, and saw that within it was very dark and smoky. They also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry as of some in trouble.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Shepherds said, "This is a byway to hell."

And the Shepherds said one to another, "Let us show the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our glass."

So they took Christian and Hopeful to the top of another high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look. They tried to look, but the remembrance of that last thing the Shepherds had showed them made their hands shake, so that they could not look steadily through the glass. Yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the beauty of the place. When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bid them beware when they met the Flatterer. The third bid them take heed that they did not sleep upon the Enchanted Ground. And the fourth bid them "Godspeed." So I awoke from my dream.

And I slept and dreamed again, and I saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains and along the highway. They went on then till they came to a place where they saw another path that seemed to be as straight as the way which they should go. And here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them, therefore here they stood still to think.

And as they were thinking about the way, behold, a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there.

They answered they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take.

"Follow me," said the man. "It is there I am going."

So they followed him in the path that had joined the way, and this path slowly turned, and at last turned them so far from the City that they wished to go to, that in a little time their faces were turned away from it. Yet they still followed him. But by and by before they knew what had happened, he led them both into a net, in which they were so entangled that they knew not what to do. Then the white robe fell off the black man's back, and they knew that he was the Flatterer and had brought them into his net. Wherefore there they lay, crying some time, for they could not get themselves out. And as they lay weeping in the net, they saw a Shining One coming toward them with a whip of a small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they were doing there.

They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white. "He bid us," said they, "follow him, for he was going thither too."

Then said the Shining One, "It is a Flatterer that has clothed himself like an angel of light." So he rent the net and let the men out. And he said to the pilgrims, "Follow me," and he led them back to the way which they had left when they followed the Flatterer.

The one with the whip then asked them where they slept last night.

They said, "With the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains."

He asked them if the Shepherds had not given them a note, telling them about the way. They answered, "Yes," but they had forgotten to read it. He asked them also if the Shepherds did not tell them to beware of the Flatterer. They answered, "Yes," but they did not think that this man who spoke so well could be he. Then I saw in my dream that the Shining One commanded them to lie down. And he took his whip, and when he had whipped them he said, "As many as I love I rebuke and punish, be careful therefore and repent."

This done, he bid them go on their way and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked the Shining One for all his kindness, and went gladly along the right way. Now I saw in my dream that when the pilgrims had got safely over the Enchanted Ground, they entered a beautiful country where the air was very sweet and pleasant. Every day they heard continually the singing of birds, and every day they saw the flowers appear in the earth. In this country the sun shineth night and day, and here they were within sight of the City to which they went. So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims where they came from, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way, and they told them.

Then said the men that met them, "You have but two difficulties more to meet and then you are in the City." So they all walked together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I saw that between them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was deep. At the sight of the river Christian and Hopeful were stunned, but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come in at the gate."

The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to be afraid, and looked this way and that way, but could find no way by which to escape the river. Then they entered the river, and Christian began to sink and to cry out to his friend Hopeful, saying, "I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head."

But Hopeful cheered Christian, and said he felt the ground under his feet. Yet a great horror and darkness fell upon Christian, for he thought he should never reach the Celestial City, and Hopeful had much difficulty to keep his friend's head above water. Then I saw in my dream that at last Christian took courage, and soon he found ground to stand upon, and the rest of the river was shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who waited there for them, and led them toward he gate.

The City stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that with ease, talking gladly to their shining companions, and thus they came up to the gate.

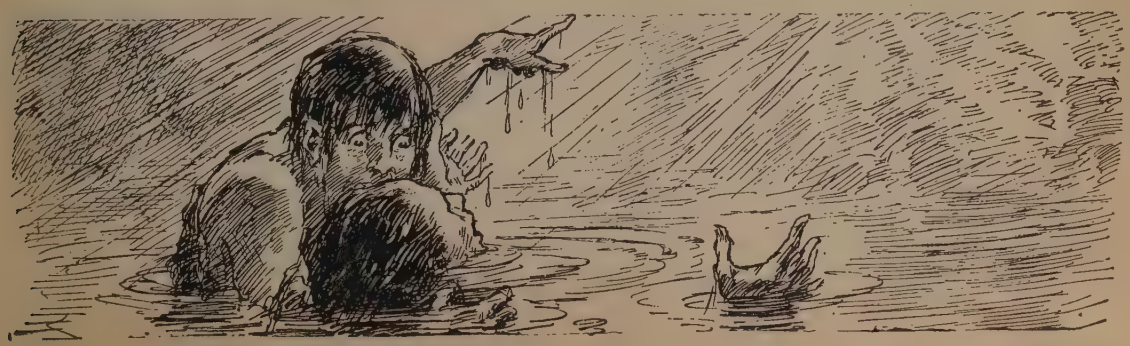
And over the gate there were written in letters of gold "Blessed are they that do the King's Commandments and may enter in through the gates into the City."

I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo! as they entered they were transfigured. And they had raiment put on that shone like gold. They had harps given to them to praise on, and crowns were given to them in token of honor.

Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold. And I heard many voices saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord."

And after that they shut up the gates, and when I had seen this, I wished I myself were within. So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.



CANTERBURY TALES

BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER

ADAPTED BY JANET HARVEY KELMAN

I

DORIGEN

ONCE upon a time a young knight, whose name was Arviragus, dwelt in Brittany. In the same country lived a beautiful lady called Dorigen. And the knight loved the lady.

For years Arviragus did not know whether she loved him or not. She was a great lady and very fair, and he was afraid to ask her. But she knew that he loved her, for when he rode past her window on his way to the wars, she could see her colors streaming from his helmet. At first she did not think much of this, for many knights fought for love of her; but as she heard of new and greater deeds that this noble knight did year by year, she began to care for him a great deal. When she thought of his goodness and of the honor in which he held her, she knew that there was no one else that she could love as she loved Arviragus. And when Arviragus knew that she loved him and was willing to be his wife, his heart was full of joy. So greatly did he wish to make Dorigen happy with him, that he said to her that he would obey her and do what she wished as gladly all his life as he had done while he was trying to win her love. To this she replied:

"Sir, since in thy great gentleness thou givest me so high a place, I pray to God that there may never be strife between us two by any fault of mine. Sir, I will be thy true and humble wife until I die!"

Then Arviragus took his bride home with him to his castle by the sea. He honored Dorigen as much as he had done before his marriage, and tried to fulfill her wishes in everything. Dorigen was just as eager to please Arviragus as he was to please her, and they were happy together in all their work and play.

Arviragus stayed quietly at home for a year, but after that he grew restless. He felt that no true knight had a right to live on quietly at home, with nothing to do except to order his castle and to hunt. So he sailed away to England that he might win honor and renown in the wars there.

Dorigen stood by the castle and watched his sails disappear in the north. Poor Dorigen! her husband was gone, and she did not know if he would ever come back to her. For weeks she wept and mourned. At night she could not rest, and by day she would not eat. All the things that she had cared most to do were now dull and worthless to her because Arviragus was away.

Her friends saw her sorrow, and tried to comfort her in every way they could. When they found she would not be comforted, they spoke harshly to her, and told her that it was very wrong of her to kill herself with sorrow, when Arviragus hoped to come home again strong and famous. Then they began to comfort her again, and to try to make her forget her sadness.

After a long time Dorigen's sorrow began to grow quieter. She could not have lived if she had always felt her grief as deeply as she did at first. Indeed, as it was, this sorrow would have broken her heart, if letters had not come from Arviragus. They brought her tidings of his doings, and of the glory he had won. But what comforted her most was that they told her that he would soon return.

When Dorigen's friends saw that she was less hopeless, they begged her to come and roam with them to drive away the last of her dark fears. This she did. Often she walked with them by the edge of the cliffs on which her castle stood. But there she saw the white ships and the brown barges sailing, one north, another south, to the havens for which they were bound. Then she would turn away from her friends and say to herself:

"Alas! of all the ships I see, is there never one that will bring my lord home? Then should I need no comfort. My heart would be cured of this bitter smart."

At times as she sat and thought, she leaned down and looked over the brink of the cliffs. But, when she saw the grisly, black rocks, her very heart trembled within her. Then she would sink down on the grass and wail:

"O God, men say Thou hast made nothing in vain, but, Lord, why hast Thou made these black, grisly rocks? No man nor beast is helped by them in all the world. Rocks have destroyed a hundred thousand men, and which of all Thy works is so fair as man? No doubt wise men will say, 'All is for the best.' But, O Thou God, who makest the winds to blow, keep Thou my lord!

And—would to God that these black rocks were sunk in the deep for his sake! They slay my heart with fear."

Dorigen's friends saw that the sea brought back her sorrow. They led her then by rivers and springs, and took her to every lovely place they knew, from which there was no glimpse of the sea.

In the valley, to landward of the castle, lay many beautiful gardens. One day in May, when the soft showers of spring had painted in brightest colors the leaves and flowers, they spent the whole day in the fairest of these gardens. They had games there, and they dined under a spreading tree. The breath of the fresh green leaves and the sweet scent of the flowers blew round them.

After dinner they began to dance and sing—every one except Dorigen. She had no heart to sing, and she would not dance because, of all who joined in the dance, not one was Arviragus. But, though she would not dance, she watched her friends and sometimes forgot her sorrow for a little.

Among the dancers there was a young squire named Aurelius. He was much beloved because he was young, and strong, and handsome. Men thought him wise and good, but he was not always wise and good.

When the dancing was over, Aurelius came up to Dorigen and asked her to give him a beautiful jewel that she wore on her breast. He said to her, "Madam, of what use is thy jewel to thee when thou wearest it on thy bosom? Give it to me, and I will share with thee the price of it."

Dorigen turned and gazed at him.

"Is this what thou dost wish? I knew not what thou didst mean when thou didst look at me, but now I know. Listen, this is all I have to say to thee. I shall never part with my jewel, not though I were in rags and without food."

Then she remembered how Arviragus had loved to see her wear her jewel, as she always did, on a chain of gold that he had given to her on her wedding day. She thought of the sea that separated him from her, and of the cruel black rocks, and said in play:

"Aurelius, I will freely give thee my jewel when thou dost remove every rock on the shore from end to end of Brittany."

Then her anger at the selfishness of Aurelius rose again, and she bade him begone.

"Madam," he said, "it is impossible to move the rocks."

With that word he turned away, and went home to his own house. There his brother Austin found him in a trance, for Aurelius wished Dorigen's jewel more than he wished anything else on earth, and the thought that he could not get it made him so sad that he became dazed. Austin carried him to bed, and tried to soothe him in his grief and vexation.

The jewel that Aurelius wished to get from Dorigen was no common one. It had been given to her at her birth. It was clear as crystal, but far more rare, and it shone in the daylight like the sun. When Dorigen was a little child her mother told her of this wonderful stone. She told her that it would bring her joy and peace and the love of all who were good and true, if she kept it bright and pure; but that, if she ever gave it away, she would lose her youth and her beauty, and would be hidden away from all her friends and left alone in the world.

Dorigen shuddered at the thought of parting with her jewel. She did not know how her mother's words could come to pass, if she did give it way, nor by what magic power she could be so lost that no one who loved her could find her again. But she was sure that what her mother had said must be true.

And that was why Dorigen was so angry with Aurelius. She knew that he must have heard what sorrow she would suffer if she gave him her jewel, for all the court knew the story of the wonderful stone.

Not long after this, Arviragus came home. He had won more honor than before, and was now the very flower of chivalry. I cannot tell you how great the joy was with which he greeted Dorigen, nor how soon she forgot her fears of the sea and the grisly rocks.

For two years, while they lived a joyful life together, Aurelius lay in bed unable to rise, with no one to take care of him except his brother Austin. This brother mourned over Aurelius in secret and wept at his unhappy fate, till one day he remembered a book of magic that he had seen when he was a student in Orleans. In that book he had read of the strange ways in which Magicians can make things seem what they are not. His heart leapt up. He said to himself, "My brother shall be cured. I am sure I have heard of stranger things than that the rocks should seem to vanish. Once I heard of a magician who made everyone believe that a great brown barge was rolling up and down a sheet of water inside the hall of a castle! If he could do that, then surely we shall be able to find a magician who will make those black rocks seem to vanish. Then Dorigen will have to keep her promise and give Aurelius her wonderful jewel."

Austin then ran to his brother's room and told him about the book of magic at Orleans. No sooner had Aurelius heard him than he leapt out

of bed. In less time than one would think possible he was ready to start on the long ride to Orleans.

When they came near the city they met a Magician. They knew him to be a Magician because of the strange look in his eyes, and because of his curious dress. When they rode up to him he bowed before them and wished them "Good day." Then he began to tell them why they had come to Orleans. Aurelius wondered how it was that this stranger knew so much about him and his errand. He thought he must be a very wise man, indeed, and leaping from his horse in surprise and joy, he went home with the Magician to his house. His brother went too.

The house was the finest that Aurelius had ever seen. When he entered the study he looked in wonder at the rows of books that lined the walls, and at the quaint pictures and the strange old armor.

In one corner a curious light burned. It was not like the light of a lamp or of a candle, but cold and blue. Above it hung a map of the stars, and other strange drawings. Below the light stood a table, and on it lay a great book which was chained to the wall.

Austin saw Aurelius look at this book. He whispered to him, "It is the same book from which I read long ago."

This corner with its blue light made Aurelius frightened. A shudder passed over him when he saw the Magician cross over into the circle of the light and wave his wand.

In a moment Aurelius forgot all about the Magician and his own fear, for he and his brother saw before them the edge of a forest with a park stretching from the trees far, far away.

The sun shone, and the branches waved a little in the breeze. In the park the brothers saw herds of deer. Beautiful animals they were, with the highest antlers deer ever had. At first the deer fed in peace and safety. Then archers, clad in green, came to the edge of the forest. They glided out and in among the trees to see where they could best take aim with their arrows. When the archers had let their arrows fly, hounds broke out from behind them, and soon there was not one living deer of all the herd left in sight.

In a moment a calm river flowed where the park had been. In the shallow water at the river's edge tall herons stood. They watched for the little fishes that swam in the river. Again, into this quiet place a hunter came. He had no arrows. He had no dogs. But on his wrist he had an iron bracelet to which one end of a chain was fastened. The other end of the chain was round a hawk's foot, and the hawk sat on his master's wrist. When the hunter came near the river he loosed the chain from the bird's foot. The hawk flew over the river and swooped down among the herons. In a moment they had all vanished.

Aurelius had scarcely time to sigh, when the river itself was gone, and a plain lay where it had been. There he saw the knights of King Arthur's Table jousting. Beautiful ladies sat and watched the struggle, and one more fair than all held the prizes the knights might win.

Then the figures of the knights began to grow dim and uncertain. The plain changed into a great hall where knights and ladies danced. Everything was bright and sparkling. Mirrors lined the walls, and their cut edges flashed back the light that fell on them. As Aurelius watched the dance, he started. There, before him, more beautiful than ever, was Dorigen. His heart gave a great leap, for, as he watched her, he saw that she no longer wore her jewel. In his delight he swayed to the music of the dance. Clap! clap! went the Magician's hands, and all was gone.

The great room that had seemed so splendid to Aurelius when he entered it, looked cold and plain now when he returned to it from fairyland.

The Magician called his servant and asked for supper. Then he led the brothers away and feasted them royally.

After supper the three men began to talk about what the Magician should get from Aurelius if he made the rocks vanish. The Magician said, "I cannot take less than a thousand pounds, and I am not sure if I can do it for that!" Aurelius was too delighted to bargain about what the cost would be. He said gladly: "What is a thousand pounds? I would give thee the whole round world, if I were lord of it. The bargain is made. Thou shalt be paid in full. But do not delay. Let us start tomorrow morning without fail."

"Thou mayest count on me tomorrow," said the Magician.

They went to bed, and Aurelius slept soundly and well, because of the hope he had that the Magician would make the rocks vanish.

Next morning they rose early. It was Christmas time, and the air was cold and frosty as they rode away. The very sunlight was pale, and the trees were bare. When they reached home the neighbors gathered round and wished them a Merry Christmas. "Noel, Noel," they said, but they would not have done so had they known what sorrow the riders brought to their beautiful lady Dorigen.

For many days the Magician worked with his maps and figures. Aurelius waited impatiently. There was nothing for him to do except to make

DORIGEN
FRANKE

the Magician as comfortable as he could, and to show him as much kindness as possible.

One morning Aurelius looked from his window towards the sea. He saw the Magician standing on the shore. As Aurelius gazed out to sea, the rocks vanished from north to south. His heart stood still. Then he rushed out and away to the edge of the cliffs for fear some rocks might still lie close to the land. But no, there was not one.

He went to meet the Magician and fell at his feet with the words, "Thanks to thee, my lord, thanks to thee, my cares are gone!"

After he had thanked the Wise Man, he hurried away to meet Dorigen. When he saw her he trembled. She was so pure and beautiful. His heart sank. Then he looked out to sea and saw the smooth surface of the water, and he grew selfish again.

Dorigen came quietly on. She had not noticed that the rocks had vanished, for Arviragus was safe on land, and she did not fear the sea any more. She had almost forgotten Aurelius and his selfish, greedy words. It was more than two years since she had seen him, and she had not heard of him since then.

She started back when he greeted her. Before she had time to speak he said, "My lady, give me thy jewel."

He saw Dorigen's face grow cold and angry, and said, "Think well lest thou break thy word, for, madam, thou knowest well what thou didst say. In yonder garden in the month of May thou didst promise to give me thy jewel when I should move the rocks. I speak to save thine honor. I have done as thou didst command me. Go thou and see if thou wilt, but well I know the rocks are vanished.

He left her then. She stood still, white and sick. She had never dreamt that such a trap as this could close on her.

"Alas," she said, "that such a thing could happen! I never thought a thing so strange and unheard-of could come to pass!"

Home she went in sadness and dismay. She was so weak with fear that she could scarcely walk. She had to suffer her sorrow alone for three days, for Arviragus was away, and she would tell no one but him. Her ladies saw her distress, but they could not comfort her. To herself she moaned, "Alas, O Fortune, I lay the blame on thee; thou hast so bound me in thy chain, that I see no help nor escape save only in death."

Arviragus came home on the third day after the rocks had vanished. He came at night, so he noticed nothing strange about the shore. Though every one was talking of the curious thing that had happened, no one liked to tell him. They knew he would not like to hear of it. He would think his country was bewitched.

Arviragus looked for Dorigen in the hall. When he could not see her there, he hurried to her room, to make sure that she was safe and well. As he sprang up the broad staircase, the sheath of his sword and the spurs at his heels clanked harshly on the stone steps.

Dorigen heard him, but, instead of going to meet him, she buried her head deeper in her cushions and wept. Arviragus crossed the room to where she sat, and knelt before her. He drew her hands from her eyes and said, "Dorigen, what is it? Why dost thou weep like this, my beloved?"

For a little time Dorigen's tears only fell the faster, then she said brokenly: "Alas, that ever I was born! I have said it! Arviragus! I have promised!"

"What hast thou promised my wife?"

Then Dorigen told Arviragus all that had happened; told him that she had promised to give her jewel to Aurelius when he would take all the rocks away.

Arviragus leapt up and went to the window. The moon had burst through a cloud, and everything was bright and clear. He looked away north, as Dorigen had so often looked to watch for his coming. In the moonlight Arviragus saw the sea lie smooth and cold. His eyes swept the skyline. It seemed as if all the rocks had sunk into his heart, it was so heavy.

He turned towards Dorigen, and saw how great was her sorrow.

Then he said very gently: "Is there aught else than this that thou shouldst weep, Dorigen?"

"Nay, nay, this is indeed too much already," she sighed.

"Dear wife," he said, "something as wonderful as the sinking of the rocks may happen to save us yet. God grant it! But whether or not, thou must keep thy troth. I had rather that my great love for thee caused me to die, than that thou shouldest break thy promise. Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

Then his courage broke down, and he began to sob and weep along with Dorigen.

Next morning he was strong and brave again. He said to Dorigen, "I will bear up under this great sorrow."

He bade her farewell, and she set out with only a maid and a squire to follow her.

Arviragus could not bear to see Dorigen as she went down from the castle, so he hid himself in an inner room. But some one saw her go out. It was Aurelius. For three days he had watched

the castle gate to see what she did, and where she went. He came forward and said, "Whither goest thou?"

Dorigen was almost mad with misery, but she said bravely, "To thee, to keep my troth, and give my jewel to thee, as my husband bids me. Alas! alas!"

Aurelius was full of wonder when he heard this. He began to be sorry for Dorigen, and for Arviragus the worthy knight, who would rather lose his wife than have her break her word. He could be cruel no longer.

"Madam," he said, "say to thy lord Arviragus that since I see his great honor and thy sad distress, I had rather bear my own sorrow than drive thee away from him and all thy friends. I give thee back thy promise. I shall never trouble thee more. Farewell, farewell! thou truest woman and best that I have ever seen."

Down on her knees, on the roadway, fell Dorigen to thank Aurelius. Her blessing followed him as he turned and left her.

But how can I tell of Dorigen's return? She seemed to be treading on air. When she reached the room where her husband sat with his head sunk on his arms, she paused. She had not known the greatness of his love till then. He looked old and forlorn after the night of sorrow.

She spoke, and he raised his eyes to gaze on her, as if she had been a lady in a dream. But when she told him all, when he knew that she was there herself, and for always, he could not speak for joy.

Aurelius wished he had never been born when he thought of the thousand pounds of pure gold that he owed to the Magician.

He said to himself, "What shall I do? I am undone! I must sell my house and be a beggar. I will not stay here and make my friends ashamed of me, unless I can get the Magician to give me time. I will ask him to let me pay him part of my debt year by year till all is paid. If he will, my gratitude will know no bounds, and I will pay him every penny I owe."

With a sore heart he went to his coffer and took out five hundred pounds of gold. These he took to the Wise Man, and begged him to grant him time to pay the rest.

"Master," said he, "I can say truly, I never yet failed to keep a promise. My debt shall be paid to thee, even if I go begging in rags. But if thou wilt be so gracious as to allow me two years, or three, in which to pay the rest, I will rejoice. If not, I must sell my house; there is no other way."

When the Magician heard this he said, "Have not I kept my promise to thee?"

"Yes, certainly, well and truly!"

"Hast thou not thy jewel?"

"No, no," said Aurelius, and sighed deeply.

"Tell me, if thou mayest, what is the cause of this?"

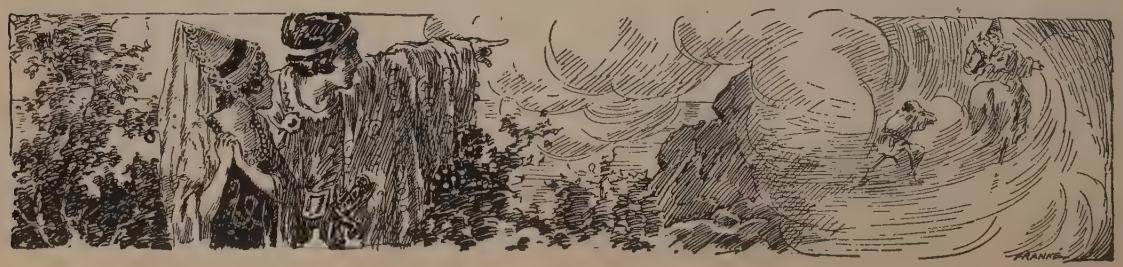
"Arviragus in his honor had rather die in sorrow and distress than that his wife should break her word. Dorigen would rather die than lose her husband and wander alone on the earth. She did not mean to give me her promise. She thought the rocks would never move. I pitied them so much that I gave her back her promise as freely as she brought her jewel to me. That is the whole story!"

The Magician answered, "Dear brother, you have each behaved nobly. Thou art a squire, he is a knight, but by God's grace I can do a noble deed as well as another. Sir, thou art free from thy debt to me, as free as if thou hadst this moment crept out of the ground, and hadst never known me till now. For, sir, I will not take a penny from thee for all my skill, nor for all my work. It is enough! Farewell! Good day to thee!"

Whereupon the Magician bowed once and again, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Dorigen and Arviragus were walking on the cliffs as the Magician parted from Aurelius. They noticed the two men, and when the horseman rode away they saw a strange white mist rise from the sea and follow the rider.

Dorigen caught her husband's arm, for there, there, out at sea, and close by the cliffs, were the rocks, grisly and black and fearsome as before. The sunlight fell on her jewel, and it shone more brightly than of old, nor did its light ever grow dim in all the happy years that followed.



II

EMELIA

EMELIA the Radiant lived in a great castle in Athens.

Hippolyta, Emelia's sister, had once been queen of the Warrior Women, and had led her armies to battle. But Emelia had never fought in these battles. When she was still a child, Duke Theseus of Athens had fought with Hippolyta and conquered her. Instead of sending his royal captive to prison, Theseus married her, and took her home to Athens with him. When he took her there, he took Emelia with her. He was very kind to them both, and the castle in Athens was a happy home for Hippolyta and her little sister.

As Emelia grew up she became most beautiful. She was more graceful than a lily on its stem, and the flush on her cheeks was more delicate than the hue of the rose-petals in the old Greek castle garden. Her golden hair fell in heavy masses round her face, and lay in a great plait down her back. It caught all the light that fell on it, and sent it out again to make glad the hearts of those who looked on her. So men called her Emelia the Radiant, and all who met her smiled for joy at the sight of so beautiful a maid.

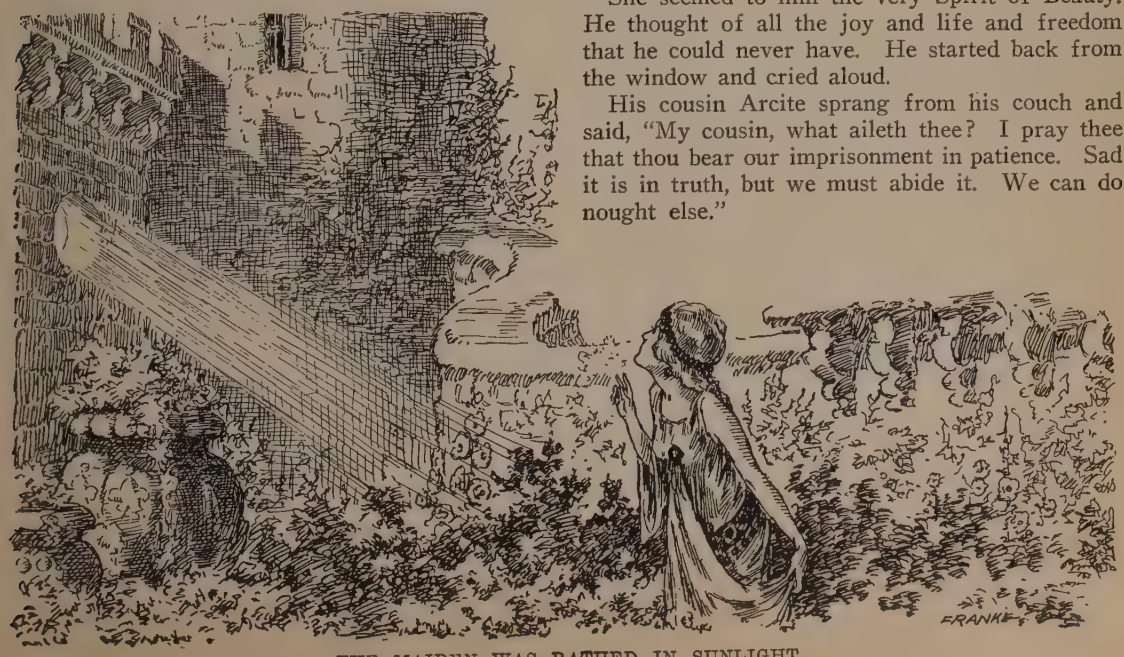
One May morning Emelia went into the castle garden to bathe her face in the early dew. Everything was dim and gray in the twilight. She looked up at the great dungeon tower which overshadowed the garden, and thought of the two young princes who were prisoners there. Duke Theseus had brought them from Thebes. He was very proud of them, and would not give them up, although the people of their land offered to give him gold and jewels for their ransom. The princes were cousins, and were the last of the royal line of Thebes. In the stillness Emelia murmured their names to herself, "Palamon and Arcite, Palamon and Arcite. How miserable they must be in their narrow cell!" she thought. Then she sighed that life should be so sad for them while it was so bright for her!

As she roamed up and down and gathered roses white and red to make a garland for her hair, the sun broke through the mist and shone into the garden. Once more she raised her eyes to the tower. This time she did not look at it, but at the sunlit clouds beyond. The light from the east fell on her. Her hair shone like gold, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Palamon at that moment came to the narrow iron-barred window through which alone he and his cousin could see the sky and the fields and the city. He saw the morning light fall on the fair buildings of Athens, and on the plains and hills beyond. Then a glad song which burst from Emelia's happy heart floated up to him. He looked down. Before him stood the maiden bathed in sunlight.

She seemed to him the very Spirit of Beauty. He thought of all the joy and life and freedom that he could never have. He started back from the window and cried aloud.

His cousin Arcite sprang from his couch and said, "My cousin, what aileth thee? I pray thee that thou bear our imprisonment in patience. Sad it is in truth, but we must abide it. We can do nought else."



THE MAIDEN WAS BATHED IN SUNLIGHT

But Palamon said: "Thou art mistaken. Prison walls drew not that cry from me. An arrow hath entered my heart through mine eye, and I am wounded. What life can give is bound up for me in the fairness of a maiden who roams in yonder garden. Be she Spirit or woman I know not! But this I know, was never woman nor Spirit half so fair before."

"Spirit of Beauty," he cried, "if thou choosest to take the form of a radiant woman here before me in this garden, pity my wretchedness! Save us from this prison, and if that may not be, have pity on our country and help our fallen friends."

Arcite pressed forward and leant over Palamon's shoulder. The window was only a narrow slit, and the wall through which it was cut was thick, so it was not easy for Arcite to see into the garden. At last he caught a glimpse of Emelia.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he said. "I shall die of my wish to serve her. Most beautiful of maidens she is, truly."

When Palamon heard this, he turned on Arcite, looked coldly at him and asked, "Sayest thou so in earnest or in jest?"

"Nay, truly in earnest, my cousin; I have little will to jest!"

Palamon looked fiercely at him and said, "Little honor to thee then! Hast thou forgotten thine oath to truest brotherhood to me, and mine to thee? Hast thou forgotten thy promise to help me in all I do? How, then, canst thou dream of claiming to love my lady? This thou shalt not do, false Arcite! I loved her first, and told thee, and thou must help me to win her if ever we escape. Thine honor demands this of thee. Otherwise thou art no true knight."

But Arcite drew himself up scornfully and said, "Rather it is thou that art false! A moment ago thou didst not know whether she were maiden or Spirit! I loved her first for what she is, and told thee as my brother! But even if thou hadst loved her first, could I, because of that, refuse to love the fairest of maidens? Besides, why should we strive? Thou knowest too well that thou shalt never win her smile, nor yet shall I! These prison walls so thick and black leave no hope for us. We fight as did the fabled dogs for the bone. They fought all day, yet neither won. There came a kite while they raged, and carried off the bone. Love thou the maid if thou wilt, I shall love her till I die."

The prison had been narrow and bare and cold before, but now it seemed ten times more dismal. The world from which it shut them in was so much more sweet because of the maiden who dwelt there, and the friendship for each other which had cheered them through many evil days was broken.

But Emelia the Radiant sang her gay songs and stepped lightly among the flowers, with never another thought of the weary eyes that watched her.

One day the greatest friend that Duke Theseus of Athens had came to see him. This friend had known Arcite in Thebes, and had loved the handsome boy. He begged Theseus to forgive him, and to let him go free. Theseus was glad to find something he could do to please his dear friend, so one morning he took him with him to the prison where Palamon and Arcite were. The attendants could scarcely follow, for the royal robes filled all the dingy little place! A streak of light from the window fell on the Duke's mantle and his jewels. They looked strangely bright in that dark room beside the faded clothes of the two young prisoners.

Arcite and the friend of Theseus greeted each other joyously, and the heart of Arcite beat wildly with hope, but when he heard the words of Theseus the Duke it sank like lead.

"Arcite," said he, "by the desire of my friend, I grant to thee thy freedom. I grant it on one condition only. Thou must wander away far beyond my kingdom. If ever thou art seen for one moment on any furthest corner of my land, that moment shall be thy last. By the sword thou shalt die."

Homeward to Thebes sped Arcite with a sad heart

"Woe is me for the day that I was born!" he moaned; "woe is me that ever I knew the friend of Theseus! Had he not known me, I might even now be gazing on the maiden I serve, from the window in the Duke's tower. Ah, Palamon, thou art the victor now! Day by day thou gazest on her, and kind fortune may grant to thee thy freedom and her favor while I am banished for ever! Ah, why do we complain against our fortune? We know that we seek happiness, but know not the road thither! Think how I dreamt and longed for freedom, and thought that if I were only out of prison my joy would be perfect. Behold, my freedom is my banishment, and my hope my undoing!"

As for Palamon, when he saw that Arcite was gone, he made the great tower walls re-echo with his howls of misery. The very fetters on his ankles were wet with his salt tears.

"Alas," he groaned, "Arcite, my cousin, thou hast borne off the prize in this strife of ours! Thou walkest now at liberty in Thebes. Little

thou thinkest of me and of my sorrow! Strong thou art, and wise. Doubtless thou art even now gathering together the people of Thebes to invade this land and win the sister of the Duke for thy wife, while I die here in this prison like a caged lion. The prison walls heed my weeping and my wailing not at all."

He could not even rejoice in the sight of Emelia when she walked in the garden, so fearful was he lest Arcite should win her.

Meanwhile Arcite passed his days in Thebes in grief. He wandered about alone, and wailed and made moan to himself. He cared not to eat, and sleep forsook him. His spirits were so feeble that the sound of music brought fresh tears to his eyes. He grew gaunt and thin, and his voice was hollow with sadness.

At last, when he was nearly dazed with sorrow, he dreamt one night that a beautiful winged boy with golden curls stood before him. "Go thou to Athens," said the boy; "the end of all thy sorrow awaits thee there!"

Arcite started up wide awake and said, "I will to Athens, to my lady. It were good even to die in her presence."

He caught up a mirror. He had not cared to look in one for many months, but now that he meant to return to his lady, he wished to see if he looked strong and young as ever. At first he was shocked to see how great a change had passed over his face. Then he thought, "If I do not say who I am, I may live unknown in Athens for years. Then I shall see my lady day by day."

Quickly he called to him a squire, and told him all his will, and bound him to keep his name a secret and to answer no questions about himself or his master. Then Arcite sent his squire to find clothes such as the laborers in Athens wore. When he returned, Arcite and he put on the clothes and set out by the straight road to Athens.

In Athens no one took any notice of the two poor men. Before they came to the castle the squire left his master and found a house to live in, where he could do Arcite's bidding at any time. But Arcite hurried on to the courtyard gate. There he waited till the master of the servants who waited on Emelia came out. Then he said to him, "Take me, I pray thee, into thy service. Drudge I will and draw water, yea, and in all thou dost command I will obey."

The master of the servants asked Arcite what was his name. "Philostrate, my lord," said Arcite, and as "Philostrate" he entered that part of the castle where Emelia's home was.

He could hew wood and carry water well, but he was not long left to do such rough work. The master of the house saw that whatever he trusted to Philostrate's care was rightly done, so he gave him less humble work to do, and made him a page in the house of Emelia. The lords and ladies of the castle began to notice what a gentle and kind page this Philostrate was. They spoke to Theseus about him, and said that he deserved to have a higher place that he might show his goodness and courage in knightly deeds. To please them, Theseus made him one of his own squires.

Seven years passed away, and Palamon was still in prison. This year, however, in the May-time, a friend of his, who heard where he was, helped him to escape. During the short night he fled as fast as he could, but when the early dawn began to break he strode tremblingly to a grove of trees, that he might hide there all day. When the darkness fell once more he meant to go on again to Thebes, there to gather his old armies to make war on Theseus. He wished either to win Emelia or to die. He cared little for his life if he might not spend it with her.

As Palamon lay beside a bush in the grove, he watched the sunbeams drying up the dewdrops on the leaves and flowers near him, and listened to the joyous song of a lark that poured forth its welcome to the morning.

The same lark that Palamon heard awakened Arcite. He was now the chief knight in the Duke's house, and served him with honor in peace and war. He sprang up and looked out on the fresh green fields. Everything called to him to come out. He loosed his horse from the stall and galloped over hill and dale. He came to the edge of a grove, and tied up his steed to a tree. Then he wandered down a woodland path to gather honeysuckle and hawthorn to weave a garland for himself. Little he thought of the snare into which he was walking.

As he roamed he sang—

> "O May, of every month the queen,
> With thy sweet flowers and forests green,
> Right welcome be thou, fair fresh May."

The grove was the one in which Palamon lay beside a pool of water. When he heard the song of Arcite, cold fear took hold on him. He did not know that it was Arcite who sang, but he knew that the horse must belong to a knight of the court, and he crouched down to the ground lest he should be seen and taken back to prison.

Soon Arcite's joyous mood passed away, and he grew sorrowful. He sighed and threw himself down not far from the spot where Palamon lay.

"Alas, alas!" said Arcite, "for the royal blood of Thebes! Alas that I should humbly serve my

mortal enemy! Alas that I dare not claim my noble name, but must be known, forsooth, as Philostrate, a name worth not a straw! Of all our princely house not one is left save only me and Palamon, whom Theseus slays in prison. Even I, free though I am, am helpless to win Emelia. What am I to her but an humble squire?"

Palamon was so angry when he heard this, that he forgot his own danger. He started out from his hiding-place and faced Arcite.

"False Arcite," he cried, "now art thou caught indeed! Thou hast deceived Duke Theseus and hast falsely changed thy name, hast thou? Then surely I or thou must die. I will suffer no man to love my lady, save myself alone. For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe. I have no weapon in this place, for only last night did I escape from prison. Yet I fear thee not. Thou shalt die, or thou shalt cease to love my lady. Choose!"

Then Arcite rose up in his wrath and drew his sword. He said, "Were it not that thou art ill and mad with grief, and that thou hast no weapon here, thou shouldest never step from where thou standest. I deny the bond thou claimest! Fool! how can I help thee to win the lady I fain would wed myself? But because thou art a worthy knight and a gentle, and art ready to fight for thy lady, accept my promise. To-morrow I will not fail to wait for thee here without the knowledge of any other. Also I will bring armor and weapons for thee and me, and thou shalt choose of them what thou wilt, ere I arm myself! Food and drink I will bring to thee this night into the grove. If so be that thou slay me here to-morrow, then indeed thou mayest win thy lady if thou canst!"

Then Palamon answered, "Let it be so."

Next morning Arcite rode to the wood alone. He met Palamon on the woodland path where the flowers he had gathered the day before lay withered on the ground. No word nor greeting passed between them, but each helped to arm the other in silence. As the buckles were tightened and the armor slipped into its place, the color came and went in the faces of the two princes. They deemed that this would be the last of all fights to one of them.

When they were ready they fenced together for a little, and then the real fight began. So fierce was it that the men seemed like wild animals in their rage. Palamon sprang at Arcite like a strong lion, and Arcite glanced aside and darted at him again like a cruel tiger. In the midst of this they heard a sound of the galloping of horses that brought the royal hunters to the spot. In a moment the sword of Theseus flashed between the fighters, and his voice thundered out, "Ho! no more, on pain of death. Who are ye who dare to fight here alone, with none to see justice done?"

The princes turned and saw Theseus, Duke of Athens. Behind him rode Hippolyta with her sister, Emelia the Radiant, and many knights and ladies.

Palamon answered the Duke's question swiftly, before Arcite had time to speak. "Sire, what

THE MEN SEEMED LIKE WILD ANIMALS

THE TOURNAMENT

need of words? Both of us deserve death. Two wretches are we, burdened with our lives. As thou art a just judge, give to us neither mercy nor refuge, but slay us both. Thou knowest not that this knight, Philostrate, is thy mortal foe, whom thou hast banished. He is Arcite, who hath deceived thee for that he loveth Emelia. And I too love her. I too am thy mortal foe, for I am Palamon, and I have broken from my prison. Slay us then, here before fair Emelia."

"That is easily granted," said Theseus. "Ye judge yourselves. Ye shall die."

Then the queen began to weep, and Emelia too. They were sad to think that these two princes should die so young, and all for the service they wished to do the queen's sister.

The other ladies of the court begged the Duke to forgive the fighters. "Have mercy, sire," they urged, "on us women, and save the princes!"

At first Theseus was too angry to listen to them, but soon he thought that he would have done as the princes had done, if he had been in their place, so he said, "Arcite and Palamon, ye could both have lived in peace and safety in Thebes, yet love has brought you here to Athens into my power, who am your deadly foe. Here then for the sake of Hippolyta, my queen, and of Emelia the Radiant, our dear sister, I forgive you both. Promise never to make war on my land, but to yield me your friendship evermore." Joyfully the princes promised this, and thanked the Duke for his grace.

Then Theseus said, "Both of you are noble. Either might wed Emelia the Radiant, but she cannot wed you both. Therefore, I appoint a tournament in this place a year hence. Come here then, ye Princes of Thebes, each of you, with a hundred knights of the bravest, and that one of you who shall slay or capture the other, he shall wed Emelia.

Whose face could be brighter than was Palamon's when he heard those words, and who could step more lightly than did Arcite? Everyone thanked the Duke for his kindness to the princes, while they rode off to Thebes with high hopes and light hearts.

When the day of the tournament came great buildings stood in a circle on the plain beside the grove. Within them stretched an immense arena in which the knights must fight. Great marble gates opened onto the space at either side.

Palamon and Arcite found it easy to bring a hundred knights to Athens. So splendid were the preparations for the tournament that everyone was eager to fight in it.

Emelia alone was sad as the day of the fighting came nearer. Her maidens heard her say, "Oh that I might not wed at all! I love the free life of the woods. I love to hunt, and to ride, and to roam. Why cannot Palamon and Arcite love each other as they used to do long ago, and leave me free?"

On the morning of the tournament Duke

Theseus and his queen sat with Emelia on a high seat overlooking the lists. When the trumpet sounded, Arcite and his knights rode in through the western gate. His red banner shone bright against the white marble pillars. At the same moment Palamon entered from the east, and his white banner floated out against the blue sky.

Soon the heralds ceased galloping up and down, and the whole space was left to the warriors.

The trumpets sounded "Advance," and the fray began. Through the bright sunshine they fought, advancing here, and beaten back there, till at last Palamon was hurled from his horse and taken prisoner.

The trumpets sounded, and all stood still while Theseus called out, "Ho! no more. All is over. Arcite of Thebes shall wed Emelia." Then the people shouted till it seemed that the great marble gates would fall.

In the eagerness of the fight Emelia had begun to like the warriors who fought for her, and her liking grew ever stronger as they showed their worth. When Arcite rode towards her with glowing face she was proud of him, and leant forward to welcome him gladly.

But as he galloped, his horse started aside and he was thrown to the ground. He was too much hurt to rise. So he was lifted by his knights and carried to the palace. There he was cared for in every way, but nothing could save him.

Before he died, he called for Emelia and Palamon.

"No words can tell the sorrow I bear because I must leave thee, my lady! Alas, death tears me from thee! Farewell, my wife, farewell, my Emelia! Ah, take me softly in thine arms, and listen while I speak! For years I have had strife with my dear cousin Palamon. Yet now I say to thee, in all this world I never have met with one so worthy to be loved as Palamon, that hath served thee, and will serve thee his life long. Ah, if ever thou dost wed, let it be Palamon!"

His voice began to fail. "Emelia!" he said, and died.

Emelia mourned sadly for her valiant knight. As for Palamon, all his old love for Arcite came back, and he wept for him as bitterly as he had bewailed his own sorrow in the dungeon.

When all the Greeks had ceased to mourn for Arcite, Palamon still grieved for the death of his friend, and for the strife that had been between them.

After two years Theseus sent one day for Palamon and Emelia. Palamon came to the court in his black robes of mourning; but Emelia was dressed in white, as she had been on the May morning in the garden years before. She had ceased to mourn for Arcite, and was Emelia the Radiant once more.

Palamon caught his breath. He had not seen her since they parted after Arcite's death.

Duke Theseus said, "Sister, I desire thee now to take the noble knight Palamon to be thy husband. Have pity on his long service, and accept him."

Then he said to Palamon, "It will not need much speech to gain thy consent! Come, take thy lady by the hand."

Then, in the presence of all the court, they were wed. When all was over, Emelia fled from the noise and tumult of the hall, and beckoned to Palamon to follow. Out at the great hall doors she led him, and down the pathway to the garden beneath the tower. When he joined her, she pointed to the dungeon window, and told him of the day when she had looked at the prison in the morning mist, and murmured to herself the names of the captive princes, "Palamon and Arcite, Palamon and Arcite."

But it was not till many years of joyous life had passed over their home that Palamon told Emelia that he had seen her first on that very morning when she had thought so sadly of his misery.

III

GRISELDA

Once upon a time there lived a fair young girl whose name was Griselda. Her home was in an Italian village. There she dwelt in a lowly cottage with her father, Janicola. He was too old and too weak to work for her, or even for himself.

All around the village lay the fruitful fields and vineyards of the plain, and on the slopes near grew olive trees laden with fruit. Far in the distance rose the snow-capped mountains of the North.

Even in so rich a land it was not easy for this young Griselda to make her father's life as pleasant as she would have wished it to be. She lived plainly and barely. She was busy all day long. Now she was herding a few sheep on the broken ground near the village, and spinning as she watched her flock. Again she fetched the water

W. HEATH ROBINSON
GRISELDA
FRANWE

from the well or gathered roots and herbs from which to make drugs.

Griselda was not unhappy though her life was hard, because she was so glad that she could serve her father and show her love to him, forgetting about herself and her own wishes.

One day as she sat watching her sheep her eyes fell on the white towers of a castle that stood not far from the village where she lived. It was the castle of the Marquis Walter, who was lord of all that land. Griselda looked kindly at the white towers. She thought that their master was the best and greatest man in the world. She knew that he was kind also, and courteous. When she saw him ride towards her, her face lighted up, and she rose to courtsy to him. She hoped he would draw up his horse beside her, and greet her, and ask for her father Janicola.

This morning, as she looked at the castle, she saw a company of men hurrying along the road that led to its gate. Farmers were there in dull and homely clothes, and knights in armor that flashed back the sunlight, and lords in gay colors that glanced and gleamed among the olive trees under the blue Italian sky.

Griselda knew why they were going to Lord Walter, and she wondered what they would do and say when they reached him. She could not go after them, for her sheep would have wandered away if she had left them.

When the men that Griselda had watched reached the courtyard gate, they met Lord Walter. He was on horseback ready for the hunt. The foremost of the company prayed him to grant them a little time that they might tell him why they had come.

Lord Walter threw the reins to a squire, and led his people into the great hall of the castle. There he seated himself in state to listen to their grievance, whatever it might be.

Then the same man who had spoken before said to him:

"Noble Marquis, thy generous kindness in times past giveth us courage to come before thee. Truly, sire, thou and all thou dost art so dear to us that, save in one thing, we cannot wish for better fortune than to live under thy government. One thing alone disturbs the peace of thy faithful people. Though thou art young and strong, yet age creeps on! Time flies and waits for no man. Death threatens young and old alike. We pray thee, sir, that thou wilt wed, for if swift death should lay thee low ere a son be born to thee, then alack for us and for our children! In the power of a stranger then would lie our fair lands and even our lives. Grant us this boon, noble Marquis, and, if thou wilt, we will choose for thee a wife. Noble shall she be, and good, so that thou shalt have honor and gladness in thy wedding."

Then the Marquis said:

"My people, loyal and true, ye ask of me that which I thought not to grant, for the free life of the forest and the hunt pleaseth me well. Yet will I do this thing that ye desire. Only to me myself must fall the choice of her whom I will wed. On you I lay this command that, be she who she may, yet shall ye honor her as if she were an Emperor's daughter through all her life. Nor shall ye raise one word against the maiden of my choice. Unless ye agree to this, I will not wed!"

Gladly the people promised. But ere they left the Marquis, they begged him to fix a day for the marriage lest he should put off too long. The Marquis granted their request, and farmers, knights and lords trooped joyfully home.

When the morning of the day that was fixed for the wedding came, the castle of the Marquis was gaily decorated. Flags floated out from the towers, and garlands trailed over the doorway and the gate. Within in the great hall a royal feast was spread, and there lay royal robes and gems.

In the courtyard and on the terraces lords and ladies stood in groups. Wonder and doubt were on every face. The wedding-feast was prepared, the guests were come, but there was no bride.

A trumpet sounded "to horse," and all was hurry and noise. Then Lord Walter rode out through the castle gate. He was followed by bearers, who carried the beautiful robes and gems that had lain in the hall.

They rode out by the same road along which Griselda had watched the people go to ask the Marquis to wed, many months before. Now she saw the bridal train ride down from the castle. "Ah," she said, "they ride this way to fetch the bride. I shall work more busily than ever today that I may be free to stand and watch Lord Walter's fair bride as the riders return with her to the castle!"

Then she went to the well to fetch water. When she came back she found Lord Walter at her father's door. In the narrow lane beside the cottage stood lords and ladies, while their horses impatiently pawed the ground.

Quickly Griselda set her pitcher in a trough near the cottage door, and knelt before the Marquis to hear his will.

"Where is thy father?" Lord Walter asked.

"Close at hand, my Lord," said Griselda, and went to bring him without delay.

"My faithful servant," said Lord Walter to the old man, "grant me thy daughter for my wife!"

Janicola knew not what to say for surprise. At

last he answered, "My will is thine! Do as thou wilt, my own dear Lord!"

"Then must I ask Griselda if she will be my wife; but stay thou by us. Thou shalt hear her answer."

Griselda was amazed. She did not know what the meaning of Lord Walter's visit was, and when she stood before him her face was full of fear. Her wonder was very great when she heard him say:

"Griselda, I am come for thee. Thee only will I wed. Thy father also is willing. But ere thou tell me whether or no thou wilt be my bride, listen to the demand I make. Art thou ready to obey me in everything, and to let me do to thee evil or good as I will without so much as turning to me a frowning face?"

This seemed a strange request to Griselda, but she loved and trusted Lord Walter so truly that she said:

"Lord, I am not worthy of this honor. Verily in all things thy will shall be mine. Life is sweet, but I will die rather than displease thee."

"Enough, Griselda!" he said.

Then Lord Walter turned to the courtiers and the people of the village who had gathered round:

"Behold my wife! Let all show their love to me by the honor and love they bear to her."

The ladies of the court were commanded to take off Griselda's old clothes and to array her in the costly robes they had brought with them. They did not like to touch the poor soiled clothes she wore, nor to move about in the little cottage with their sweeping gowns; but the gentleness of Griselda made it pleasant to help her. They caught up Griselda's royal robes with great clasps of gold set with gems, and put a crown on her beautiful hair.

She came out and stood in the low doorway, where she had so often stood before. But now the people scarcely knew her: she looked so fair in her new robes and with the love-light shining in her eyes.

Lord Walter did not wait till he reached the castle. He was married to Griselda at her father's cottage door. The villagers gathered round and gazed at the simple wedding. They saw Lord Walter put a great ring on Griselda's finger, and lift her onto a milk-white steed. Then they led her with joy towards the castle. Wedding-bells rang out gladly across the plain, and ever as the wedding-party drew near to the white towers with their floating flags, happy bands of people came to meet and welcome Griselda.

Very soon the fame of Lord Walter's beautiful wife spread through the land. Nor was it only for her beauty that men praised her. Gracious she was and wise, able to rule her home, and to bend fiery spirits to her will.

From all the countryside men came to her in trouble. Everyone rejoiced in the good fortune that had come to their land, and some even called her an angel from heaven come to right all wrong.

After some time a daughter was born to Griselda. Then she thought she was the happiest woman in the world. She thought of the care that she would give her child as she grew up, and of Lord Walter's delight in his little daughter when the time should come that she could talk and ride with him.

But before the baby was a year old, all Griselda's dreams were broken. Lord Walter said to himself, "It is easy for Griselda to keep her promise when I ask of her nothing that is not just and right. How can I trust her until I know that she will obey me in everything? I wonder whether she would be patient still if I hurt our little daughter?"

These thoughts came back to his mind so often that at last he resolved to try Griselda's patience by taking her baby away from her.

One evening Griselda was playing with her little child. The baby laughed in her arms and looked sweeter than ever. At that moment the curtain at the doorway was drawn aside and Lord Walter came into the room. His face was sad and drawn, and as Griselda looked up at him she feared that some great blow had fallen on him, or that some enemy had entered the country.

Lord Walter said to her:

"Griselda, thou hast not forgotten the day on which I brought thee from thy father's lowly cottage to this my castle. Although thou art most dear to me, thou art not dear to my nobles. They say that it is hard that they should serve one so lowly born as thou. Since thy daughter was born they have said this more and more, I doubt not. As thou knowest, my will is to live with my people in joy and peace. Therefore, must I do to my child not as I wish myself, but as my nobles wish. Show then to me the obedience that thou didst promise to show when thou wert wed in the village street."

As Griselda heard these words she made no moan. Neither did she let the pain that caught at her heart be seen in her face. When she could speak, she said:

"Lord, we are thine! My child is thine. I also am thine. With thine own thou mayest ever do as pleaseth thee best."

The Marquis was full of joy because of the patience and humbleness of Griselda; but he appeared to be sad, and left her with a troubled face.

Soon after this, Griselda started as she heard

a heavy footstep on the stairway. Then an evil-looking man walked into the quiet room.

"Madam," he said, "I must obey my lord's will. He bids me take this child. Thou knowest we must obey, although we may complain and mourn."

Then the soldier took the child so roughly that it seemed as if he would kill it before her. Griselda said:

"Pray, sir, do thou suffer me to kiss my child ere it die." He gave it back to her. Gently she gathered it in her arms. She blessed it, and lulled it, and kissed it. Then she said in her sweet voice: "Farewell, my child, I shall see thee never again. The blessing of Him who died on a cross of wood for us, rest on thee. To Him I give thy soul, my little one! To-night thou must die because of me."

To the rough soldier she said:

"Take again the child and obey my Lord. But if it please my Lord, then of thy kindness bury thou the little body where no cruel bird nor beast can harm it!"

But in silence the soldier carried away the child.

Then Lord Walter looked to see if Griselda would fret or be less kind to him. He watched, but could see no change in her. She was as busy and loving and cheerful as ever. Neither in earnest nor in play did she name her child.

After four years a son was born to Griselda. The people were very glad because there was now an heir to rule the land at the death of Lord Walter. Griselda too was happy, though her heart longed for the little maid who might have been playing with her brother.

When the boy was two years old, Lord Walter began to wish once more to try the patience of Griselda.

This time he said to her:

"Wife, I have told thee before how ill the people bear our marriage. Now that a son is born they are more wrathful than before. My heart is weary with the thought of their complaints. They say, 'When Lord Walter is gone, the grandson of Janicola shall rule us!' Therefore, I shall do with my son as I did with his sister. Be patient, I pray thee."

"Thou art my Lord," said Griselda. "My will and my freedom lie in my father's cottage with the poor soiled clothes I left there on the day thou didst bring me hither. Could I know thy will before thou didst tell it to me, it would be done, though it were death to do it. Life cannot compare with thy love."

Lord Walter looked down to the ground. He could not look at his wife lest he should not have heart to do as he wished.

Again the rude soldier came to Griselda. He was even harsher than before, and carried off the child without a kind word to the patient mother.

When the little boy was gone, the people said very bitter things about Lord Walter. The love they had given him before was turned into hatred because he had treated this beautiful wife so unkindly, and because he had murdered his children.

Though Lord Walter saw this, he wished to try his wife once more. He knew that he could send away his wife and marry another if he got a letter from the Pope to say that he might. He sent a messenger to Rome, where the Pope lived. This messenger was told to bring back a letter, not from the Pope, but as like one of his as possible.

The letter came. It said that because of the anger of Lord Walter's people at the lowly birth of his wife Griselda, the Marquis might send her away and marry another.

The news of the letter spread throughout the land. Everyone believed that it had really come from the Pope.

Griselda's heart was very sore when she heard of this letter. But she went on quietly with each day's work. She did not even speak of the letter to her husband.

At last Lord Walter spoke before all his court, and with no knightly gentleness.

"Griselda," he said, "there is no freedom in the life of one who rules. I may not act after my own wish as any laborer on my land may do. As thou knowest, my people hate thy presence, and demand of me that I wed another. The Pope's letter thou hast heard. Return then, swiftly and without complaint, to thy father's cottage, for already my bride cometh hither."

"My Lord, it is no new thought to me, that I am unworthy to be thy servant—far more unworthy to be thy wife. In this great house of which thou didst make me queen, I have not acted as mistress, but only as lowly handmaid to thee. For these years of thy kindness, I thank thee. Gladly do I go to my father's house. There he tended me when I was but a child. Now I will stay with him till death enters the cottage door. To thee and to thy bride be joy. To her I willingly yield the place where I have been so happy. Since thou, who once wert all my joy, wilt have me to go, I go!"

Lord Walter turned away in sadness. He could scarcely speak for pity, but he held to his purpose.

Then Griselda drew her wedding-ring from her finger, and laid it down. Beside it she put the gems that Lord Walter had given her. Her beautiful robes she laid aside. In the simplest gown she could find, and with head and feet all bare,

Griselda went down through the olive trees towards her father's house.

Many of Lord Walter's people followed her, weeping and bewailing the fickleness of fortune. Griselda did not turn to them, nor speak, nor weep. She quietly went on her way.

When the tidings reached her father, he wished that he had never been born, so sad was he in the sorrow of his beautiful daughter. He hastened out to meet her, and wrapped her tenderly in her old cloak, and led her home with tears.

Griselda spoke no word of complaint, nor did she speak of her former happiness. Once more she tended the sheep on the common. Once more she carried water from the well. Once more she thought first of her father.

After some weeks Lord Walter sent for Griselda. She went to the castle and greeted him humbly as of old. She showed no grudge because of his unkindness.

"Griselda," he said, "thou knowest, as doth no other, how all this castle should be ordered for my pleasure. Stay thou then, and have all in readiness for the fair young bride whom I shall wed tomorrow. It is my will that she be welcomed royally."

"My whole desire is to serve thee, my Lord. Neither weal nor woe shall ever make me cease to love thee with all my heart."

At once Griselda took control of all who worked in the castle. Of them all she was the neatest and the quickest. Soon every room in the tower was sweet and clean. The great hall was decked for the wedding-feast, and the table glittered with silver.

Early next morning many horsemen came to the castle. Among them was a beautiful girl dressed in a shimmering white robe. Near her rode a charming boy younger than the maiden. Round them were many nobles, and a guard of soldiers, who had brought them to Lord Walter's court.

The people crowded round the gates. So charmed were they with the fair young maid, that some of them forgot their love for Griselda, and were ready to welcome the bride whose coming caused her so much sorrow.

Still Griselda moved about the castle in her old worn clothes. She went to the gate to welcome the bride. Then she received the guests and greeted each of them according to his degree.

The stranger nobles wondered who Griselda could be. She was so wise and gentle, and yet so meanly dressed.

Before the feast began, Lord Walter called Griselda to him. Then he asked her, "What dost thou think of my wife? Is she beautiful?"

"Never have I seen a fairer," said Griselda. "Joy be with you both evermore! But oh! I beg of thee, torment not this child as thou didst me. She has been tenderly cared for. She could not bear what I have borne."

When Lord Walter saw her great patience, and thought of the pain he had caused her, his heart went out to her in great pity, and he cried, "It is enough, Griselda; fear no more, nor be thou longer sad. I have tried thy faith and thy sweetness, as faith and sweetness have never before been tried."

His arms were around her, and he kissed her. Griselda looked at him in wonder. She could not understand.

"Griselda," he said, "thou art my wife. I have no other. This is thy daughter; her brother is my heir. Thine are they both. Take them again, and dream not that thou art bereft of thy children.

When Griselda heard all this she fainted away in her great joy. When she woke again she called her children to her. Timidly they came, but soon they were caught close to her breast. While she fondled them, and kissed them, her hot tears of joy fell on their fair faces, and on their hair. Then she looked at Lord Walter, and said, "Death cannot harm me now, since thou lovest me still." Then she turned back to the children.

"Oh tender, oh dear, oh little ones, my children! Your sorrowful mother thought that cruel dogs or other fearsome beasts had torn you! but God has kept you safe."

Once again the ladies of the court dressed Griselda in royal robes. Once again they set a golden crown upon her head. Once again the wedding-ring slipped into its own place on her finger.

Ere she entered the hall of feasting again, swift messengers had brought her old father, Janicola, to the castle, never to leave it again.

Then Griselda sat with her children beside her husband. To her feet came lords and nobles, peasants and farmers, eager to kiss her hand and to show the joy they felt in her return.

Never had the walls of the castle re-echoed the laughter of so glad a people. All day long till the stars shone in the cool, clear sky the feasting went on.

For Griselda this was the first of many happy days, happier than she had known before.

In her home sounded the gay voices of happy children as they played with, and cared for, the old grandfather whom their mother loved so dearly. And ever as she moved about the castle she met the eyes of Lord Walter, that told her again and yet again that he trusted her utterly.

OLIVER TWIST ASKS FOR MORE

OLIVER TWIST

BY CHARLES DICKENS

ADAPTED BY L. L. WEEDON

OLIVER TWIST was an orphan and had been born in the workhouse of a certain country town. No one knew what name he should have been called by, for his mother died soon after her little son drew his first breath, and although the parish advertised for his relatives to come and claim him, no one ever came forward to do so.

And so, as it was necessary to provide him with a name, the parish beadle did so.

"We name our unknown children in alphabetical order," he said. "The last was S—Swubble I named him. This was a T—Twist I named *him.*"

Poor little Oliver had a very miserable infancy. He was boarded out with a number of other infants to a woman, Mrs. Mann, who never spoke a kind word to them, and who gave them insufficient food and clothing, so that they were cold, hungry, and wretched.

Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale, thin child, small for his age, but with such a sturdy spirit in spite of the ill treatment he received, that he did occasionally rebel; and so it fell out that he was keeping his birthday in the coal-cellar, with a select party of two other young gentlemen, as a punishment for having dared to say he was hungry.

No doubt he would have remained there for the rest of the day, had not Mr. Bumble arrived and requested that the boy should be brought into his presence.

Mr. Bumble was the beadle who had given Oliver his name, and he had been sent to fetch the child to the workhouse, as he was now considered too old to remain on with the other pauper infants.

Oliver had had a hard time at his first home, but he cried lustily when he was taken away from it, for he left behind him all the friends he had ever known, and among them one little fellow, Dick by name, who had been his special friend and playmate.

They had been beaten, starved, and shut up together many and many a time.

Oliver found he was treated no better in the workhouse than he had been in the cottage with Mrs. Mann. The children were fed almost entirely on thin gruel, and they became at length so desperate with hunger, that they decided to cast lots to see who should walk up to the master after supper and ask for more food; and the lot fell to Oliver Twist.

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Each boy had one porringer of gruel and no more. The bowls never wanted washing, for the boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again.

The evening of the day on which the boys had cast lots arrived; the boys took their places, the master in his cook's uniform stationed himself at the copper, the gruel was served out, and a very long grace said over the short commons.

The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbor nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own boldness:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned pale with horror and clung for support to the copper, and the boys one and all seemed frozen with fear.

At length the master called for the beadle, and Mr. Bumble appeared; and, hearing the enormity of Oliver's crime, dragged him before the board, a number of gentlemen who managed the workhouse affairs.

They were so shocked at Oliver's wickedness—for, having never been hungry themselves, they did not believe anyone else could be—that they decided to get rid of him before he contaminated the other boys.

So they apprenticed him to an undertaker; but although his master was not an unkindly man, his wife was a cruel and vindictive woman, and the poor child suffered so terribly at her hands that at length he decided to run away.

And so, one cold, dark night, when everyone was in bed, he tied up in his handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, and then, after waiting for the first ray of morning light, unbarred the door, slipped out into the street and hurried away, to put as great a distance as he could between himself and the town he wished to leave behind him.

It was not until he had gone some distance that he remembered the road he had taken would lead him past the cottage where he had spent the first nine years of his life.

When he reached the house he saw a little child weeding the garden. It was Dick.

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. "Is anyone up?"

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

"You mustn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver. "I am running away. They beat and ill-used me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune some long way off. I don't know where. How pale you are!"

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop!"

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good-bye to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick; I know I shall. You will be well and happy!"

"I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of heaven and angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good-bye, dear! God bless you!"

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through all the struggles and sufferings and troubles and changes of his after-life he never once forgot it.

After Oliver had left the town nearly five miles behind him he sat down to rest by a milestone, on which was carved the information that it was seventy miles from that spot to London. London, thought Oliver, was such a great, large place that nobody, not even Mr. Bumble, would ever find him there. He had often heard the old men in the workhouse say that no lad of spirit need want in London, and that there were ways of living in that vast city which those who had been bred up in country parts had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy who must die in the streets unless someone helped him.

As these things passed through his thoughts he jumped upon his feet and again walked forward, and was four miles farther on the road to London before he recollected how much he would have to suffer and endure before he reached his goal. He had with him a crust of bread, a coarse shirt and two pairs of stockings; and in his pocket, a penny which his master had given him one day when he was pleased with him. However, having made up his mind to go to London, Oliver picked up his bundle and trudged along.

For seven weary days he tramped on and on, and begged a little food by the way; but on the morning of the seventh day, when he limped slowly into the little town of Barnet, he was almost dead with hunger and fatigue. He sank down upon a doorstep, covered with dust, and with bleeding feet. He had no heart to beg, and although the passers-by stared at him, no one offered to relieve him until a boy stopped and asked him what ailed him.

This boy, who was about Oliver's age, was a very queer-looking little fellow. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough, and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see, but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short for his age, rather bow-legged, and had little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly that it threatened every moment to fall off, and would have done so very often if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twist, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back half-way up his arms to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roistering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four-foot-six, or something less, in his boots.

When Oliver told him that he had been walking for seven days and was worn out with hunger and fatigue, he took him to a shop close by and gave him a hearty meal of bread, ham, and beer. Then he enquired as to where Oliver intended to spend the night, and hearing that the weary boy had no shelter to go to, he offered to take him to London with him and introduce him to a respectable old gentleman of his acquaintance. This offer seemed too good to be refused, and so Oliver accepted it gratefully and the two set out together.

On the way, Oliver learned that his companion's name was John Dawkins, and that he was more generally known by the title of "The Artful Dodger."

Night had fallen by the time Oliver and his friend reached the respectable old gentleman's home, and, when Oliver found what a dirty and wretched neighborhood it was in, he was half inclined to run away. However, he was ushered into a back room, the walls and ceiling of which were black with age and dirt. There was a deal table before the fire upon which were a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan which was on the fire, and which was secured

to the mantle-shelf by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shriveled Jew, whose villainous and repulsive face was half hidden by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown with his throat bare, and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks were huddled side by side on the floor, and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes with the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew and then turned round and grinned at Oliver, as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend, Oliver Twist."

The Jew told Oliver he was welcome, and gave him a good supper and a warm seat near the fire. Seeing that Oliver was eying the silk handkerchiefs rather curiously, he told him they had just been looking them out ready for the wash. Both the Jew and his young companions seemed to look upon this as a fine joke, though Oliver could not quite understand why they laughed so heartily. It was not long before he understood only too well. The morning after his arrival, he was surprised to see Fagin the Jew and two of the boys playing at a very strange game. The old man walked up and down the room, while the boys tried to pick his pockets without his detecting them. Oliver was allowed to join in this game, though he was not allowed to accompany the boys when they went out to "work."

He was disappointed, for it was hot and close in the Jew's kitchen, and the old man was not very pleasant company. But after he had been some days in his new abode, to his great delight, he was told one morning that he could go out with his friend, the Artful Dodger, and another boy, Charley Bates. But his delight was speedily changed to horror when he saw the boys deliberately pick the pocket of an old gentleman who was reading a book at a bookstall. In a second, the meaning of all that he had seen at the Jew's house flashed across his mind. The silk handkerchiefs had all been stolen, as had, no doubt, the watches and trinkets he had seen the Jew take from a box; and when he had joined in the strange game, he was being taught to be a thief like his companions.

As he stood gazing with a horrified expression at the victim of the Dodger's theft, the old gentleman turned, felt for his handkerchief and missed it. Without waiting to consider the folly of his behavior Oliver turned and fled.

"Stop, thief!" shouted the old gentleman, thinking Oliver must be the culprit, and the crowd took up the cry. On rushed the boy through the mud, up streets and down alleys, until at length he was knocked down and lay on the dirty pavement, bleeding from the mouth and gasping for breath.

When the old gentleman whose handkerchief had been stolen was hustled forward, he seemed to wish he had never raised the hue and cry and was anxious to let the boy go, but a policeman who had come up insisted upon taking him to the nearest police station.

The magistrate, who was a very disagreeable man, would have sent poor Oliver to prison, but fortunately the owner of the bookstall, at which the old gentleman had been standing, arrived just in time to say he had witnessed the robbery, and that it was another boy who was the thief.

The fright and fatigue had made Oliver so ill that he fainted, and the old gentleman, whose name was Mr. Brownlow, carried him to a coach and took him to his own home, where he was put to bed and carefully tended. But for many days Oliver remained insensible to all goodness of his new friends. The sun rose and sank, and rose and sank again, and many times after that, and still the boy lay stretched on his uneasy bed, dwindling away beneath the dry and wasting heat of fever. Weak and thin and pallid, he awoke at last from what seemed to have been a long and troubled dream. Feebly raising himself from the bed, with his head resting on his trembling arm, he looked anxiously round.

"What room is this? Where have I been brought to?" said Oliver. "This is not the place I went to sleep in."

He uttered these words in a feeble voice, being very faint and weak, but they were overheard at once, for the curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and a motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed, rose from an armchair close by, in which she had been sitting at needlework.

"Hush, my dear," said the old lady softly. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again, and you have been very bad—as bad as bad could be, pretty nigh. Lie down again, there's a dear!"

With these words the old lady very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow, and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and lovingly in his face, that he could not help placing his little withered hand on hers and drawing it round his neck.

"Save us!" said the old lady, with tears in her

eyes. "What a grateful little dear it is! Pretty creetur! What would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now!"

"Perhaps she does see me," whispered Oliver, folding his hands together. "Perhaps she has sat by me. I almost feel as if she had."

"That was the fever, my dear," said the old lady mildly.

"I suppose it was," replied Oliver, "because heaven is a long way off and they are too happy there to come down to the bedside of a poor boy. But, if she knew I was ill, she must have pitied me, even there, for she was very ill herself before she died. She can't know anything about me though," added Oliver, after a moment's silence. "If she had seen me hurt, it would have made her sorrowful, and her face has always looked sweet and happy when I have dreamed of her."

The old lady made no reply to this, but, wiping her eyes first, and her spectacles, which lay on the counterpane, afterwards—as if they were part and parcel of those features—brought some cool stuff for Oliver to drink, and then, patting him on the cheek, told him he must lie very quiet or he would be ill again.

So Oliver kept very still, partly because he was anxious to obey the kind old lady in all things, and partly, to tell the truth, because he was completely exhausted with what he had already said.

But now that Oliver's sickness had taken a turn towards the high road to recovery, he soon began to mend, and one day he was brought downstairs to the old lady's own little sitting-room. This old lady, whose name was Mrs. Bedwin, was housekeeper to Mr. Brownlow, and she told Oliver to try and look his best and brightest, for that her master was coming to visit him. There was a picture in Mrs. Bedwin's room of a very beautiful young lady. It seemed to take Oliver's fancy, for he could not keep his eyes from it, and Mr. Brownlow, coming in just then, looked up at the picture, and then with a start down at Oliver's face.

"Bedwin, look here!" he said to his housekeeper, pointing hastily at the picture, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy. The eyes, the head, the mouth, every feature was the same.

But although Oliver made eager inquiries respecting the lady in the picture, Mrs. Bedwin either would not, or could not, tell him anything about her, and the next day Oliver was grieved to find the picture had been taken down.

Oh! what a happy time that was for the boy. Everything was so quiet and neat and orderly, everybody so kind and gentle, that after the noise and turbulence, in the midst of which he had always lived, it seemed like heaven itself. He was no sooner strong enough to put his clothes on properly, than Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit and a new cap and a new pair of shoes to be provided for him. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant who had been very kind to him, and asked her to sell them to a Jew, and keep the money for herself. This she very readily did, and as Oliver looked out of the parlor window and saw the Jew roll them up in his bag and walk away, he felt quite delighted to think that they were safely gone, and that there was now no possible danger of his ever being able to wear them again. They were sad rags, to tell the truth, and Oliver had never had a new suit before.

One evening, about a week after the affair of the picture, as he was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message from Mr. Brownlow, that if Oliver Twist felt pretty well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while.

Oliver went down, and after some little conversation with his kind friend, he was sent on a message for him. He had a five-pound note given him, and was told to go and pay a certain bill and bring back ten shillings change. Besides this he was to take back some valuable books to a bookshop.

Now the reason Mr. Brownlow sent Oliver out on such an important errand was that he wished to show how he trusted the boy, for a friend of his who was present just then, had suggested that it was rather indiscreet of Mr. Brownlow to take a strange boy into his home, and that Oliver would be sure to turn out badly.

When Oliver had darted off, pleased and proud to be able to do some service for Mr. Brownlow, this friend said:

"You really expect him to come back, do you? Remember, he has a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five-pound note in his pocket."

But Mr. Brownlow was not afraid. Oliver had an honest face, and he felt sure he was to be trusted.

What, then, was his grief when hour after hour passed by and no Oliver returned. It did indeed seem that he had been deceived.

But if Mr. Brownlow felt grieved, the agony of mind Oliver suffered was indescribable, for he had fallen again into the clutches of Fagin the Jew.

Ever since Oliver had been taken up for the theft committed by his companions, the Jew and his accomplices had been on the watch for him.

They were afraid he would betray them to his new friend.

And so, the very first time Oliver appeared outside Mr. Brownlow's house, he was pounced upon and carried off to the old thief's kitchen.

When he saw Mr. Brownlow's money and books taken from him and divided between the evil people who had captured him, he burst into tears.

"They belong to the old gentleman," said Oliver, wringing his hands; "to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house and had me nursed when I was near dying of fever. Oh! pray send them back; send him back the books and money! Keep me here all my life long; but pray, pray send them back! He'll think I stole them; the old lady; all of them who were so kind to me will think I stole them. Oh! do have mercy upon me, and send them back!"

But his enemies were merciless, and after a vain effort to escape them, Oliver realized that the brief spell of happiness he had enjoyed was at an end, and that he was doomed to become the associate of thieves and vagabonds without a hope of release, for the Jew and his companions never for a moment allowed him out of their sight.

He sank into a state of hopeless despair. He knew that Fagin and his accomplices intended to train him to become a thief, even as they were, and he could only pray God to save him from such wickedness and degradation.

There was one man in particular, Sikes by name, of whom Oliver stood in great dread. Wherever this man went he was accompanied by his dog, a shaggy white creature with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places from fights with other dogs or rats. This animal was as ferocious as his master, and at one word from him would have flown at the throat of anyone who had ventured to cross Mr. Sikes' will, and held on like grim death till bidden to let go.

It was no wonder then that Oliver was terrified when the Jew one day told him that he was to accompany Sikes on a visit he intended paying a little way out of town.

Oliver did not know where they were going, or what object Sikes had in view; but he was certain it could be no good one.

After traveling a good way, they came at length to a place called Sheppardton, and when it was getting dark, Sikes stopped at a lonely, ruinous-looking old house.

Here they went in, when Oliver found it was not as uninhabited as it looked, for two men were there who were evidently expecting Sikes. After some food and drink, they all lay down to sleep, until one of the men started up and announced that it was half-past one o'clock. Sikes and one companion, who was called Toby Crackit, enveloped themselves in their great coats, and, after loading themselves with pistols, crowbars, and several other appliances, they started forth into the dark night, leading Oliver between them so that he could not possibly hope to escape.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling.

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up; I'll catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms, and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly, and they stole cautiously towards the house.

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face; his limbs failed him; and he sank upon his knees.

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing a pistol from his pocket.

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me run away and die in the fields! I will never come near London; never, never! Oh! pray have mercy on me, and do not make me steal. For the love of all the bright angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me!"

Sikes was so angry that he cocked his pistol and would have shot the boy there and then, had not his companion struck his hand up and reminded him that a pistol shot would arouse the household.

They dragged the boy to a little lattice-window, and after threatening him with dire punishments if he should disobey them, they lifted him up, and, dropping him through the window, bade him run to the hall door and very softly undo the fastenings and let them in.

Oliver, more dead than alive with fear, gasped out "yes," but he had firmly resolved that whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back, back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall and knew not whether to advance or fly.

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not, and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating, and dragged the boy up.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him! Quick! How the boy bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of firearms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and a cold, deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart, and he saw or heard no more.

For he had fainted from loss of blood, and Sikes and his companion, after carrying him some distance and finding that they were hotly pursued, flung the boy's body into a ditch, neither knowing or caring if he were alive or dead so long as they escaped without hurt.

Oliver lay where he had been flung until the morning dawned. The air grew colder and the rain and mist fell fast, but Oliver felt it not until, with a low cry of pain, he awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavily and useless at his side, and the shawl was saturated with blood. Urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that if he lay there he must surely die, he got upon his feet, and with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward, he knew not whither.

Presently he came in sight of a house, and thinking that the people living there might have compassion on him, he summoned all his strength and tottered towards it. Then it was that he discovered he had reached the scene of the previous night's attempted burglary. But he was too weak to think of flight, and, climbing the steps, he knocked faintly and then sank down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

The servants who opened the door were very much excited to find one of the thieves reclining upon their very doorstep. They carried him in and shouted up to their mistress the news of the capture of a wounded burglar.

"Hush!" whispered a voice from the stair head. "You frighten my aunt almost as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?"

Hearing that he was, the young lady ordered him to be carried up to the butler's room and a constable and a doctor to be sent for immediately.

When they arrived, and the doctor had seen Oliver and attended to his broken arm, the good man told the constable that the boy was too ill to be disturbed. Next he persuaded Mrs. Maylie, the owner of the house, and her niece, Miss Rose, to visit the desperate villain who had been captured; and when they saw the delicate, fair-haired child, his face drawn by suffering, lying asleep in bed, their kind hearts were touched and they would on no account have handed him over to the police.

They easily persuaded Giles, the butler, that Oliver was not the boy who had been shot by him; indeed, it was not difficult to persuade him that he had shot no one at all, but had been mistaken by excitement and fright.

And so the boy was left quietly to the care of Mrs. Maylie and her niece, and was gradually nursed and tended back to health under the directions of the kind-hearted doctor who had been called in to see him.

When he had sufficiently recovered he told them the story of his sad life, and they assured him that his troubles were now all at an end, and that in the future they would care for him and never let him go back to the dreadful people among whom he had passed such a terrible time.

Oliver was most anxious to make Mr. Brownlow and good Mrs. Bedwin acquainted with the change in his fortunes, but when he was taken to the house where Mr. Brownlow lived, it was found that he and his housekeeper had both gone to the West Indies.

It was a sad disappointment to the boy, for he could not bear to think that he must still appear in the light of an ungrateful thief in the eyes of those who had befriended him.

But before long this trouble was removed, for Mr. Brownlow returned to England, and Oliver saw him one day when he was in town with his kind friends, the Maylies, entering a house near the Strand. He was too nervous to speak to him; but later in the day Miss Rose drove him to this house.

She left the boy in the coach and went in to the house alone. When she had explained her business to Mr. Brownlow and had told him all about Oliver, and the manner in which he had been kidnapped and all that he had suffered, the kind old gentleman was pleased beyond words.

"This is great happiness to me," he said, "great happiness. But why did you not bring him with you?"

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps and into the coach without another word.

It was a very happy reunion, but Mr. Brownlow knew there was someone else whose heart would rejoice at the sight of Oliver, and so he hurried him into the house and sent for Mrs. Bedwin.

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and, dropping a courtsy at the door, waited for orders.

"Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

"Well, that I do, sir," replied the old lady. "People's eyes at my time of life don't improve with age, sir."

"I could have told you that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?"

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles. But Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and, yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

"God be good to me!" cried the old lady, embracing him, "it is my innocent boy!"

"My dear old Nurse!" cried Oliver.

"He would come back—I knew he would!" said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks! and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again! Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but have seen them every day, side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a lightsome young creature." Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her, and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the good soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

And now a very strange and wonderful thing happened. It had been thought that Oliver's real parentage never would be discovered; but Mr. Brownlow, having noticed the very strong resemblance between Oliver and the lady whose picture had hung in Mrs. Bedwin's room, had been making inquiries, which resulted in the discovery that Miss Rose was actually the sister of that lady, and aunt to Oliver, for the beautiful girl in the picture was Oliver's own mother!

It happened in this way. A very dear friend of Mr. Brownlow's had married quite secretly a very beautiful young girl. Being obliged to go abroad on business, he had left the painting of his young wife in Mr. Brownlow's care, though he did not tell him her name. But while abroad he died, and the poor young girl, believing herself to be deserted, and fearing her father's wrath should he discover the truth, wandered away a long, long distance from home. She was taken ill in the street, and being carried to the workhouse, died there, leaving a little infant son to face a hard world alone.

Oliver's father had been previously married, and had one son, and although this son had known of Oliver's birth, he had kept the secret, wishing to inherit the whole of the father's property; but now that chance had placed some papers in Mr. Brownlow's hands, through which he learnt the truth, Oliver's elder brother confessed all that he knew of the story.

This young man had so wasted the property which had fallen into his hands, that there was not a very large fortune left. What there was was divided between them, and Oliver had met with such kind friends that he had no need of a fortune.

As Rose Maylie was about to be married, and as her aunt, Mrs. Maylie, was to live with her, Mr. Brownlow begged to be allowed to adopt Oliver.

Mr. Brownlow, Oliver, and Mrs. Bedwin, removed to a house within a mile of the one in which Rose and her husband and aunt lived, so that Oliver was happy in the midst of all the friends who had been kind to him and whom he had learned to love.

From day to day Mr. Brownlow became more and more attached to his adopted son, and took pleasure in filling his young mind with stories of knowledge, so that as the boy's nature developed, he showed thriving seeds of all his adopted father wished him to become.

There was only one drop of sorrow in Oliver's well-filled cup of happiness.

Remembering the little companion of his early years, poor little Dick, who had prayed "God bless you!" on the morning when he set out upon his journey to London town, Oliver begged that he might be allowed to visit him and assure him that in all his happiness there was none so great as coming back to make him happy too.

So Oliver was taken to the little country town in which his own poor young mother had died, and started off to visit Dick.

"We'll take him away from here," Oliver had said to Rose, "and have him taught and clothed, and send him to some country place where he may grow strong and well. He said 'God bless you!' to me when I ran away, and I will say 'God bless you!' and show him how I love him for it."

But Oliver came back from that visit looking very sad, with the tears stealing down his cheeks, for Dick, poor, loving little Dick was dead!"

WEE WILLIE WINKIE
"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"
BY RUDYARD KIPLING

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba,* but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers many chances of going wrong to little six-year-olds.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched; and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short, in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things, and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy, and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy, with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce, to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

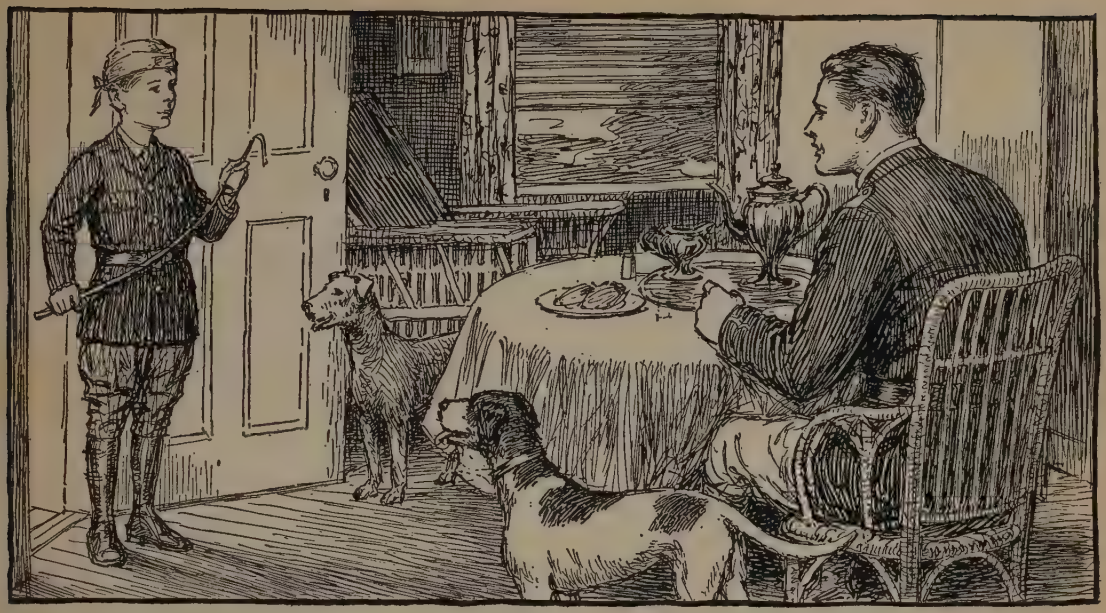
Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning, "I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"*I've* been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affecta-



tion of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked, "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There was urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve *sais* didn't see. I said, *'Hut jao!'*"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused, and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump-card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

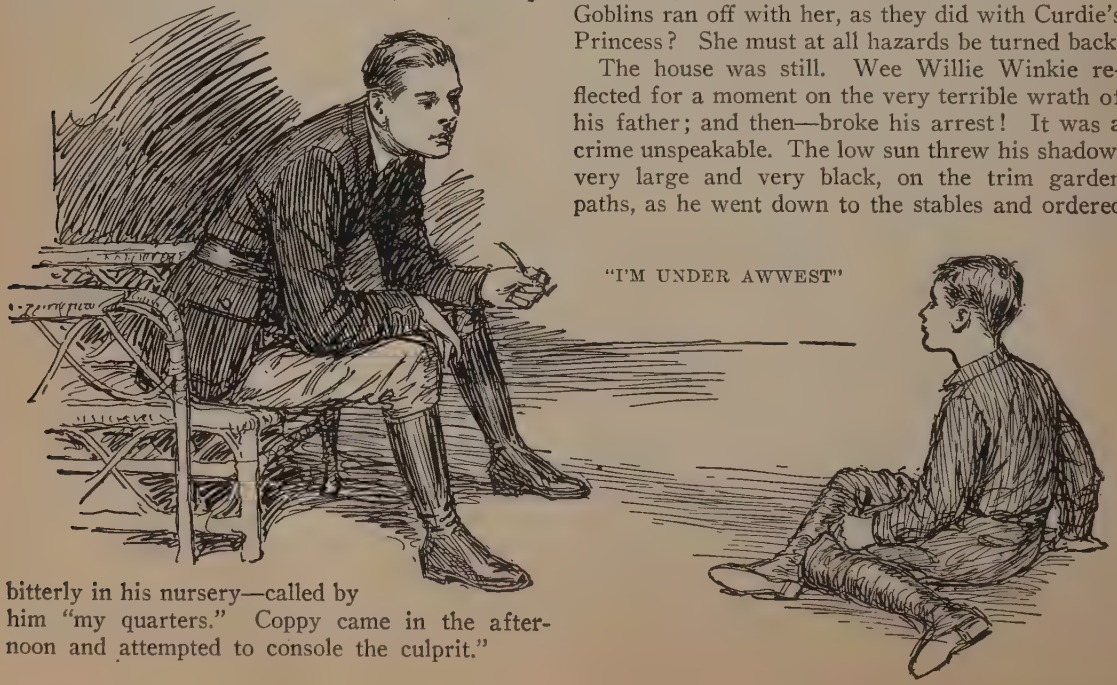
Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the

door, adding—"You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what: in thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely, with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "campfire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep



bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit."

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed onto the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river, dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men, until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, everyone had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her, as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered

"I'M UNDER AWWEST"

his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy *sais* gave him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib's, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-posts, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been twisted; she could not stand. Having shown her spirit, she wept, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep anew, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out

something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblin's wont to steal out

and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, *"Jao!"* The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah,* would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur,"* said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy, who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both; for if he is taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mohammed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry

and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity. . . .

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms kicking up each room Corporal as he passed. "Up ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mohammed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka* hero!"

"But I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call we Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

RIP VAN WINKLE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him.

His fences were continually falling to pieces, his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heel, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galliskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van

RIP TOLD THEM STORIES

Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty, George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew

how to gather his opinions. When anything was read or related that displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late one afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" —at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this

RIP AND HIS SILENT GUIDE

wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the Amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg unto large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks — the woebegone party at ninepins — the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted

with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its side, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, the door off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was sulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showing his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—

RIP RETURNS HOME

all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village."—"Alas, gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders —"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the

churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrik Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great

city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make the story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrik Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

RIP TELLS HIS STORY

TINY TIM

(From *A Christmas Carol*)

BY CHARLES DICKENS

ADAPTED BY L. L. WEEDON

THERE was once a very disagreeable old man named Scrooge. This man, unlike any one else I ever met, actually disliked Christmas.

He grumbled when he was wished "A Merry Christmas," and he grumbled when charitable folks, knowing how rich he was, asked him for a subscription to a fund which was to be spent upon trying to make poor people happy at Christmas time; but most of all he grumbled at his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit, because he expected to take a holiday upon Christmas Day.

Bob Cratchit sat all day long in a dismal little cell, opening out of Scrooge's counting-house, copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire; but the clerk's was so much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could not replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel he was told that it would be necessary for him and his master to part. So poor Bob put on his long white comforter—he had no overcoat—and tried to warm himself at the candle.

When the time came for shutting up the counting-house Scrooge bade Bob be sure he came earlier the morning after Christmas Day to make up for the waste of time, and then the surly fellow went away to eat his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy way, while his clerk ran home to Camden Town to play at blindman's bluff with his children, in honor of its being Christmas.

Bob had but fifteen shillings a week; but in spite of that he was a richer man than his master, for his humble home was blessed with love and peace, and no one can be really poor to whom God has given those rich blessings.

Scrooge, after he had eaten his dinner, went home to the dismal chambers where he lived, and went to bed without a tender or a loving thought of any one. But the good spirit who walks the earth at Christmas time stole to his bedside and carried him away in his dreams to his poor clerk's humble home. And now I am going to tell you what Scrooge saw, or thought he saw, as he stood beside the spirit of Christmas on that cold and foggy Christmas Eve.

Christmas morning in Bob Cratchit's little four-roomed house.

Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out gaily in ribbons that are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, laid the cloth for dinner, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and two smaller Cratchits came tearing in screaming that they had smelt their goose cooking outside the baker's shop.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

But at that moment in came Martha, and before her mother had finished kissing her, the two young Cratchits announced "Father's coming!" and Martha ran to hide.

In came Bob, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas, for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming?" repeated Bob, his high spirits sinking rapidly; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming, upon Christmas Day!"

Martha could not bear to see her father disappointed, even in joke, so she popped out from behind the cupboard door, and while Bob was hugging his daughter, Tiny Tim was borne off by his little brother and sister to listen to the pudding bubbling in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave in church?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold and better," said Bob. "Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was trembling when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back he came to sit upon a little stool before the fire, while Peter and the two youngest Cratchits went off to fetch the goose that was cooking at the baker's shop.

And when at length everything was ready and set out upon the table, Mrs. Cratchit plunged the carving-knife into the gallant bird, and then, oh, what a delicious odor of sage and onions filled the air! A murmur of delight went all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was its equal in tenderness, flavor, size, and cheapness. Eked out by applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for them all; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said, pointing to one small bone upon the dish, they had not eaten it all.

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done; suppose somebody should have stolen it while they were merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits turned pale at the thought.

Hallo! A great smell of washing-day, and then in came Mrs. Cratchit bearing the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, and all ablaze.

It was a wonderful pudding, they all said so, and when it had all been eaten up, to the very last morsel, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Oranges and apples were placed upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth and Bob served out to them some sweet hot stuff that he had mixed in a jug. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, and Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Then Bob proposed another toast: "Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"Mr. Scrooge, indeed," cried Mrs. Cratchit, indignantly, "I wish I had him here, I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon!"

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such a stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge! You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow."

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day!"

And so, because it was Christmas Day, the day of peace and good will to all men, they drank "Long life to Scrooge!"

And Scrooge, who with the Spirit of Christmas was watching them in his dreams, was touched. He pointed to Tiny Tim, with an interest he had never felt before, and asked: "Tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Spirit, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved."

"Oh! no, no," cried Scrooge. "Oh! no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

And when the Spirit reminded him of his own words, spoken that very day, how he had said there were too many poor in the world, adding that should Tiny Tim die, he would make one less, then Scrooge hung his head with shame and was overcome with penitence and grief.

When he raised his eyes, the vision of the happy little family party was fading rapidly away; very soon another vision took its place.

Once more he was in poor Bob Cratchit's house, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

It was quiet, very quiet, the noisy little Cratchits were as still as mice in one corner, and sat looking at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were sewing busily.

"And He took a little child, and set him in the midst of them," Peter read from the book before him.

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," she said. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show red eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she said, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble. Ah! there is your father at the door."

She hurried out to meet him, and Bob in his

comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in.

His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid each child a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob tried to be very cheerful with them all, and looked at the work, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls.

He told them that he had that day been to choose the spot where they should lay Tiny Tim to rest. It was very green, he said.

Then he broke down all at once. He couldn't help it—if he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

"My little, little child!" he cried. "My little child!"

He left the room and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully and hung with holly still.

There was a chair set close beside the child, and Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face.

Then he went downstairs again, happier. He spoke to them all about poor Tiny Tim, and said how they would never forget the first parting among them.

"Never, father," they all cried.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was—although he was a little, little child—we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again, and kissed and hung about him, so that they might comfort him.

And at the tender sight, Scrooge's heart melted, and became as soft as it had been hard before.

Tears gushed from his eyes, for he remembered, alas! too late, that *he* might have helped to save poor Tiny Tim. He thought with anguish of the meager salary he had paid poor Bob, and of all that money might have done to save the little child. Too late! Too late!

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But *was* it too late? Scrooge sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. He had only been dreaming after all. But what a change the dream had wrought in him.

He dressed himself so quickly that he put his clothes on wrong side out, and got entangled in his stockings.

But he didn't mind that, not he. He rushed into his sitting-room, and, flinging open the window, called to a boy in Sunday clothes who was passing:

"What's to-day?" for Scrooge had no idea how long he had been sleeping.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it."

"Hallo! my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the boy.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy. "It's hanging there now."

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

The boy couldn't believe at first that Scrooge really meant it; but when he was promised half a crown if the poulterer was at the door with that turkey in less than five minutes, why then that boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, hugging himself with delight. "It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. He sha'n't know who sends it. What a joke it will be!"

When the turkey came, oh! *what* a bird it was! So large that it surely never *could* have stood upon its legs or they would have been snapped short off like sealing-wax.

"It's impossible to carry that to Camden Town; you must have a cab," said Scrooge.

He chuckled as he said this, and he chuckled as he paid for the turkey and recompensed the boy.

Then he dressed himself again, "all in his best," and as he walked through the streets on his way to church, he looked such a smiling, pleasant fellow, that three or four passers-by wished him "A merry Christmas."

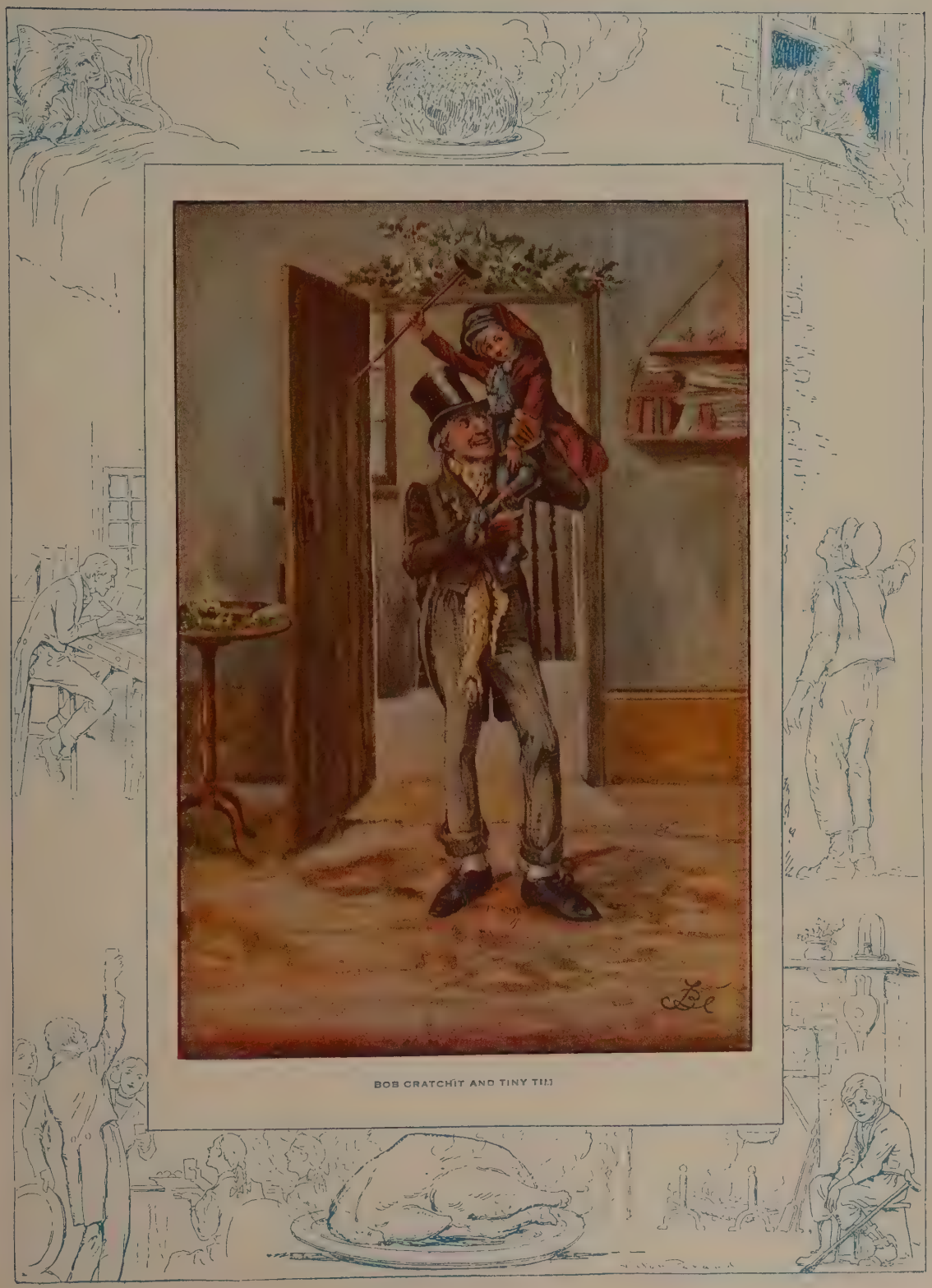
After church he went to visit a relative whom he had snubbed heartily only the day before, for wishing him "A merry Christmas."

"I've come to dinner; will you let me in?" he said.

Let him in! It was a mercy his arm was not shaken off in the welcome he received.

Oh, what a Christmas Day Scrooge spent! But though he went to bed late he was up early the next morning. He had set his heart upon catching Bob Cratchit coming late.

And so he did. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time.



BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob.

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, and therefore—I am about to raise your salary."

Bob thought his master must be out of his senses until Scrooge told him, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, how he not only meant to raise his salary, but to help his struggling family too. Then he bade him make up the fires and go and buy another coal-scuttle before he did a stroke of work.

Scrooge did all he had promised, and infinitely more. As to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, not he, but lived and flourished mightily, Scrooge became a second father to him.

And there wasn't a better friend, a better master, or a better man in the whole city, than he who had once said he hated Christmas; but who, having learnt to love it, kept it as it should be kept, by bringing happiness into the lives of those less rich in worldly goods than he, remembering that in the sight of the dear Lord of Christmas we are all one family, and praying in the words of Tiny Tim,

"God Bless Us, Every One!"

BLACK BEAUTY

BY ANNA SEWALL

MY EARLY HOME

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and came back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are carthorse colts, and, of course, they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market-day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him for we could

THE MASTER CATCHES DICK TEASING THE COLTS

gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there watching what was going on: over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last—there—take your money and go home, I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

MY BREAKING IN

I WAS now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Everyone may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, or speak to other horses, or bite, or kick, or have any will of his own; but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a head-stall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual and after a good deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very

bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length one morning my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that too was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes, called blinkers, and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper—to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came—with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke—a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the further side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master; "but," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Beside, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us, but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

THE FIRE

One evening a traveler's horse was brought in by the second ostler, and while he was cleaning him, a young man with a pipe in his mouth lounged into the stable to gossip.

"I say, Towler," said the ostler, "just run up the ladder into the loft and put some hay down

into this horse's rack, will you? only lay down your pipe."

"All right," said the other, and went up through the trapdoor; and I heard him step across the floor overhead and put down the hay. James came in to look at us the last thing, and then the door was locked.

I cannot say how long I had slept, nor what time in the night it was, but I woke up very uncomfortable, though I hardly knew why. I got up, the air seemed all thick and choking. I heard Ginger coughing, and one of the other horses seemed very restless; it was quite dark, and I could see nothing, but the stable seemed full of smoke and I hardly knew how to breathe.

The trapdoor had been left open, and I thought that was the place it came through. I listened and heard a soft rushing sort of noise, and a low crackling and snapping. I did not know what it was, but there was something in the sound so strange, that it made me tremble all over. The other horses were now all awake; some were pulling at their halters, others were stamping.

At last I heard steps outside, and the ostler who had put up the traveler's horse burst into the stable with a lantern, and began to untie the horses, and try to lead them out; but he seemed in such a hurry, and so frightened himself that he frightened me still more. The first horse would not go with him; he tried the second and third, they too would not stir. He came to me next and tried to drag me out of the stall by force; of course that was no use. He tried us all by turns and then left the stable.

No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all round, and there was nobody we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound overhead grew louder, and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then I heard a cry of "Fire" outside, and the old ostler quietly and quickly came in; he got one horse out, and went to another, but the flames were played round the trapdoor, and the roaring overhead was dreadful.

The next thing I heard was James' voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was.

"Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

"Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, we'll soon be out of this smother." It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted, "Here somebody take this horse while I go back for the other."

A tall, broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards, that whinny was the best thing I could have done for her, for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had courage to come out.

There was much confusion in the yard; the horses being got out of other stables, and the carriages and gigs being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread further. On

JAMES SAVES ME FROM THE BURNING STABLE

the other side the yard, windows were thrown up, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light; presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud clear voice, which I knew was master's:

"James Howard! James Howard! are you there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke leading Ginger with him; she was coughing violently and he was not able to speak.

"My brave lad," said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?"

James shook his head, for he could not yet speak.

"Aye," said the big man who held me; "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."

"And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this place as quickly as we can," and we were moving towards the entry, when from the market-place there came a sound of galloping feet and loud, rumbling wheels.

"'Tis the fire-engine! the fire-engine!" shouted two or three voices, "stand back, make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The firemen leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was torching up in a great blaze from the roof.

We got out as fast as we could into the broad, quiet market-place; the stars were shining, and except the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and as soon as the ostler came, he said, "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you, order whatever you think is needed," and with that he was gone. The master did not run, but I never saw mortal man walk so fast as he did that night.

There was a dreadful sound before we got into our stalls; the shrieks of those poor horses that were left burning to death in the stable—it was very terrible! and made both Ginger and me feel very bad. We, however, were taken in and well done by.

The next morning the master came to see how we were and to speak to James. I did not hear much, for the ostler was rubbing me down, but I could see that James looked very happy, and I thought the master was proud of him. Our mistress had been so much alarmed in the night, that the journey was put off till the afternoon, so James had the morning on hand, and went first to the inn to see about our harness and the carriage, and then to hear more about the fire. When he came back, we heard him tell the ostler about it. At first no one could guess how the fire had been caused, but at last a man said he saw Dick Towler go into the stable with a pipe in his mouth, and when he came out he had not one, and went to the tap for another. Then the under ostler said he had asked Dick to go up the ladder to put down some hay, but told him to lay down his pipe first. Dick denied taking the pipe with him, but no one believed him. I remember our coachman John Manly's rule, never to allow a pipe in the stable, and thought it ought to be the rule everywhere.

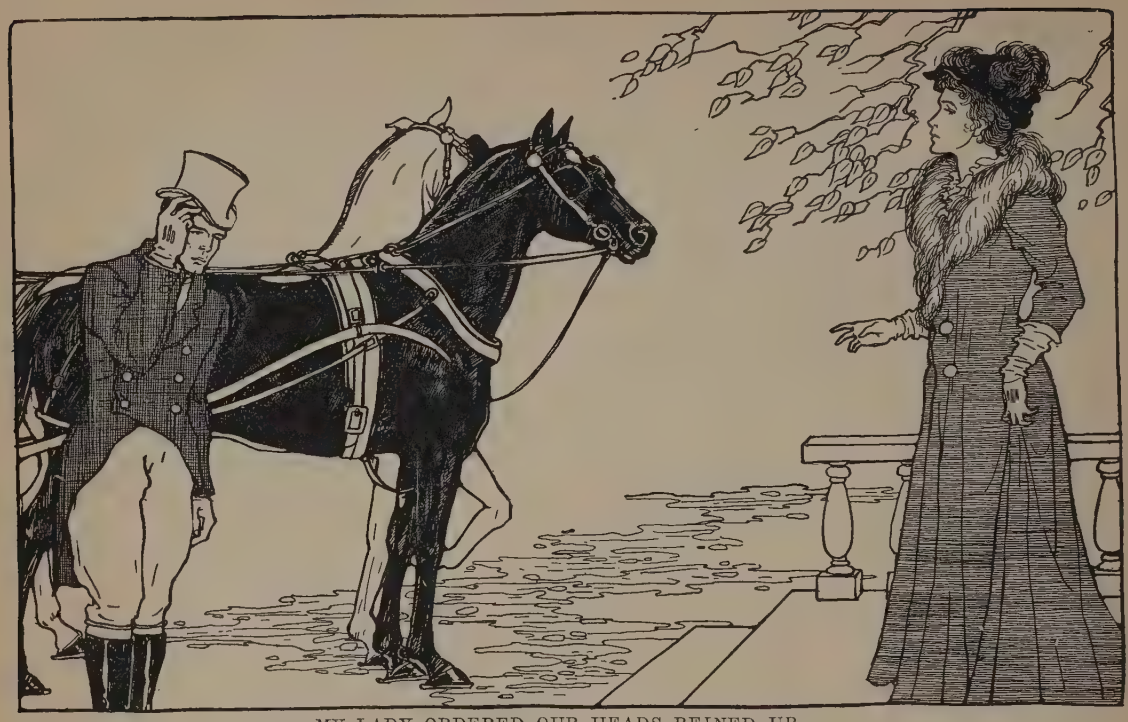
James said the roof and floor had all fallen in, and that only the black walls were standing; the two poor horses that could not be got out were buried under the burnt rafters and tiles.

A STRIKE FOR LIBERTY

One day my lady came down later than usual, and the silk rustled more than ever.

"Drive to the Duchess of B——'s," she said, and then after a pause—"Are you never going to get those horses' heads up, York? Raise them at once, and let us have no more of this humoring."

York, my lady's coachman, came to me first, while the groom stood at Ginger's head. He drew my head back and fixed the rein so tight that it was almost intolerable; then he went to Ginger, who was impatiently jerking her head up and down against the bit, as was her way now. She had a good idea of what was coming, and the moment York took the rein off the terret in order to shorten it, she took her opportunity, and reared up so suddenly, that York had his nose roughly hit, and his hat knocked off; the groom was nearly thrown off his legs. At once they both flew to her head, but she was a match for them, and went on plunging, rearing, and kicking in a most desperate manner; at last she kicked right over the carriage pole and fell down, after giving me a severe blow on my near quarter. There is no knowing what further mischief she might have done, had not York promptly sat himself down flat on her head, to prevent her struggling, at the same time calling out, "Unbuckle the black horse! run for the winch and unscrew the carriage pole; cut the trace here—somebody, if you can't unhitch it." One of the footmen ran for the winch, and another brought a knife from the house. The groom soon set me free from Ginger and the carriage, and led me to my box. He just turned me in as I was, and ran back to York. I was



MY LADY ORDERED OUR HEADS REINED UP

much excited by what had happened, and if I had ever been used to kick or rear, I am sure I should have done it then; but I never had, and there I stood angry, sore in my leg, my head still strained up to the terret on the saddle, and no power to get it down. I was very miserable, and felt much inclined to kick the first person who came near me.

Before long, however, Ginger was led in by two grooms, a good deal knocked about and bruised. York came with her and gave his orders, and then came to look at me. In a moment he let down my head.

"Confound these bearing-reins!" he said to himself; "I thought we should have some mischief soon—master will be sorely vexed; but there—if a woman's husband can't rule her, of course a servant can't; so I wash my hands of it, and if she can't get to the Duchess' garden party, I can't help it."

York did not say this before the men; he always spoke respectfully when they were by. Now, he felt me all over, and soon found the place above my hock where I had been kicked. It was swelled and painful; he ordered it to be sponged with hot water, and then some lotion was put on.

Lord W—— was much put out when he learned what had happened; he blamed York for giving way to his mistress, to which he replied, that in future he would much prefer to receive his orders only from his lordship; but I think nothing came of it, for things went on the same as before. I thought York might have stood up better for his horses, but perhaps I am no judge.

Ginger was never put into the carriage again, but when she was well of her bruises, one of Lord W——'s younger sons said he should like to have her; he was sure she would make a good hunter. As for me, I was obliged still to go in the carriage, and had a fresh partner called Max; he had always been used to the tight rein. I asked him how it was he bore it.

"Well," he said, "I bear it because I must, but it is shortening my life, and it will shorten yours, too, if you have to stick to it."

"Do you think," said I, "that our masters know how bad it is for us?"

"I can't say," he replied, "but the dealers and the horse-doctors know it very well. I was at a dealer's once, who was training me and another horse to go as a pair; he was getting our heads up, as he said, a little higher and a little higher every day. A gentleman who was there asked him why he did so; 'Because,' said he, 'people won't buy them unless we do. The London people always want their horses to carry their heads high, and to step high; of course it is very bad for the horses, but then it is good for trade. The horses

soon wear up, or get diseased, and they come for another pair.' That," said Max, "is what he said in my hearing, and you can judge for yourself."

What I suffered with that rein for four long months in my lady's carriage, it would be hard to describe; but I am quite sure that, had it lasted much longer, either my health or my temper would have given way. Before that, I never knew what it was to foam at the mouth, but now the action of the sharp bit on my tongue and jaw, and the constrained position of my head and throat, always caused me to froth at the mouth more or less. Some people think it very fine to see this, and say, "What fine, spirited creatures!" But it is just as unnatural for horses as for men, to foam at the mouth: it is a sure sign of some discomfort, and should be attended to. Besides this, there was a pressure on my windpipe, which often made my breathing very uncomfortable; when I returned from my work, my neck and chest were strained and painful, my mouth and tongue tender, and I felt worn and depressed.

In my old home I always knew that John and my master were my friends; but here, although in many ways I was well treated, I had no friend. York might have known, and very likely did know, how that rein harassed me; but I suppose he took it as a matter of course that could not be helped; at any rate, nothing was done to relieve me.

A RUNAWAY HORSE

Early in the spring Lord W—— and part of his family went up to London, and took York with them. I and Ginger and some other horses were left at home, with the head groom in charge.

The Lady Harriet, who remained at the Hall, was a great invalid, and never went out in the carriage, and the Lady Anne preferred riding on horseback with her brother or cousins. She was a perfect horsewoman, and as gay and gentle as she was beautiful. She chose me for her horse, and named me "Black Auster." I enjoyed these rides very much in the clear cold air, sometimes with Ginger, sometimes with Lizzie. This Lizzie was a bright bay mare, almost thoroughbred, and a great favorite with the gentlemen, on account of her fine action and lively spirit; but Ginger, who knew more of her than I did, told me she was rather nervous.

There was a gentleman of the name of Blantyre staying at the Hall; he always rode Lizzie, and praised her so much, that one day Lady Anne ordered the side-saddle to be put on her, and the other saddle on me. When we came to the door, the gentleman seemed very uneasy.

"How is this?" he said, "are you tired of your good Black Auster?"

"Oh! no, not at all," she replied, "but I am amiable enough to let you ride him for once, and I will try your charming Lizzie. You must confess that in size and appearance she is far more like a lady's horse than my own favorite."

"Do let me advise you not to mount her!" he said. "She is a charming creature, but she is too nervous for a lady. I assure you she is not perfectly safe; let me beg you to have the saddles changed."

"My dear cousin," said Lady Anne, laughing, "pray do not trouble your good careful head about me; I have been a horsewoman ever since I was a baby, and I have followed the hounds a great many times, though I know you do not approve of ladies hunting; but still that is the fact, and I

LADY ANNE ATTEMPTS TO RIDE LIZZIE

intend to try this Lizzie that you gentlemen are all so fond of; so please help me to mount like a good friend as you are."

There was no more to be said; he placed her carefully on the saddle, looked to the bit and curb, gave the reins gently into her hand, and then mounted me. Just as we were moving off, a footman came out with a slip of paper and message from the Lady Harriet—"Would they ask this question for her at Dr. Ashley's, and bring the answer?"

The village was about a mile off, and the Doctor's house was the last in it. We went along gaily enough till we came to his gate. There was a short drive up to the house between tall evergreens. Blantyre alighted at the gate, and was going to open it for Lady Anne, but she said, "I will wait for you here, and you can hang Auster's rein on the gate."

He looked at her doubtfully—"I will not be five minutes," he said.

"Oh, do not hurry yourself; Lizzie and I shall not run away from you."

He hung my rein on one of the iron spikes, and was soon hidden among the trees. Lizzie was standing quietly by the side of the road a few paces off with her back to me. My young mistress was sitting easily with a loose rein, humming a little song. I listened to my rider's footsteps until they reached the house, and heard him knock at the door. There was a meadow on the opposite side of the road, the gate of which stood open; just then, some cart horses and several young colts came trotting out in a very disorderly manner, whilst a boy behind was cracking a great whip. The colts were wild and frolicksome, and one of them bolted across the road, and blundered up against Lizzie's hind legs; and whether it was the stupid colt, or the loud cracking of the whip, or both together, I cannot say, but she gave a violent kick, and dashed off into a headlong gallop. It was so sudden, that Lady Anne was nearly unseated, but she soon recovered herself. I gave a loud, shrill neigh for help: again and again I neighed, pawing the ground impatiently, and tossing my head to get the rein loose. I had not long to wait. Blantyre came running to the gate; he looked anxiously about, and just caught sight of a flying figure; now far away on the road. In an instant he sprang to the saddle. I needed no whip, or spur, for I was as eager as my rider; he saw it, and giving me a free rein, and leaning a little forward, we dashed after them.

For about a mile and a half the road ran straight, and then bent to the right, after which it divided into two roads. Long before we came to the bend, she was out of sight. Which way had she turned? A woman was standing at her garden-gate, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking eagerly up the road. Scarcely drawing the rein, Blantyre shouted, "Which way?" "To the right," cried the woman, pointing with her hand, and away we went up the right-hand road; then for a moment we caught sight of her; another bend and she was hidden again. Several times we caught glimpses, and then lost them. We scarcely seemed to gain ground upon them at all. An old road-mender was standing near a heap of stones—his shovel dropped, and his hands raised. As we came near he made a sign to speak. Blantyre drew the rein a little. "To the common, to the common, sir; she has turned off there." I knew this common very well; it was for the most part very uneven ground, covered with heather and dark green furzebushes, with here and there a scrubby old thorn-tree; there were also open spaces of fine short grass, with anthills and mole-turns everywhere; the worst place I ever knew for a headlong gallop.

We had hardly turned on the common, when we caught sight again of the green habit flying on before us. My Lady's hat was gone, and her long brown hair was streaming behind her. Her head and body were thrown back, as if she were pulling with all her remaining strength, and as if that strength were nearly exhausted. It was clear that the roughness of the ground had very much lessened Lizzie's speed, and there seemed a chance that we might overtake her.

Whilst we were on the highroad, Blantyre had given me my head; but now with a light hand and a practiced eye, he guided me over the ground in such a masterly manner, that my pace was scarcely slackened, and we were decidedly gaining on them.

About half-way across the heath there had been a wide dike recently cut, and the earth from the cutting was cast up roughly on the other side. Surely this would stop them! but no; with scarcely a pause Lizzie took the leap, stumbled among the rough clods, and fell. Blantyre groaned, "Now Auster, do your best!" He gave me a steady rein, I gathered myself well together, and with one determined leap cleared both dike and bank.

Motionless among the heather, with her face to the earth, lay my poor young mistress. Blantyre kneeled down and called her name—there was no sound; gently he turned her face upward, it was ghastly white, and the eyes were closed. "Annie, dear Annie, do speak!" but there was no answer. He unbuttoned her habit, loosened her collar, felt her hands and wrist, then started up and looked wildly around him for help.

At no great distance there were two men cut-

ting turf, who seeing Lizzie running wild without a rider had left their work to catch her.

Blantyre's halloo soon brought them to the spot. The foremost man seemed much troubled at the sight, and asked what he could do.

"Can you ride?"

"Well, sir, I bean't much of a horseman, but I'd risk my neck for the Lady Anne; she was uncommon good to my wife in the winter."

"Then mount this horse, my friend; your neck will be quite safe, and ride to the Doctor's and ask him to come instantly—then on to the Hall—tell them all that you know, and bid them send me the carriage with Lady Anne's maid and help. I shall stay here."

"All right, sir, I'll do my best, and I pray God the dear young lady may open her eyes soon." Then seeing the other man, he called out, "Here, Joe, run for some water, and tell my missus to come as quick as she can to the Lady Anne."

He then somehow scrambled into the saddle, and with a "Gee up" and a clap on my sides with both his legs, he started on his journey, making a little circuit to avoid the dike. He had no whip, which seemed to trouble him, but my pace soon cured that difficulty, and he found the best thing he could do was to stick to the saddle, and hold me in, which he did manfully. I shook him as little as I could help, but once or twice on the rough ground he called out, "Steady! Woah! Steady." On the high road we were all right; and at the Doctor's, and the Hall, he did his errand like a good man and true. They asked him to take a drop of something. "No!" he said, "I'll be back to 'em again by a short cut through the fields, and be there afore the carriage."

There was a great deal of hurry and excitement after the news became known. I was just turned into my box, the saddle and bridle were taken off, and a cloth thrown over me.

Ginger was saddled and sent off in great haste for Lord George, and I soon heard the carriage roll out of the yard.

It seemed a long time before Ginger came back, and before we were left alone; and then she told me all that she had seen.

"I can't tell much," she said; "we went a gallop nearly all the way, and got there just as the Doctor rode up. There was a woman sitting on the ground with the lady's head in her lap. The Doctor poured something into her mouth, but all that I heard was 'she is not dead.' Then I was led off by a man to a little distance. After a while she was taken to the carriage, and we came home together. I heard my master say to a gentleman who stopped him to inquire, that he hoped no bones were broken, but that she had not spoken."

When Lord George took Ginger for hunting, York shook his head; he said it ought to be a steady hand to train a horse for the first season, and not a random rider like Lord George.

Ginger used to like it very much, but sometimes when she came back, I could see that she had been very much strained, and now and then she gave a short cough. She had too much spirit to complain.

Two days after the accident, Blantyre paid me a visit: he patted and praised me very much, he told Lord George that he was sure the horse knew of Annie's danger as well as he did. "I could not have held him in, if I would," said he; "she ought never to ride any other horse." My young mistress was now out of danger, and would soon be able to ride again! This was good news to me, and I looked forward to a happy life.

"ANNIE, DEAR ANNIE, DO SPEAK"

HANS BRINKER

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

ABRIDGED BY ELVA S. SMITH

WHAT boy or girl would not like to visit Holland, that queer land by the Zuyder Zee, where everything is so different from other parts of the world.

"A land that rides at anchor, and is moored;
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Surely the next best thing is to read Mrs. Dodge's "Hans Brinker." The story is all so real—the life, the people, the places—that we seem to be living in Holland, not just reading about it. We see, perhaps for the first time, all the curious things which Hans and Gretel saw every day—the great dikes, the long-armed, flapping windmills, the water-roads, the double-jointed houses with their funny roofs, the quaint costumes of the people. We skate upon the frozen "Y" and go with Peter and the other boys to Amsterdam and Haarlem and The Hague, meeting with various mishaps on the way, and seeing many strange sights.

But if Holland is a land of oddities, it is also the Land of Pluck. For a thousand years the Dutch have fought the encroaching sea, and they have fought other invaders as well, more cruel than the sea itself. There is no story in history more thrilling than that of the "Sea Beggars" and the beleaguered towns of Haarlem and Leyden. The boys and girls may wear klompen* and celebrate St. Nicholas day; still they are much like boys and girls elsewhere, fond of sports and merry good times, but industrious, self-reliant, and loyal when occasion calls. And it is through many hardships, bravely met, that Hans and Gretel, their patient mother and their injured father, come at last to good fortune and happiness.

Curiously enough, Mrs. Dodge had never seen the Low Countries when she wrote "Hans Brinker." And yet so vividly and truly did she picture Dutch manners and customs, the thrift, and courage, and heroism of the people, that the story not only became a prime favorite among the children for whom it was written, but was translated into other languages, even into Dutch. And once, so it is

* Wooden shoes.

said, when she was in Amsterdam with her son, a zealous bookseller recommended a copy of this edition as "the best and most faithful story of Dutch life that was known in Holland."

HANS and Gretel are peasant children and they live in Broek in a tumbling old cottage near the canal. Their father, Raff Brinker, had for years been employed upon the dikes, but one night, in the midst of a terrible storm, he had fallen from the scaffolding, and been taken home insensible. Ten years had come and gone since the night of the threatened inundation; but, though he lived, he had never regained his mind and memory.

On a bright December morning long ago, two thinly clad children were kneeling upon the bank of a frozen canal in Holland.

The sun had not yet appeared, but the gray sky was parted near the horizon and its edges shone crimson with the coming day. Most of the good Hollanders were enjoying a placid morning nap; even Mynheer von Stoppelnoze, that worthy old Dutchman, was still slumbering "in beautiful repose."

Now and then some peasant-woman, poising a well-filled basket upon her head, came skimming over the glassy surface of the canal; or a lusty boy, skating to his day's work in the town, cast a good-natured grimace toward the shivering pair as he flew along.

Meanwhile, with many a vigorous puff and pull, the brother and sister, for such they were, seemed to be fastening something upon their feet—not skates, certainly, but clumsy pieces of wood narrowed and smoothed at their lower edge, and pierced with holes, through which were threaded strings of raw hide.

These queer-looking affairs had been made by the boy Hans. His mother was a poor peasant-woman, too poor to even think of such a thing as buying skates for her little ones. Rough as these were, they had afforded the children many a happy hour upon the ice; and now, as with cold, red fingers our young Hollanders tugged at the strings, their solemn faces bending closely over their knees, no vision of impossible iron runners came to dull the satisfaction glowing within.

In a moment the boy arose, and with a pompous swing of the arms, and a careless "Come on, Gretel!" glided easily across the canal.

"Ah, Hans!" called his sister plaintively, "this foot is not well yet. The strings hurt me on last market-day; and now I cannot bear them tied in the same place."

"Tie them higher up, then," answered Hans, as, without looking at her, he performed a wonderful cat's-cradle step on the ice.

"How can I? The string is too short."

Giving vent to a good-natured Dutch whistle, the English of which was, that girls were troublesome creatures, he steered toward her.

"You are foolish to wear such shoes, Gretel, when you have a stout leather pair. Your klompen would be better than these."

"Why, Hans! Do you forget? The father threw my beautiful new shoes in the fire. Before I knew what he had done, they were all curled up in the midst of the burning peat. I can skate with these, but not with my wooden ones. Be careful now——"

Hans had taken a string from his pocket. Humming a tune as he knelt beside her, he proceeded to fasten Gretel's skate with all the force of his strong young arm.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, in real pain.

With an impatient jerk, Hans unwound the string. He would have cast it upon the ground in true big-brother style, had he not just then spied a tear trickling down his sister's cheek.

"I'll fix it, never fear," he said with sudden tenderness, "but we must be quick. The mother will need us soon."

Then he glanced inquiringly about him, first at the ground, next at some bare willow branches above his head, and finally at the sky now gorgeous with streaks of blue, crimson, and gold.

Finding nothing in any of these localities to meet his need, his eye suddenly brightened as, with the air of a fellow who knew what he was about, he took off his cap and removing the tattered lining, adjusted it in a smooth pad over the top of Gretel's aching foot.

"Now," he cried triumphantly, at the same time arranging the strings as briskly as his benumbed fingers would allow, "can you bear some pulling?"

Gretel drew up her lips as if to say, "Hurt away," but made no further response.

In another moment they were laughing together, as, hand in hand they flew along the canal, never thinking whether the ice would bear or not; for in Holland ice is generally an all-winter affair. It settles itself upon the water in a determined kind of way and, so far from growing thin and uncertain every time the sun is

a little severe upon it, it gathers its forces day by day, and flashes defiance to every beam.

Presently squeak, squeak! sounded something beneath Hans' feet. Next his strokes grew shorter, ending ofttimes with a jerk, and finally he lay sprawling upon the ice, kicking against the air with many a fantastic flourish.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Gretel, "that was a fine tumble!" But a tender heart was beating under her coarse blue jacket and, even as she laughed, she came, with a graceful sweep, close to her prostrate brother.

"Are you hurt, Hans? oh, you are laughing! catch me now." And she darted away, shivering no longer, but with cheeks all aglow, and eyes sparkling with fun.

Hans sprang to his feet and started in brisk pursuit, but it was no easy thing to catch Gretel. Before she had traveled very far, her skates, too, began to squeak.

Believing that discretion was the better part of valor, she turned suddenly, and skated into her pursuer's arms.

"Ha, ha! I've caught you!" cried Hans.

"Ha! ha! I caught you," she retorted, struggling to free herself.

Just then a clear, quick voice was heard calling "Hans! Gretel!"

"It's the mother," said Hans, looking solemn in an instant.

By this time the canal was gilded with sunlight. The pure morning air was very delightful, and skaters were gradually increasing in numbers. It was hard to obey the summons. But Gretel and Hans were good children. Without a thought of yielding to the temptation to linger, they pulled off their skates, leaving half the knots still tied. Hans, with his great square shoulders, and bushy yellow hair, towered high above his blue-eyed little sister, as they trudged homeward. He was fifteen years old, and Gretel was only twelve. He was a solid, hearty-looking boy, with honest eyes and a brow that seemed to bear a sign, "Goodness within," just as the little Dutch *zomerhuis** wears a motto over its portal. Gretel was lithe and quick; her eyes had a dancing light in them; and, while you looked at her cheek, the color paled and deepened just as it does upon a bed of pink-and-white blossoms when the wind is blowing.

As soon as the children turned from the canal, they could see their parents' cottage. Their mother's tall form, arrayed in jacket and petticoat and close-fitting cap, stood, like a picture, in the crooked frame of the doorway. Had the cottage been a mile away, it would still have seemed near. In that flat country every object stands out plainly in the distance; the chickens show as distinctly as the windmills. Indeed, were it not for the dikes and the high banks of the canals, one could stand almost anywhere in middle Holland without seeing a mound or a ridge between the eye and the "jumping-off place."

* Summer-house.

HANS AND GRETEL FIND A FRIEND

While Hans and Gretel are helping their mother on this cold December morning, a merry troop of girls and boys come skimming down the canal on their way to school and among them is the rich burgomaster's daughter, Hilda van Gleck. All are full of happy excitement; for the twentieth is Mevrouw van Gleck's birthday, and there is to be a grand skating-match with splendid prizes for those who win the races.

At noon our young friends poured forth from the school-house, intent upon having an hour's practising upon the canal.

They had skated but a few moments when Carl Schummel said mockingly to Hilda:

"There's a pretty pair just coming up on the ice! The little rag-pickers! Their skates must have been a present from the king direct."

"They are patient creatures," said Hilda, gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon such queer affairs. They are very poor peasants, you see. The boy has probably made the skates himself."

Carl was somewhat abashed.

"Patient they may be; but, as for skating, they start off pretty well, only to finish with a jerk. They could move well to your new *staccato* piece, I think."

Hilda laughed pleasantly, and left him. After joining a small detachment of the racers, and sailing past every one of them, she halted beside Gretel, who, with eager eyes, had been watching the sport.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Gretel, my lady," answered the child, somewhat awed by Hilda's rank, though they were nearly of the same age; "and my brother is called Hans."

"Hans is a stout fellow," said Hilda, cheerily, "and seems to have a warm stove somewhere within him; but you look cold. You should wear more clothing, little one."

Gretel, who had nothing else to wear, tried to laugh, as she answered:

"I am not so very little. I am past twelve years old."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You see, I am nearly fourteen, and so large of my age that other girls seem small to me; but that is nothing. Perhaps you will shoot up far above me yet; not unless you dress more warmly, though: shivering girls never grow."

Hans flushed as he saw tears rising in Gretel's eyes.

"My sister has not complained of the cold; but this is bitter weather, they say;" and he looked sadly upon Gretel.

"It is nothing," said Gretel. "I am often warm, too warm, when I am skating. You are good, jufvrouw,* to think of it."

"No, no!" answered Hilda, quite angry at herself. "I am careless, cruel; but I meant no harm. I wanted to ask you—I mean—if—" And here Hilda, coming to the point of her errand, faltered before the poorly clad but noble-looking children she wished to serve.

"What is it, young lady?" exclaimed Hans, eagerly. "If there is any service I can do; any——"

"Oh! no, no!" laughed Hilda, shaking off her embarrassment, "I only wished to speak to you about the grand race. Why do you not join it? You both can skate well; and the ranks are free. Anyone may enter for the prize."

Gretel looked wistfully at Hans, who, tugging at his cap, answered respectfully:

"Ah, jufvrouw, even if we could enter, we could skate only a few strokes with the rest. Our skates are hard wood, you see" (holding up the sole of his foot); "but they soon become damp, and then they stick, and trip us."

Gretel's eyes twinkled with fun as she thought of Hans' mishap in the morning; but she blushed as she faltered out timidly:

"Oh, no! we can't join; but may we be there, my lady, on the great day, to look on?"

"Certainly," answered Hilda, looking kindly into the two earnest faces, and wishing from her heart that she had not spent so much of her monthly allowance for lace and finery. She had but eight kwartjes † left, and they would buy but one pair of skates, at the farthest.

Looking down with a sigh at the two pairs of feet so very different in size, she asked:

"Which of you is the better skater?"

"Gretel," replied Hans, promptly.

"Hans," answered Gretel, in the same breath.

Hilda smiled.

"I cannot buy you each a pair of skates, or even one good pair; but here are eight kwartjes. Decide between you which stands the best chance of winning the race, and buy the skates accordingly. I wish I had enough to buy better ones. Good-by!" and, with a nod and a smile, Hilda, after handing the money to the electrified Hans, glided swiftly away to rejoin her companions.

"Jufvrouw! Jufvrouw van Gleck!" called Hans, in a loud tone, stumbling after her as well as he could; for one of his skate-strings was untied.

Hilda turned, and with one hand raised to shield her eyes from the sun, seemed to him to be floating through the air, nearer and nearer.

"We cannot take this money," panted Hans, "though we know your goodness in giving it."

"Why not, indeed?" asked Hilda, flushing.

"Because," replied Hans, bowing like a clown, but looking with the eye of a prince at the queenly girl, "we have not earned it."

Hilda was quick-witted. She had noticed a pretty wooden chain upon Gretel's neck.

"Carve me a chain, Hans, like the one your sister wears."

"That I will, lady, with all my heart; we have white-wood in the house, fine as ivory; you shall have one to-morrow," and Hans hastily tried to return the money.

"No, no!" said Hilda decidedly. "That sum will be but a poor price for the chain;" and off she darted, outstripping the fleetest among the skaters.

Hans sent a long, bewildered gaze after her; it was useless, he felt, to make any further resistance.

"It is right," he muttered, half to himself, half to his faithful shadow, Gretel. "I must work hard every minute, and sit up half the night, if the mother will let me burn a candle; but the chain shall be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

"What a good little lady!" cried Gretel, clapping her hands with delight. "Oh! Hans, was it for nothing the stork settled on our roof last Summer? Do you remember how the mother said it would bring us luck, and how she cried when Janzoon Kolp shot him? And she said it would bring him trouble. But the luck has come to us at last! Now, Hans, if mother sends us to town to-morrow you can buy the skates in the market-place."

* Miss—young lady (pronounced yuffrow). In studied or polite address, it would be jongvrowe (pronounced young-frow).

† A kwartje is a small silver coin worth one quarter of a guilder, or 10 cents in American currency.

Hans shook his head. "The young lady would have given us the money to buy skates; but if I earn it, Gretel, it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"Oh!" cried Gretel, in real dismay. "Not buy the skates! Why I am not often cold. Mother says the blood runs up and down in poor children's veins, humming, 'I must keep 'em warm; I must keep 'em warm!"

"O Hans!" she continued, with something like a sob, "don't say you won't buy the skates; it makes me feel just like crying. Because, I want to be cold—I mean I'm real, awful warm—so, now!"

Hans looked up hurriedly. He had a true Dutch horror of tears, or emotion of any kind; and, most of all, he dreaded to see his sister's blue eyes overflowing.

"Now mind," cried Gretel, seeing her advantage, "I'll feel awful if you give up the skates. I don't want them. I'm not such a stingy as that; but I want you to have them, and then, when I get bigger, they'll do for me. Oh-h! count the pieces, Hans. Did ever you see so many!"

Hans turned the money thoughtfully in his palm. Never in all his life had he longed so intensely for a pair of skates; for he had known of the race and had, boy-like, fairly ached for a chance to test his powers with the other children. He felt confident that, with a good pair of steel runners, he could readily distance most of the boys on the canal. Then, too, Gretel's argument was so plausible. On the other hand, he knew that she, with her strong but lithe little frame, needed but a week's practice on good runners to make her a better skater than Rychie Korbes or even Katrinka Flack. As soon as this last thought flashed upon him, his resolve was made. If Gretel would not have the jacket, she should have the skates.

"No, Gretel," he answered at last, "I can wait. Some day I may have money enough saved to buy a fine pair. You shall have these."

Gretel's eyes sparkled; but, in another instant, she insisted, rather faintly,—

"The young lady gave the money to you, Hans. I'd be real bad to take it."

Hans shook his head, resolutely, as he trudged on, causing his sister to half skip and half walk in her effort to keep beside him. By this time they had taken off their wooden "rockers," and were hastening home to tell their mother the good news.

"Oh! I know!" cried Gretel, in a sprightly tone. "You can do this. You can get a pair a little too small for you, and too big for me, and we can take turns and use them. Won't that be fine?" and Gretel clapped her hands again.

Poor Hans! This was a strong temptation; but, he pushed it away from him, brave-hearted fellow that he was.

"Nonsense, Gretel! You could never get on with a big pair. You stumbled about with these, like a blind chicken, before I curved off the ends. No, you must have a pair to fit exactly, and you must practise every chance you can get, until the twentieth comes. My little Gretel shall win the silver skates."

Gretel could not help laughing with delight at the very idea.

"Hans! Gretel!" called out a familiar voice.

"Coming, Mother!" and they hastened toward the cottage, Hans still shaking the pieces of silver in his hand.

On the following day, there was not a prouder nor a happier boy in all Holland than Hans Brinker, as he watched his sister, with many a dexterous sweep, flying in and out among the skaters who at sundown thronged the canal. A warm jacket had been given her by the kind-hearted Hilda, and the burst-out shoes had been cobbled into decency by Dame Brinker. As the little creature darted backward and forward, flushed with enjoyment, and quite unconscious of the many wondering glances bent upon her, she felt that the shining runners beneath her feet had suddenly turned earth into fairyland, while "Hans, dear, good Hans!" echoed itself over and over again in her grateful heart.

"By den donder!" exclaimed Peter van Holp to Carl Schummel, "but that little one in the red jacket and patched petticoat skates well. Gunst! she has toes on her heels, and eyes in the back of her head! See her! It will be a joke if she gets in the race and beats Katrinka Flack, after all."

"Hush! not so loud!" returned Carl, rather sneeringly. "That little lady in rags is the special pet of Hilda van Gleck. Those shining skates are her gift, if I make no mistake."

"So! so!" exclaimed Peter, with a radiant smile, for Hilda was his best friend. "She has been at her good work there, too!" And Mynheer van Holp, after cutting a double 8 on the ice, to say nothing of a huge P, then a jump, and an H, glided onward until he found himself beside Hilda.

Hand in hand, they skated together, laughingly at first, then staidly talking in a low tone.

Strange to say, Peter van Holp soon arrived at a sudden conviction that his little sister needed a wooden chain just like Hilda's.

Two days afterward, on St. Nicholas' Eve, Hans, having burned three candle-ends, and cut his thumb into the bargain, stood in the market-place at Amsterdam, buying another pair of skates.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT NICHOLAS

In Holland, Saint Nicholas visits earth on the fifth, a time especially appropriate to him. Early on the morning of the sixth (which is St. Nicholas Day) he distributes his candies, toys, and treasures, then vanishes for a year.

Christmas day is devoted by the Hollanders to church-rites and pleasant family visiting. It is on Saint Nicholas Eve that their young people become half wild with joy and expectation. To some of them it is a sorry time, for the saint is very candid, and, if any of them have been bad during the past year, he is quite sure to tell them so. Sometimes he carries a birch-rod under his arm and advises the parents to give them scoldings in place of confections, and floggings instead of toys.

Hilda van Gleck's little brothers and sisters were in a high state of excitement that night. They had been admitted into the grand parlor; they were dressed in their best, and had been given two cakes apiece at supper. Hilda was as joyous as any. Why not? Saint Nicholas would never cross a girl of fourteen from his list, just because she was tall and looked almost like a woman. On the contrary, he would probably exert himself to do honor to such an august-looking damsel. Who could tell? So she sported and laughed and danced as gayly as the youngest, and was the soul of all their merry games. Father, mother and grandmother looked on approvingly; so did grandfather, before he spread his large red handkerchief over his face, leaving only the top of his skull-cap visible. This kerchief was his ensign of sleep.

Earlier in the evening all had joined in the fun. In the general hilarity, there had seemed to be a difference only in bulk between grandfather and the baby. Indeed, a shade of solemn expectation, now and then flitting across the faces of the younger members, had made them seem rather more thoughtful than their elders.

Now the spirit of fun reigned supreme. The very flames danced and capered in the polished grate. A pair of prim candles, that had been staring at the astral lamp, began to wink at other candles far away in the mirrors. There was a long bell-rope suspended from the ceiling in the corner, made of glass beads, netted over a cord nearly as thick as your wrist. It generally hung in the shadow and made no sign; but to-night it twinkled from end to end. Its handle of crimson glass sent reckless dashes of red at the papered wall, turning its dainty blue stripes into purple. Passers-by halted to catch the merry laughter floating, through curtain and sash, into the street, then skipped on their way with a startled consciousness that the village was wide awake. At last matters grew so uproarious that the grandsire's red kerchief came down from his face with a jerk. What decent old gentleman could sleep in such a racket! Mynheer van Gleck regarded his children with astonishment. The baby even showed symptoms of hysterics. It was high time to attend to business. Madame suggested that, if they wished to see the good Saint Nicholas, they should sing the same loving invitation that had brought him the year before.

The baby stared and thrust his fist into his mouth, as Mynheer put him down upon the floor. Soon he sat erect, and looked with a sweet scowl at the company. With his lace and embroideries, and his crown of blue ribbon and whalebone (for he was not quite past the tumbling age), he looked like the king of the babies.

The other children, each holding a pretty willow basket, formed at once in a ring, and moved slowly around the little fellow, lifting their eyes, meanwhile, for the saint to whom they were about to address themselves was yet in mysterious quarters.

Madame commenced playing softly upon the piano; soon the voices rose—gentle youthful voices—rendered all the sweeter for their tremor:

"Welcome, friend! Saint Nicholas, welcome!
Bring no rod for us, to-night!
While our voices bid thee welcome,
Every heart with joy is light!

Tell us every fault and failing,
We will bear thy keenest railing,
So we sing—so we sing—
Thou shalt tell us everything!

Welcome, friend! Saint Nicholas, welcome!
Welcome to this merry band!
Happy children greet thee, welcome!
Thou art glad'ning all the land!

Fill each empty hand and basket,
'Tis thy little ones who ask it,
So we sing—so we sing—
Thou wilt bring us everything!"

During the chorus, sundry glances, half in eagerness, half in dread, had been cast toward the polished folding-doors. Now a loud knocking was heard. The circle was broken in an instant. Some of the little ones, with a strange mixture of fear and delight, pressed against their mother's knee. Grandfather bent forward, with his chin resting upon his hand; grandmother lifted her spectacles; Mynheer van Gleck, seated by the fireplace, slowly drew his meerschaum from his mouth, while Hilda and the other children settled themselves beside him in an expectant group.

The knocking was heard again.

"Come in," said madame, softly.

The door slowly opened, and Saint Nicholas, in full array, stood before them. You could have heard a pin drop! Soon he spoke. What a mysterious majesty in his voice! What kindliness in his tones!

"Karel van Gleck, I am pleased to greet thee, and thy honored vrouw Kathrine, and thy son and his good vrouw Annie!

"Children, I greet ye all! Hendrick, Hilda, Broom, Katy, Huygens, and Lucretia! And thy cousins—Wolfert, Diedrich, Mayken, Voost, and Katrina! Good children ye have been, in the main, since I last accosted ye. Diedrich was rude at the Haarlem fair last Fall; but he has tried to atone for it since. Mayken has failed, of late, in her lessons, and too many sweets and trifles have gone to her lips, and too few stivers to her charity-box. Diedrich, I trust, will be a polite, manly boy for the future, and Mayken will endeavor to shine as a student. Let her remember, too, that economy and thrift are needed in the foundation of a worthy and generous life. Little Katy has been cruel to the cat more than once. Saint Nicholas can hear the cat cry when its tail is pulled. I will forgive her, if she will remember from this hour that the smallest dumb creatures have feelings and must not be abused."

As Katy burst into a frightened cry, the saint graciously remained silent until she was soothed.

"Master Broom," he resumed, "I warn thee that boys who are in the habit of putting snuff upon the foot-stove of the school-mistress may one day be discovered and receive a flogging——"

Master Broom colored and stared in great astonishment.

"But, thou art such an excellent scholar, I shall make thee no further reproof.

"Thou, Hendrick, didst distinguish thyself in the archery match last spring, and hit the doel,* though the bird was swung before it to unsteady thine eye. I give thee credit for excelling in manly sport and exercise; though I must not unduly countenance thy boat-racing, since it leaves thee too little time for thy proper studies.

"Lucretia and Hilda shall have a blessed sleep to-night. The consciousness of kindness to the poor, devotion in their souls, and cheerful, hearty obedience to household rule, will render them happy.

"With one and all I avow myself well content. Goodness, industry, benevolence and thrift have prevailed in your midst. Therefore, my blessing upon you; and may the New Year find all treading the paths of obedience, wisdom and love! To-morrow you shall find more substantial proofs that I have been in your midst. Farewell!"

With these words came a great shower of sugar-plums upon a linen sheet spread out in front of the doors. A general scramble followed. The children fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness to fill their baskets. Madame cautiously held the baby down in their midst, till the chubby little fists were filled. Then the bravest of the youngsters sprang up and burst open the closed doors. In vain they peered into the mysterious apartment—Saint Nicholas was nowhere to be seen.

Soon there was a general rush to another room, where stood a table, covered with the finest and whitest of linen damask. Each child, in a flutter of excitement, laid a shoe upon it. The door was then carefully locked, and its key hidden in the mother's bedroom. Next followed good-night kisses, a grand family procession to the upper floor, merry farewells at bedroom doors, and silence, at last, reigned in the Van Gleck mansion.

Early the next morning, the door was solemnly unlocked and opened in the presence of the assembled household, when, lo! a sight appeared, proving Saint Nicholas to be a saint of his word!

Every shoe was filled to overflowing; and beside each stood a many-colored pile. The table was heavy with its load of presents—candies, toys, trinkets, books and other articles. Everyone had gifts, from grandfather down to the baby.

Little Katy clapped her hands with glee, and vowed inwardly that the cat should never know another moment's grief.

Hendrick capered about the room, flourishing a superb bow and arrows over his head. Hilda laughed with delight as she opened a crimson box and drew forth its glittering contents. The rest chuckled and said, "Oh!" and "Ah!" over

* Bull's-eye.

their treasures, very much as we did here in America on last Christmas day.

With her glittering necklace in her hands, and a pile of books in her arms, Hilda stole toward her parents and held up her beaming face for a kiss. There was such an earnest, tender look in her bright eyes that her mother breathed a blessing as she leaned over her.

"I am delighted with this book; thank you, father," she said, touching the top one with her chin. "I shall read it all day long."

"Aye, sweetheart," said Mynheer, "you cannot do better. There is no one like Father Cats. If my daughter learns his 'Moral Emblems' by heart, the mother and I may keep silent. The work you have there, the 'Emblems', is his best work. You will find it enriched with rare engravings from Van de Venne."

HANS FINDS A LONG-LOST TREASURE

The good saint did not visit the Brinker cottage on Saint Nicholas eve. That one home, dark and sorrowful because of the illness of the father, was passed by. Nevertheless, a few days later, there is great rejoicing; for the famous surgeon, Dr. Boekman, has come to the humble home, a wonderful cure has been performed, and Raff Brinker once more knows his wife and children.

But still the thousand guilders which have been missing so many years cannot be found, though the father now remembers how he hid the money close by the willow sapling. Hans has parted with his beautiful new skates, and has been in search of work. Coming home he sees Gretel and the pretty peasant girl, Annie Bouman, near the doorway of the cottage.

The two girls were slowly pacing up and down in front of the cottage. Their arms were entwined, of course; and their heads were nodding and shaking as emphatically as if all the affairs of the kingdom were under discussion.

With a joyous shout, Hans hastened toward them.

"Huzza, girls, I've found work!"

This brought his mother to the cottage-door.

She, too, had pleasant tidings. The father was still improving. He had been sitting up nearly all day, and was now sleeping, as Dame Brinker declared, "just as quiet as a lamb."

"It is my turn now, Hans," said Annie, drawing him aside, after he had told his mother the good word from Mynheer van Holp. "Your skates are sold, and here's the money."

"Seven guilders!" cried Hans, counting the pieces in astonishment, "why that is three times as much as I paid for them."

"I cannot help that," said Annie. "If the buyer knew no better, it is not our fault."

Hans looked up quickly.

"Oh, Annie!"

"Oh, Hans!" she mimicked, pursing her lips, and trying to look desperately wicked and unprincipled.

"Now, Annie, I know you would never mean that! You must return some of this money."

"But I'll not do any such thing," insisted Annie, "they're sold, and that's an end of it." Then, seeing that he looked really pained, she added in a lower tone:

"Will you believe me, Hans, when I say that there has been no mistake, that the person who bought your skates insisted upon paying seven guilders for them?"

"I will," he answered; and the light from his clear blue eyes seemed to settle and sparkle under Annie's lashes.

Dame Brinker was delighted at the sight of so much silver; but when she learned that Hans had parted with his treasures to obtain it, she sighed, as she exclaimed:

"Bless thee, child! That will be a sore loss for thee!"

"Here, mother," said the boy, plunging his hands far into his pocket, "here is more—we shall be rich if we keep on."

"Ay, indeed," she answered, eagerly reaching forth her hand; then, lowering her voice, added, "we would be rich, but for that Jan Kamphuisen. He was at the willow-tree years ago, Hans, depend upon it!"

"Indeed, it seems likely," sighed Hans. "Well, mother, we must give up the money bravely. It is certainly gone; the father has told us all he knows. Let us think no more about it."

"That's easy saying, Hans. I shall try, but it's hard; and my poor man wanting so many comforts. Bless me! How girls fly about. They were here but this instant. Where did they run to?"

"They slipped behind the cottage," said Hans, "like enough to hide from us. Hist! I'll catch them for you! They both can move quicker and softer than yonder rabbit, but I'll give them a good start first."

"Why, there is a rabbit, sure enough. Hold, Hans, the poor thing must have been in sore need to venture from its burrow this bitter weather. I'll get a few crumbs for it within."

So saying, the good woman bustled into the cottage. She soon came out again, but Hans had forgotten to wait, and the rabbit, after taking a cool survey of the premises, had scampered off

to unknown quarters. Turning the corner of the cottage, Dame Brinker came upon the children. Hans and Gretel were standing before Annie, who was seated carelessly upon a stump.

"That is as good as a picture!" cried Dame Brinker, halting in admiration of the group. "Many a painting have I seen at the grand house at Heidelberg not a whit prettier. My two are rough chubs, Annie, but you look like a fairy."

"Do I?" laughed Annie, sparkling with animation. "Well then, Gretel and Hans, imagine I'm your godmother, just paying you a visit. Now, I'll grant you each a wish. What will you have, Master Hans?"

A shade of earnestness passed over Annie's face as she looked up at him, perhaps it was because she wished from the depths of her heart that for once she could have a fairy's power.

Something whispered to Hans that, for the moment, she was more than mortal.

"I wish," said he, solemnly, "I could find something I was searching for last night."

Gretel laughed merrily. Dame Brinker moaned, "Shame on you, Hans!" and passed wearily into the cottage.

The fairy godmother sprang up and stamped her foot three times.

"Thou shalt have thy wish," said she, "let them say what they will." Then, with playful solemnity, she put her hand into her apron pocket and drew forth a large glass bead. "Bury this," said she, giving it to Hans, "where I have stamped, and ere moonrise thy wish shall be granted."

Gretel laughed more merrily than ever.

The godmother pretended great displeasure.

"Naughty child!" said she, scowling terribly. "In punishment for laughing at a fairy, thy wish shall not be granted."

"Ha!" cried Gretel in high glee, "better wait till you're asked, Godmother. I haven't made any wish!"

Annie acted her part well. Never smiling through all their merry laughter, she stalked away, the embodiment of offended dignity.

"Good night, fairy!" they cried again and again.

"Good night, mortals!" she called out at last as she sprang over a frozen ditch, and ran quickly homeward.

"Oh! isn't she—just like flowers, so sweet and lovely!" cried Gretel, looking after her in great admiration. "And to think how many days she stays in that dark room with her grandmother. Why, brother Hans! What is the matter? What are you going to do?"

"Wait and see!" answered Hans as he plunged into the cottage and came out again, all in an instant, bearing the spade and ysbreeker in his hands. "I'm going to bury my magic bead!"

Raff Brinker still slept soundly. His wife took a small block of peat from her nearly exhausted store and put it upon the embers. Then, opening the door, she called gently,—

"Come in, children!"

"Mother! Mother! See here!" shouted Hans.

"Holy St. Bavon!" exclaimed the dame, springing over the doorstep. "What ails the boy!"

"Come quick, Mother," he cried, in great excitement, working with all his might, and driving in the ysbreeker at each word.

"Don't you see? This is the spot—right here on the south side of the stump. Why didn't we think of it last night? The stump is the old willow-tree—the one you cut down last Spring, because it shaded the potatoes. That little tree wasn't here when father—Huzza!"

Dame Brinker could not speak. She dropped on her knees beside Hans just in time to see him drag forth—the old stone pot!

He thrust in his hand and took out—a piece of brick, then another, then another, then the stocking and the pouch, black and moldy, but filled with the long-lost treasure!

Such a time! Such laughing! Such crying! Such counting, after they went into the cottage! It was a wonder that Raff did not waken. His dreams were pleasant, however; for he smiled in his sleep.

Dame Brinker and her children had a fine supper, I can assure you. No need of saving the delicacies now.

"We'll get father some nice, fresh things, tomorrow," said the dame, as she brought forth cold meat, wine, bread and jelly, and placed them on the clean pine table. "Sit by, children, sit by."

THE RACE

The day of the skating match has come at last and the frozen "Y" is bordered with gay pavilions and crowds of eager spectators.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter, by this time, are standing in front, braced for the start; for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie and Katrinka are among them. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate straps. It is pretty to see them stamp, to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and

the skirt, and the new cap! Annie Bouman is there too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted; but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors, because he killed the stork, and only last Summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest—a legal offense in Holland.

This Janzoon Kolp, you see, was—There, I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys are to race in turn, until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns, skate to the flagstaff line, turn, and then come back to the starting point; thus making a mile at each run."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark!

They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see! Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is going now. She passes them all, all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"GRETEL BRINKER, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting—some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain—the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast!

The boys have started.

Half way already! Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter, there were hundreds of legs I am sure! Where are they now? There is such a noise one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant; no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone; the other boys are nearly at the boundary-line. Yes, he knows it. He stops! He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flagstaffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys—it is all we know. He has touched the vox humana stop of the crowd, it fairly roars. Now they come nearer—we can see the red cap. There's Ben—there's Peter—there's Hans!

Hans is ahead! Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand; she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears, Peter must beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands: four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes; but so was young Schummel

just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel, one mile!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look; before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another; it is hard to say as they come speeding back from the flagstaff which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost,—eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering; but, when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance; she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying; like an arrow still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent; but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad, rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves, all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind—dark chaff I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast,—Hans, Peter and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff! Fly, Hans, fly, Peter; don't let Carl beat again,—Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging, but you are strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans; which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself; none shall know how interested she is, none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda, hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object, near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen, he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is, they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility, some wear a smile half-bashful, half-provoked; but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the Silver Skates.

Each girl feels sure that, this time, she will accomplish the distance in one-half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrina, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel—Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race, now she is in earnest, or, rather, something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop—not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice: he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell: it is already ringing through the crowd,—*Gretel has won the Silver Skates!*

Like a bird, she has flown over the ice; like a bird, she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her: the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters!

THE WINNER OF THE SILVER SKATES

With natural pride, Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low and working hastily at his skate strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, Mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap, to make a new hole, and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker," cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend: the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans in a husky voice, "you have called me your friend. Take this strap —quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time—indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you must take it,"—and Hans blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert, from the line, "we are waiting for you."

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, Mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the white handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"Mine Gott," cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, these Amsterdam youngsters. See them!"

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know; they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway. The pursuit grows furious. Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp. Fly, Peter, Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! the crowd has not gone deranged: it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you! Touch the white column! It beckons; it is reeling before you—it—

Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the Silver Skates!

"Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. Huzza! Huzza!

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches: whichever way Peter, the head, went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the center arch, then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly and bending low, with quick, snake-like curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the farthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, in and out, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form, until, at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the center, in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the meester, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands—"Oh! oh! how splendid!" she cries; and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

Mevrouw van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets,—one for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel.

At sight of the flowers, the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude she gathers skates and bouquets in her apron, hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.

Great is the joy in the cottage on the evening of the merry twentieth of December. Not only because Gretel has won the beautiful silver skates but because at last the mystery of the silver watch, which for ten long years has been jealously guarded by Raff's faithful *vrouw,* is solved. Great is the happiness which comes to the gruff but kind-hearted doctor; and not long after Hans' dearest wish comes true.

BEFORE THE FISHING FLEET LEAVES

FROM A PAINTING BY EVERETT DEWART

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK*

BY JEROME K. JEROME

THERE was this that was peculiar about the stranger's back: that instead of being flat it presented a decided curve. "It ain't a 'ump, and it don't look like kervitcher of the spine," observed the voluble young lady to herself. "Blimy if I don't believe 'e's taking 'ome 'is washing up his back."

The constable at the corner, trying to seem busy doing nothing, noticed the stranger's approach with gathering interest. "That's an odd sort of a walk of yours, young man," thought the constable. "You take care you don't fall down and tumble over yourself."

"Thought he was a young man," murmured the constable, the stranger having passed him. "He had a young face right enough."

The daylight was fading. The stranger, finding it impossible to read the name of the street upon the corner house, turned back

"Why, 'tis a young man," the constable told himself; "a mere boy."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "but would you mind telling me my way to Bloomsbury Square."

"This is Bloomsbury Square," explained the constable; "leastways round the corner is. What number might you be wanting?"

The stranger took from the ticket pocket of his tightly buttoned overcoat a piece of paper, unfolded it and read it out: "Mrs. Pennycherry. Number Forty-eight."

"Round to the left," the constable instructed him; "fourth house. Been recommended there?"

"By—by a friend," replied the stranger. "Thank you very much."

"Ah," muttered the constable to himself; "guess you won't be calling him that by the end of the week, young——"

"Funny," added the constable, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger. "Seen plenty of the other sex as looked young behind and old in front. This cove looks young in front and old behind. Guess he'll look old all round if he stops long at Mother Pennycherry's: stingy old cat."

Meanwhile the stranger, proceeding upon his way, had rung the bell of Number Forty-eight. Mrs. Pennycherry, peeping from the area and catching a glimpse, above the railings, of a handsome masculine face, hastened to readjust her widow's cap before the looking-glass while directing Mary Jane to show the stranger, should he prove a problematical boarder, into the dining-room, and to light the gas.

"And don't stop gossiping, and don't you take it upon yourself to answer questions. Say I'll be up in a minute," were Mrs. Pennycherry's further instructions, "and mind you hide your hands as much as you can."

. . . . . .

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry, a couple of minutes later, of the dingy Mary Jane.

"Wasn't grinning," explained the meek Mary Jane, "was only smiling to myself."

"What at?"

"Dunno," admitted Mary Jane. But still she went on smiling.

"What's he like, then?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry.

"'E ain't the usual sort," was Mary Jane's opinion.

"Thank God for that," ejaculated Mrs. Pennycherry, piously.

"Says 'e's been recommended by a friend."

"By whom?"

"By a friend. 'E didn't say no name."

Mrs. Pennycherry pondered. "He's not the funny sort, is he?"

Not that sort at all. Mary Jane was sure of it.

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Mrs. Pennycherry ascended the stairs still pondering. As she entered the room the stranger rose and bowed. Nothing could have been simpler than the stranger's bow, yet there came with it to Mrs. Pennycherry a rush of old sensations long forgotten. For one brief moment Mrs. Pennycherry saw herself an amiable, well-bred lady, widow of a solicitor: a visitor had called to see her. It was but a momentary fancy. The next instant reality reasserted itself. Mrs. Pennycherry, a lodging-house keeper, prepared for contest with a possible new boarder, who fortunately looked an inexperienced young gentleman.

"Someone has recommended me to you," began Mrs. Pennycherry; "may I ask who?"

But the stranger waved the question aside as immaterial. "You might not remember—him," he smiled. "He thought that I should do well to pass the few months I am given—that I have to be in London, here. You can take me in?"

Mrs. Pennycherry thought that she would be able to take the stranger in.

"A room to sleep in," explained the stranger, "any room will do—with food and drink sufficient for a man, is all that I require."

"For breakfast," began Mrs. Pennycherry, "I always give——"

"What is right and proper, I am convinced," interrupted the stranger. "Pray do not trouble to go into detail, Mrs. Pennycherry. With whatever it is I shall be content."

Mrs. Pennycherry, puzzled, shot a quick glance at the stranger, but his face, though the gentle eyes were smiling, was frank and serious.

"At all events you will see the room," suggested Mrs. Pennycherry, "before we discuss terms."

"Certainly," agreed the stranger. "I am a little tired, and shall be glad to rest there."

Mrs. Pennycherry led the way upward; on the landing of the third floor, paused a moment undecided, then opened the door of the back-bedroom.

"It is very comfortable," commented the stranger.

"For this room," stated Mrs. Pennycherry, "together with full board, consisting of——"

"Of everything needful. It goes without saying," again interrupted the stranger with his quiet, grave smile.

"I have generally asked," continued Mrs. Pennycherry, "four pounds a week. To you—" Mrs. Pennycherry's voice, unknown to her, took to itself a note of aggressive generosity—"seeing you have been recommended here, say three pound ten."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "that is kind of you. As you have divined, I am not a rich man. If it be not imposing upon you I accept your reduction with gratitude."

Again Mrs. Pennycherry, familiar with the satirical method, shot a suspicious glance upon the stranger, but not a line was there, upon that smooth fair face, to which a sneer could for a moment have clung. Clearly he was as simple as he looked.

"Gas, of course, extra."

"Of course," agreed the stranger.

"Coals——"

"We shall not quarrel," for a third time the stranger interrupted. "You have been very considerate to me as it is. I feel, Mrs. Pennycherry, I can leave myself entirely in your hands."

The stranger appeared anxious to be alone. Mrs. Pennycherry, having put a match to the stranger's fire, turned to depart. And at this point it was that Mrs. Pennycherry, the holder hitherto of an unbroken record of sanity, behaved in a manner she herself, five minutes earlier in her career, would have deemed impossible—that no living soul who had ever known her would have believed possible—that no living soul who had ever known her would have believed, even had Mrs. Pennycherry gone down upon her knees, and sworn it to them.

"Did I say three pound ten?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry of the stranger, her hand upon the door. She spoke crossly. She was feeling cross, with the stranger, with herself—particularly with herself.

"You were kind enough to reduce it to that amount," replied the stranger; "but if upon reflection you find yourself unable——"

"I was making a mistake," said Mrs. Pennycherry, "it should have been two pound ten."

"I cannot—I will not accept such sacrifice," exclaimed the stranger; "the three pound ten I can well afford."

"Two pound ten are my terms," snapped Mrs. Pennycherry. "If you are bent on paying more, you can go elsewhere. You'll find plenty to oblige you."

Her vehemence must have impressed the stranger. "We will not contend further," he smiled. "I was merely afraid that in the goodness of your heart——"

"Oh, it isn't as good as all that," growled Mrs. Pennycherry.

"I am not so sure," returned the stranger. "I am somewhat suspicious of you. But wilful woman must, I suppose, have her way."

The stranger held out his hand, and to Mrs.

Pennycherry, at that moment, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to take it as if it had been the hand of an old friend, and to end the interview with a pleasant laugh—though laughing was an exercise not often indulged in by Mrs. Pennycherry.

Mary Jane was standing by the window, her hands folded in front of her, when Mrs. Pennycherry re-entered the kitchen. By standing close to the window one caught a glimpse of the trees in Bloomsbury Square and through their bare branches of the sky beyond.

"There's nothing much to do for the next half hour, till cook comes back. I'll see to the door if you'd like a run out?" suggested Mrs. Pennycherry.

"It would be nice," agreed the girl so soon as she had recovered power of speech; "it's just the time of day I like."

"Don't be longer than the half hour," added Mrs. Pennycherry.

Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, assembled after dinner in the drawing-room, discussed the stranger with that freedom and frankness characteristic of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square toward the absent.

"Not what I call a smart young man," was the opinion of Augustus Longcord, who was something in the City.

"Thpeaking for mythelf," commented his partner Isidore, "hav'n'th any uthe for the thmart young man. Too many of him, ath it ith."

"Must be pretty smart if he's one too many for you," laughed his partner. There was this to be said for the repartee of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square: it was simple of construction and easy of comprehension.

"Well, it made me feel good just looking at him," declared Miss Kite, the highly colored. "It was his clothes, I suppose—made me think of Noah and the ark—all that sort of thing."

"It would be clothes that would make you think—if anything," drawled the languid Miss Devine. She was a tall, handsome girl, engaged at the moment in futile efforts to recline with elegance and comfort combined upon a horsehair sofa. Miss Kite, by reason of having secured the only easy-chair, was unpopular that evening; so that Miss Devine's remark received from the rest of the company more approbation than perhaps it merited.

"Is that intended to be clever, dear, or only rude?" Miss Kite requested to be informed.

"Both," claimed Miss Devine.

"Myself, I must confess," shouted the tall young lady's father, commonly called the Colonel, "I found him a fool."

"I noticed you seemed to be getting on very well together," purred his wife, a plump, smiling little lady.

"Possibly we were," retorted the Colonel. "Fate has accustomed me to the society of fools."

"Isn't it a pity to start quarreling immediately after dinner, you two," suggested their thoughtful daughter from the sofa; "you'll have nothing left to amuse you for the rest of the evening."

"He didn't strike me as a conversationalist," said the lady who was cousin to a baronet; "but he did pass the vegetables before he helped himself. A little thing like that shows breeding."

"Or that he didn't know you, and thought maybe you'd leave him half a spoonful," laughed Augustus the wit.

"What I can't make out about him——" shouted the Colonel.

The stranger entered the room.

The Colonel, securing the evening paper, retired into a corner. The highly colored Kite, reaching down from the mantelpiece a paper fan, held it coyly before her face. Miss Devine sat upright on the horsehair sofa, and rearranged her skirts.

"Know anything?" demanded Augustus of the stranger, breaking the somewhat remarkable silence.

The stranger evidently did not understand. It was necessary for Augustus, the witty, to advance further into that odd silence.

"What's going to pull off the Lincoln handicap? Tell me, and I'll go out straight and put my shirt upon it."

"I think you would act unwisely," smiled the stranger; "I am not an authority upon the subject."

"Not! Why, they told me you were Captain Spy of the *Sporting Life*—in disguise."

It would have been difficult for a joke to fall more flat. Nobody laughed, though why Mr. Augustus Longcord could not understand, and maybe none of his audience could have told him, for at Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square Mr. Augustus Longcord passed as a humorist. The stranger himself appeared unaware that he was being made fun of.

"You have been misinformed," the stranger assured him.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Augustus Longcord.

"It is nothing," replied the stranger in his sweet low voice, and passed on.

"Are you staying long in London?" asked Miss

Kite, raising her practised eyes toward the stranger.

"Not long," answered the stranger. "At least, I do not know. It depends."

An unusual quiet had invaded the drawing-room of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, generally noisy with strident voices about this hour. The Colonel remained engrossed in his paper. Mrs. Devine sat with her plump white hands folded on her lap, whether asleep or not it was impossible to say.

The lady who was the cousin to a baronet shifted her chair beneath the gasolier, her eyes bent on her everlasting crochet work. The languid Miss Devine had crossed to the piano, where she sat fingering softly the tuneless keys, her back to the cold, barely furnished room.

"Sit down," saucily commanded Miss Kite, indicating with her fan the vacant seat beside her. "Tell me about yourself. You interest me." Miss Kite adopted a pretty authoritative air toward all youthful-looking members of the opposite sex. It harmonized with the peach complexion and the golden hair and fitted her about as well.

"I am glad of that," answered the stranger, taking the chair suggested. "I do wish to interest you."

"You're a very bold boy." Miss Kite lowered her fan, for the purpose of glancing archly over the edge of it, and for the first time encountered the eyes of the stranger looking into hers. And then it was that Miss Kite experienced precisely the same curious sensation that an hour or so before had troubled Mrs. Pennycherry when the stranger had first bowed to her. It seemed to Miss Kite that she was no longer the Miss Kite that, had she risen and looked into it, the fly-blown mirror over the marble mantelpiece would, she knew, have presented to her view; but quite another Miss Kite—a cheerful, bright-eyed lady verging on middle age, yet still good-looking in spite of her faded complexion and somewhat thin brown locks. Miss Kite felt a pang of jealousy shoot through her; this middle-aged Miss Kite seemed, on the whole, a more attractive lady. There was a wholesomeness, a broad-mindedness about her that instinctively drew one toward her.

"I am not a boy," explained the stranger; "and I had no intention of being bold."

"I know," replied Miss Kite. "It was a silly remark. Whatever induced me to make it, I can't think. Getting foolish in my old age, I suppose."

The stranger laughed. "Surely you are not old."

"I'm thirty-nine," snapped out Miss Kite. "You don't call it young?"

"I think it a beautiful age," insisted the stranger; "young enough not to have lost the joy of youth, old enough to have learned sympathy."

"Oh, I daresay," returned Miss Kite, "any age you'd think beautiful. I'm going to bed." Miss Kite rose. The paper fan somehow got itself broken. She threw the fragments into the fire.

"It is early yet," pleaded the stranger, "I was looking forward to a talk with you."

"Well, you'll be able to look forward to it," retorted Miss Kite. "Good-night."

The truth was, Miss Kite was impatient to have a look at herself in the glass, in her own room with the door shut. The vision of that other Miss Kite—the clean-looking lady of the pale face and the brown hair had been so vivid, Miss Kite wondered whether temporary forgetfulness might not have fallen upon her while dressing for dinner that evening.

The stranger, left to his own devices, strolled toward the low table, seeking something to read.

"You seem to have frightened away Miss Kite," remarked the lady who was cousin to a baronet.

"It seems so," admitted the stranger.

"My cousin, Sir William Bosster," observed the crocheting lady, "who married old Lord Egham's niece—you never met the Eghams?"

"Hitherto," replied the stranger, "I have not had that pleasure."

"A charming family. Cannot understand—my cousin Sir William, I mean, cannot understand my remaining here. 'My dear Emily,'—he says the same thing every time he sees me: 'My dear Emily, how can you exist among the sort of people one meets with in a boarding-house?' But they amuse me."

A sense of humor, agreed the stranger, was always of advantage.

"Our family on my mother's side," continued Sir William's cousin in her placid monotone, "was connected with the Tatton-Joneses, who when King George the Fourth——" Sir William's cousin, needing another reel of cotton, glanced up, and met the stranger's gaze.

"I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this," said Sir William's cousin in an irritable tone. "It can't possibly interest you."

"Everything connected with you interests me," gravely the stranger assured her.

"It is very kind of you to say so," sighed Sir William's cousin, but without conviction; "I am afraid sometimes I bore people."

The polite stranger refrained from contradiction.

"You see," continued the poor lady, "I really am of good family."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "your gentle face, your gentle voice, your gentle bearing, all proclaim it."

She looked without flinching into the stranger's eyes, and gradually a smile banished the reigning dulness of her features.

"How foolish of me." She spoke rather to herself than to the stranger. "Why, of course, people—people whose opinion is worth troubling about—judge of you by what you are, not by what you go about saying you are."

The stranger remained silent.

"I am the widow of a provincial doctor, with an income of just two hundred and thirty pounds per annum," she argued. "The sensible thing for me to do is to make the best of it, and to worry myself about these high and mighty relations of mine as little as they have ever worried themselves about me."

The stranger appeared unable to think of anything worth saying.

"I have other connections," remembered Sir William's cousin; "those of my poor husband, to whom instead of being the 'poor relation' I could be the fairy godmama. They are my people—or would be," added Sir William's cousin tartly, "if I wasn't a vulgar snob."

She flushed the instant she had said the words and, rising, commenced preparations for a hurried departure.

"Now it seems I am driving you away," sighed the stranger.

"Having been called a 'vulgar snob,'" retorted the lady with some heat, "I think it about time I went."

"The words were your own," the stranger reminded her.

"Whatever I may have thought," remarked the indignant dame, "no lady—least of all in the presence of a total stranger—would have called herself——" The poor dame paused, bewildered. "There is something very curious the matter with me this evening, that I cannot understand," she explained. "I seem quite unable to avoid insulting myself."

Still surrounded by bewilderment, she wished the stranger good-night, hoping that when next they met she would be more herself. The stranger, hoping so also, opened the door, and closed it again behind her.

"Tell me," laughed Miss Devine, who by sheer force of talent was contriving to wring harmony from the reluctant piano, "how did you manage to do it? I should like to know."

"How did I do what?" inquired the stranger.

"Contrive to get rid so quickly of those two old frumps?"

"How well you play!" observed the stranger. "I knew you had genius for music the moment I saw you."

"How could you tell?"

"It is written so clearly in your face."

The girl laughed, well pleased. "You seem to have lost no time in studying my face."

"It is a beautiful and interesting face," observed the stranger.

She swung round sharply on the stool and their eyes met. "You can read faces?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, what else do you read in mine?"

"Frankness, courage——"

"Ah, yes, all the virtues. Perhaps. We will take them for granted." It was odd how serious the girl had suddenly become. "Tell me the reverse side."

"I see no reverse side," replied the stranger. "I see but a fair girl, bursting into noble womanhood."

"And nothing else? You read no trace of greed, of vanity, of sordidness, of——" An angry laugh escaped her lips. "And you are a reader of faces!"

"A reader of faces." The stranger smiled. "Do you know what is written upon yours at this very moment? A love of truth that is almost fierce, scorn of lies, scorn of hypocrisy, the desire for all things pure, contempt of all things that are contemptible—especially such things as are contemptible in women. Tell me, do I not read aright?"

I wonder, thought the girl, is that why those two others both hurried from the room? Does everyone feel ashamed of the littleness that is in them when looked at by those clear, believing eyes of yours?

The idea occurred to her: "Papa seemed to have a good deal to say to you during dinner. Tell me, what were you talking about?"

"The military-looking gentleman upon my left? We talked about your mother principally."

"I am sorry," returned the girl, wishful now she had not asked the question. "I was hoping he might have chosen another topic for the first evening!"

"He did try one or two," admitted the stranger; "but I have been about the world so little, I was glad when he talked to me about himself.

I feel we shall be friends. He spoke so nicely, too, about Mrs. Devine."

"Indeed!" commented the girl.

"He told me he had been married for twenty years and had never regretted it but once!"

Her black eyes flashed upon him, but meeting his, the suspicion died from them. She turned aside to hide her smile.

"So he regretted it—once."

"Only once," explained the stranger, "a passing irritable mood. It was so frank of him to admit it. He told me—I think he has taken a liking to me. Indeed he hinted as much. He said he did not often get an opportunity of talking to a man like myself—he told me that he and your mother, when they travel together, are always mistaken for a honeymoon couple. Some of the experiences he related to me were really quite amusing." The stranger laughed at recollections of them—"That even here, in this place, they are generally referred to as 'Darby and Joan.'"

"Yes," said the girl, "that is true. Mr. Longcord gave them that name, the second evening after our arrival. It was considered clever—but rather obvious I thought myself."

"Nothing—so it seems to me," said the stranger, "is more beautiful than the love that has weathered the storms of life. The love of the young for the young, that is the beginning of life. But the love of the old for the old, that is the beginning of—of things longer."

"You seem to find all things beautiful," the girl grumbled.

"But are not all things beautiful?" demanded the stranger.

The Colonel had finished his paper. "You two are engaged in a very absorbing conversation," observed the Colonel, approaching them.

"We are discussing Darbies and Joans," explained his daughter. "How beautiful is the love that has weathered the storms of life."

"Ah!" smiled the Colonel, "that is hardly fair. My friend has been repeating to cynical youth the confessions of an amorous husband's affection for his middle-aged and somewhat——" The Colonel in playful mood laid his hand upon the stranger's shoulder, an action that necessitated his looking straight into stranger's eyes. The Colonel drew himself up stiffly and turned scarlet.

Somebody was calling the Colonel a cad. Not only that, but was explaining quite clearly, so that the Colonel could see it for himself, why he was a cad.

"That you and your wife lead a cat-and-dog existence is a disgrace to both of you. At least you might have the decency to try and hide it from the world—not make a jest of your shame to every passing stranger. You are a cad, sir, a cad!"

Who was daring to say these things? Not the stranger, his lips had not moved. Besides, it was not his voice. Indeed, it seemed much more like the voice of the Colonel himself. The Colonel looked from the stranger to his daughter, from his daughter back to the stranger. Clearly they had not heard the voice—a mere hallucination. The Colonel breathed again.

Yet the impression remaining was not to be shaken off. Undoubtedly it was bad taste to have joked to the stranger upon such a subject. No gentleman would have done so.

But then no gentleman would have permitted such a jest to be possible. No gentleman would be forever wrangling with his wife—certainly never in public. However irritating the woman, a gentleman would have exercised self-control.

Mrs. Devine had risen, was coming slowly across the room. Fear laid hold of the Colonel. She was going to address some aggravating remark to him—he could see it in her eye—which would irritate him into savage retort. Even this prize idiot of a stranger would understand why boarding-house wits had dubbed them "Darby and Joan," would grasp the fact that the gallant Colonel had thought it amusing, in conversation with a table acquaintance, to hold his own wife up to ridicule.

"My dear," cried the Colonel, hurrying to speak first, "does not this room strike you as cold? Let me fetch you a shawl."

It was useless; the Colonel felt it. It had been too long the custom of both of them to preface with politeness their deadliest insults to each other. She came on thinking of a suitable reply: suitable from her point of view, that is. In another moment the truth would be out. A wild, fantastic possibility flashed through the Colonel's brain: If to him, why not her?

"Letitia," cried the Colonel, and the tone of his voice surprised her into silence, "I want you to look closely at our friend. Does he not remind you of someone?"

Mrs. Devine, so urged, looked at the stranger long and hard. "Yes," she murmured, turning to her husband, "he does; who is it?"

"I cannot fix it," replied the Colonel; "I thought that maybe you would remember."

"It will come to me," mused Mrs. Devine. "It is someone—years ago, when I was a girl—in Devonshire. Thank you, if it isn't troubling you, Harry. I left it in the dining-room."

It was, as Mr. Augustus Longcord explained to his partner Isidore, the colossal foolishness of the stranger that was the cause of all the trouble. "Give me a man who can take care of himself—or thinks he can," declared Augustus Longcord, "and I am prepared to give a good account of myself. But when a helpless baby refuses even to look at what you call your figures, tells you that your mere word is sufficient for him, and hands you over his check-book to fill up for yourself—well, it isn't playing the game."

"Auguthtuth," was the curt comment of his partner, "you're a fool."

"All right, my boy, you try," suggested Augustus.

"Jutht what I mean to do," asserted his partner.

"Well," demanded Augustus one evening later, meeting Isidore ascending the stairs after a long talk with the stranger in the dining-room with the door shut.

"Oh, don't arth me," retorted Isidore, "thilly ath, thath what he ith."

"What did he say?"

"What did he thay! thalked about the Jewth: what a grand rathe they were—how people mithjudged them; all that thort of rot. Thaid thome of the motht honorable men he had ever met had been Jewth. Thought I wath one of 'em!"

"Well, did you get anything out of him?"

"Get anything out of him. Of courthe not. Couldn't very well thell the whole rathe, ath it were, for a couple of hundred poundth, after that. Didn't theem worth it."

There were many things Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square came gradually to the conclusion were not worth the doing: Snatching at the gravy, pouncing out of one's turn upon the vegetables, and helping oneself to more than one's fair share; manœuvring for the easy-chair; sitting on the evening paper while pretending not to have seen it—all such-like tiresome bits of business. For the little one made out of it, really it was not worth the bother. Other boarding-houses might indulge in them: Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square had its dignity to consider.

The stranger had arrived at Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with the preconceived idea —where obtained from, Heaven knows—that its seemingly commonplace, mean-minded, coarse-fibred occupants were in reality ladies and gentlemen of the first water; and time and observation had apparently only strengthened this absurd idea. The natural result was, Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square was coming round to the stranger's opinion of itself.

Mrs. Pennycherry, the stranger would persist in regarding as a lady born and bred, compelled by circumstances over which she had no control to fill an arduous but honorable position of middle-class society—a sort of foster-mother, to whom were due the thanks and gratitude of her promiscuous family; and this view of herself Mrs. Pennycherry now clung to with obstinate conviction. There were disadvantages attaching, but these Mrs. Pennycherry appeared prepared to suffer cheerfully. A lady born and bred cannot charge other ladies and gentlemen for coals and candles they have never burned, a foster-mother cannot palm off upon her children New Zealand mutton for Southdown. A mere lodging-house keeper can play these tricks, and pocket the profits. But a lady feels she cannot: Mrs. Pennycherry felt she no longer could.

To the stranger Miss Kite was a witty and delightful conversationalist of most attractive personality. Miss Kite had one failing: it was lack of vanity. She was unaware of her own delicate and refined beauty. If Miss Kite could only see herself with his, the stranger's, eyes, the modesty that rendered her distrustful of her natural charms would fall from her. The stranger was so sure of it, Miss Kite determined to put it to the test. One evening, an hour before dinner, there entered the drawing-room, when the stranger only was there, and before the gas was lighted, a pleasant, good-looking lady, somewhat pale, with neatly arranged brown hair, who demanded of the stranger if he knew her. All her body was trembling, and her voice seemed inclined to run away from her and become a sob. But when the stranger, looking straight into her eyes, told her that from the likeness he thought she must be Miss Kite's younger sister, but much prettier, it became a laugh instead; and that evening the golden-haired Miss Kite disappeared never to show her high-colored face again; and what perhaps, more than all else, might have impressed some former habitué of Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with awe, it was that no one in the house made even a passing inquiry concerning her.

Sir William's cousin the stranger thought an acquisition of any boarding-house. A lady of high-class family! There was nothing outward or visible perhaps to tell you that she was of high-class family. She herself, naturally, would not mention the fact, yet somehow you felt it. Unconsciously she set a high-class tone, diffused

an atmosphere of gentle manners. Not that the stranger had said this in so many words; Sir William's cousin gathered that he thought it, and felt herself in agreement with him.

For Mr. Longcord and his partner, as representatives of the best type of business men, the stranger had a great respect. The curious thing is that the Firm appeared content with the price they had paid for the stranger's good opinion—had even, it was rumored, acquired a taste for honest men's respect—that in the long run was likely to cost them dear. But we all have our pet extravagance.

The Colonel and Mrs. Devine both suffered a good deal at first from the necessity imposed upon them of learning, somewhat late in life, new tricks. In the privacy of their own apartment they condoled with one another.

"Tomfool nonsense," grumbled the Colonel, "you and I starting billing and cooing at our age!"

"What I object to," said Mrs. Devine, "is the feeling that somehow I am being made to do it."

"The idea that a man and his wife cannot have their little joke together for fear of what some impertinent jackanapes may think of them! it's damn ridiculous," the Colonel exploded.

"Even when he isn't there," said Mrs. Devine, "I seem to see him looking at me with those vexing eyes of his. Really the man quite haunts me."

"I have met him somewhere," mused the Colonel, "I'll swear I've met him somewhere. I wish to goodness he would go."

A hundred things a day the Colonel wanted to say to Mrs. Devine, a hundred things a day Mrs. Devine would have liked to observe to the Colonel. But by the time the opportunity occurred—when nobody else was by to hear—all interest in saying them was gone.

"Women will be women," was the sentiment with which the Colonel consoled himself. "A man must bear with them—must never forget that he is a gentleman."

"Oh, well, I suppose they're all alike," laughed Mrs. Devine to herself, having arrived at that stage of despair when one seeks refuge in cheerfulness. "What's the use of putting oneself out—it does no good, and only upsets one."

There is a certain satisfaction in feeling you are bearing with heroic resignation the irritating follies of others. Colonel and Mrs. Devine came to enjoy the luxury of much self-approbation.

But the person seriously annoyed by the stranger's bigoted belief in the innate goodness of everyone he came across was the languid, handsome Miss Devine. The stranger would have it that Miss Devine was a noble-souled, high-minded young woman, something midway between a Flora Macdonald and a Joan of Arc. Miss Devine, on the contrary, knew herself to be a sleek, luxury-loving animal, quite willing to sell herself to the bidder who could offer her the finest clothes, the most sumptuous surroundings. Such a bidder was to hand in the person of a retired bookmaker, a somewhat greasy old gentleman, but exceedingly rich, and undoubtedly fond of her.

Miss Devine, having made up her mind that the thing had got to be done, was anxious that it should be done quickly. And here it was that the stranger's ridiculous opinion of her not only irritated but inconvenienced her. A dozen times had Miss Devine determined to end the matter by formal acceptance of her elderly admirer's large and flabby hand, and a dozen times—the vision intervening of the stranger's grave, believing eyes—had Miss Devine refused decided answers. The stranger would one day depart. Indeed, he had told her himself, he was but a passing traveler. When he was gone it would be easier. So she thought at the time.

One afternoon the stranger entered the room where she was standing by the window, looking out upon the bare branches of the trees in Bloomsbury Square. She remembered afterward, it was just such another foggy afternoon as the afternoon of the stranger's arrival three months before. No one else was in the room. The stranger closed the door, and came toward her with that curious, quick-leaping step of his. His long coat was tightly buttoned, and in his hands he carried his old felt hat, and the massive knotted stick that was almost a staff.

"I have come to say good-by," explained the stranger. "I am going."

"I shall not see you again?" asked the girl.

"I cannot say," replied the stranger. "But you will think of me?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "I can promise that."

"And I shall always remember you," promised the stranger, "and I wish you every joy—the joy of love, the joy of happy marriage."

The girl winced. "Love and marriage are not always the same thing," she said.

"Not always," agreed the stranger, "but in your case they will be one."

She looked at him.

"Do you think I have not noticed?" smiled the

stranger, "a gallant handsome lad, and clever. You love him, and he loves you. I could not have gone away without knowing it was well with you."

Her gaze wandered toward the fading light. "Ah, yes, I love him," she answered petulantly. "Your eyes can see clearly enough, when they want to. But one does not live on love, in our world. I will tell you the man I am going to marry if you care to know." She would not meet his eyes. She kept her gaze still fixed upon the dingy trees, the mist beyond, and spoke rapidly and vehemently: "The man who can give me all my soul's desire—money and the things that money can buy. You think me a woman, I'm only a pig. He is moist, and breathes like a porpoise; with cunning in place of a brain, and the rest of him mere stomach. But he is good enough for me."

She hoped this would shock the stranger and that now, perhaps, he would go. It irritated her to hear him only laugh.

"No," he said, "you will not marry him."

"Who will stop me?" she cried angrily.

"Your Better Self."

His voice had a strange ring of authority, compelling her to turn and looked upon his face. Yes, it was true, the fancy that from the very first had haunted her. She had met him, talked to him—in silent country roads, in crowded city streets, where was it? And always, talking with him her spirit had been lifted up: she had been —what he had always thought her.

"There are those," continued the stranger (and for the first time she saw that he was of a noble presence, that his gentle, childlike eyes could also command), "whose Better Self lies slain by their own hand, and troubles them no more. But yours, my child, you have let grow too strong; it will ever be your master. You must obey. Flee from it and it will follow you; you cannot escape it. Insult it, and it will chastise you with burning shame, with stinging self-reproach from day to day." The sternness faded from the beautiful face, the tenderness crept back. He laid his hand upon the young girl's shoulder. "You will marry your lover," he smiled. "With him you will walk the way of sunlight and of shadow."

And the girl, looking up into the strong, calm face, knew that it would be so, that the power of resisting her Better Self had passed away from her forever.

"Now," said the stranger, "come to the door with me. Leave-takings are but wasted sadness. Let me pass out quietly. Close the door softly behind me."

She thought that perhaps he would turn his face again, but she saw no more of him than the odd roundness of his back under the tightly buttoned coat, before he faded into the gathering fog.

Then softly she closed the door.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ABRIDGED

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13 observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette "Levant," Lat. 2° 11″ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the "Levant" who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, 'The Man Without a Country,'" For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had been generally known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as indeed, by all the men who had sailed under them. There is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "A Man Without a Country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, one and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough —that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed "by command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God Save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the "Nautilus" got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner.

His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had a state-room,—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of

home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-buttons, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the "Brandywine," which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterward I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall.

Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time, but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said

Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the "Warren" came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals, she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contre-temps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he said, "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to,—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell.—As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said,—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillons, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for

eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly,—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story,—years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, —and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree: that the Commodore said,—

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said,—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said,—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. That was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home. He must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrap-books." He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours

and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game.

These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believed I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain,—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason.

I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish,"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Vaughan was disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said,—

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through his interpretation. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said,—

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And

then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man.

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now the dear old fellow is dead. He had found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the "Levant," a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

"Levant, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"Dear Fred,—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room, and he said he should like to see me.

"Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" and then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old

names were on it, in large letters: 'Indian Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana,' as I supposed our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, —God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; —that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back —heavens, how far!—to ask about the 'Chesapeake,' and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the 'Leopard,' and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the 'Java,'—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs,—of inventions and books and literature, —of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought

our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him about Smithsonian and the exploring expedition; I told him about the Capitol,—and the statues for the pediment,—and Crawford's Liberty,—and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text,—

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written,—

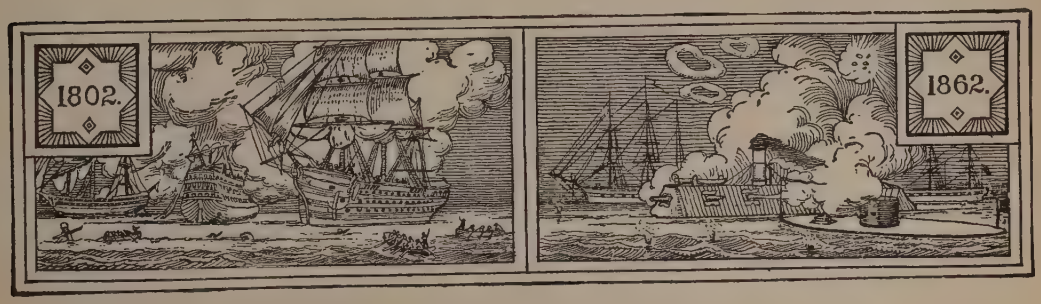
"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it,—

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN,

LIEUTENANT
IN THE ARMY OF
THE UNITED STATES.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"



"TARTARIN OF TARASCON"

A Jolly French Farce

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

ABRIDGED BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

TARTARIN, the great Tartarin, the idol of Tarascon, had gone to Algeria to hunt lions!

Not that Tartarin had ever hunted a lion, or ever hunted at all, for that matter, save in the manner of his native town of Tarascon in the south of France, where every Sunday morning the sportsmen go out into the real country two or three leagues from town. They gather in knots of five or six, recline tranquilly in the shade of some well, old wall, or olive tree, extract from their game-bags a good-sized piece of boiled beef, raw onions, a sausage, and anchovies, and commence a next to endless snack. After that, when thoroughly braced up, they rise, whistle the dogs to heel, set the guns at half-cock, and go "on the shoot"—another way of saying that every man plucks off his cap, "shies" it up with all his might, and pops it on the fly.

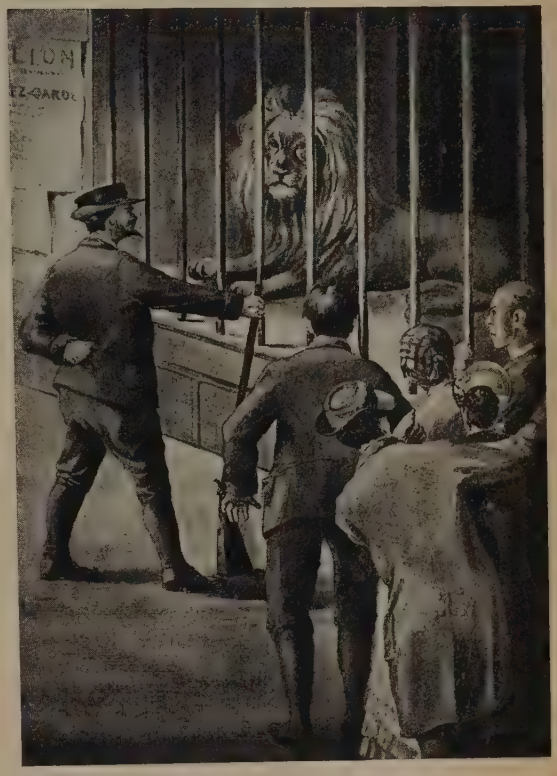
Now of all these shooters at caps, the best and most skillful was Tartarin. Moreover, he had read all the handbooks about hunting, and could tell you the proper method of pursuing any and every kind of animal, so that every afternoon, when the sportsmen gathered at Costecalde the gunsmith's, and talked, and wrangled, it was Tartarin who delivered judgment, and to whom they all listened.

And Tartarin not only knew all about hunting; he knew all about fighting too, and understood exactly how one should act when trailing Indians upon the war-path or struggling hand to hand with Malay pirates or the brigands of the Abruzzi. Nevertheless—must it be admitted?—Tartarin had never spent a single night away from Tarascon!

For though he had a vivid imagination and an adventurous spirit, he also had a fat, ease-loving, middle-aged body—a body that loved the peace and good living of his comfortable little house at Tarascon. Once indeed he had come very near going to Shanghai, where he was offered a post. In the end he decided to stay where he was, but he had thought so much and talked so much about going to China that after a while he began to believe he really had been there, and to tell people precisely what he had done when the Tartars attacked the trading post. A liar, this Tartarin? Not by any means. Only a true Tarasconian.

For in Tarascon "the sun magnifies everything beyond life size," so that the little hills of Provence loom up like the Rocky Mountains, and Tartarin was even more susceptible to these "mental mirages" than were most of the Tarasconians.

So when a traveling menagerie came to Tarascon, it made a deep impression upon all the inhabitants. In this traveling menagerie there was a lion; that lion had paid no attention whatever to any other Tarasconian; but when he saw Tartarin, he roared!



TARTARIN AND THE LION

Thrilling moment! "Terrible and solemn confrontation, this!"

"The lion of Tarascon and the lion of Africa face to face!"

When the lion roared, all the spectators ran away as fast as they could—all but the brave Tartarin of Tarascon. He stood "firm and resolute before the cage." And as the others, reassured by his bearing and by the strength of the bars, ventured to approach once more, they heard him mutter:

"Now, this is something like a hunt!"

In Tarascon, every one knew every one else, and what they had decided to do, and what they were thinking of doing. "On the morrow, there was nothing talked about through the town but the near-at-hand departure of Tartarin for Algeria and lion-hunting." It was the "mental mirage" having its usual effect.

Tartarin was greatly surprised when he discovered, as he very soon did, what all his neighbors were expecting of him. His spirit thrilled at the idea; but his body protested. His body did not at all want to desert comfortable Tarascon for the wilds of the jungle; but under the circumstances, what else was there to do?

The adventure of which you will read here is that which befell Tartarin "Among the Lions," an adventure related in the first of the three books of the Tartarin series, "Tartarin of Tarascon." The second, "Tartarin On the Alps" tells how the hero went to Switzerland, encountered a party of Nihilists, and won a remarkable reputation as a mountain climber, thanks in part to the presence of another Tarasconian, one Bompard, who related to him a wonderful tale which was in truth nothing but a "Tarasconade." Last of the three, comes the story

of "Port-Tarascon," and how Tartarin became Governor of an island in Polynesia.

"Tartarin of Tarascon" has been called "an heroical farce," as well as many other things. The gayest and most delightful of extravaganzas, its absurd and lovable hero is known all over the civilized world, his name having come to stand for a type. He is ridiculous, of course, with his exaggerations and his boastings and his conceit and his posing and his innate timidity; but we are fond of him for all that—and he had in him strength enough to overcome at times a constitutional fearfulness—the cowardly shrinking of that fat and lazy body of his which was always at odds with his adventurous spirit.

And if we know him and love him and laugh at him, so too do we know, and love, and laugh at the friendly, easy-going little town of Tarascon, where every one of the inhabitants had something of Tartarin's tendency to exaggeration, if they were without his vivid imagination and his underlying honesty. Who would not like to attend one of those meetings at the gunsmith's, or go to the Alpine Club, and perhaps be lucky enough to witness the discomfiture of the envious Costecalde, who wanted to take Tartarin's place as President of the Club?

Bright and sparkling, gay and witty, full of good-natured sarcasm, and with a hero in whom no one possessed of any sense of humor can fail to delight, Alphonse Daudet's famous story "Tartarin of Tarascon" is a thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining novel—a tale as lively and as sunshiny as that Provencal country it pictures so well.

AMONG THE LIONS OF ALGIERS

The skiff from the steamer "Zouave" landed Tartarin, and he set foot upon the little Barbary wharf, where, three hundred years before, a Spanish galley-slave, yclept Miguel Cervantes, devised, under the cane of the Algerian taskmaster, a sublime romance which was to bear the title of "Don Quixote." . . .

"Blidah! Blidah!" called out the guard as he opened the door.

Vaguely through the mud-dimmed glass Tartarin of Tarascon caught a glimpse of a second-rate but pretty town market-place, regular in shape, surrounded by colonnades, and planted with orange trees, in the midst of which what seemed toy leaden soldiers were going through the morning exercise in the clear roseate mist. The cafés were shedding their shutters. In one corner there was a vegetable market. It was bewitching, but it did not smack of lions yet.

"To the south! farther to the south!" muttered the good old desperado, sinking back in his corner.

At this moment the door opened. A puff of fresh air rushed in, bearing upon its wings, in the perfume of the orange-blossoms, a little person in a brown frock-coat, old and dry, wrinkled and formal, his face no bigger than your fist, his neckcloth of black silk five fingers wide, a notary's letter-case, and umbrella—the very picture of a village solicitor.

On perceiving the Tarasconian's warlike equipment, the little gentleman, who was seated over against him, appeared excessively surprised, and set to studying him with burdensome persistency.

The horses were taken out and the fresh ones put in, whereupon the coach started off again. The little weasel still gazed at Tartarin, who in the end took snuff at it.

"Does this astonish you?" he demanded, staring the little gentleman full in the face in his turn.

"Oh, dear no! it only annoys me," responded the other very tranquilly.

And the fact is, that, with his shelter-tent, revolvers, pair of guns in their cases, and hunting-knife, not to speak of his natural corpulence, Tartarin of Tarascon did take up a lot of room.

The little gentleman's reply angered him.

"Do you by any chance fancy that I am going lion-hunting with your umbrella?" queried the great man haughtily.

The little man looked at his umbrella, smiled blandly, and still with the same lack of emotion, inquired:

"Oho, then you are Monsieur——"

"Tartarin of Tarascon, lion-killer!"

In uttering these words the dauntless son of Tarascon shook the blue tassel of his fez like a mane.

Through the vehicle was a spell of stupefaction.

The Trappist brother crossed himself, the dubious women uttered little screams of affright, and the Orléansville photographer bent over towards the lion-slayer, already cherishing the unequalled honor of taking his likeness.

The little gentleman, though, was not awed.

"Do you mean to say that you have killed many lions, Monsieur Tartarin!" he asked, very quietly.

The Tarasconian received his charge in the handsomest manner.

"Is it many have I killed, Monsieur? I wish you had only as many hairs on your head as I have killed of them."

All the coach laughed on observing three yellow bristles standing up on the little gentleman's skull.

In his turn the Orléansville photographer struck in:

"Yours must be a terrible profession, Monsieur Tartarin. You must pass some ugly moments sometimes. I have heard that poor Monsieur Bombonnel"——

"Oh, yes, the panther-killer," said Tartarin, rather disdainfully.

"Do you happen to be acquainted with him?" inquired the insignificant person.

"Eh! of course! Know him? Why, we have been out on the hunt over twenty times together."

The little gentleman smiled.

"So you also hunt panthers, Monsieur Tartarin?" he asked.

"Sometimes, just for pastime," said the fiery Tarasconian. "But," he added, as he tossed his head with a heroic movement that inflamed the hearts of the two sweethearts of the regiment, "that's not worth lion-hunting."

"When all's said and done," ventured the photographer, "a panther is nothing but a big cat."

"Right you are!" said Tartarin, not sorry to abate the celebrated Bombonnel's glory a little, particularly in the presence of ladies.

Here the coach stopped. The conductor came to open the door, and addressed the insignificant little gentleman most respectfully, saying:

"We have arrived, Monsieur."

The little gentleman got up, stepped out, and said before the door was closed again:

"Will you allow me to give you a bit of advice, Monsieur Tartarin?"

"What is it, Monsieur?"

"Faith! you wear the look of a good sort of fellow, so I would, rather than not, let you have it. Get you back quickly to Tarascon, Monsieur Tartarin, for you are wasting your time here. There do remain a few panthers in the colony, but out upon the big cats! they are too small game for you. As for lion-hunting, that's all over. There are none left in Algeria, my friend Chassaing having lately knocked over the last."

Upon which the little gentleman saluted, closed the door, and trotted away chuckling, with his document-wallet and umbrella.

"Guard," asked Tartarin, screwing up his face contemptuously, "who under the sun is that poor little manikin?"

"What! don't you know him? Why, that there's Monsieur Bombonnel!"

At Milianah, Tartarin of Tarascon alighted, leaving the stage-coach to continue its way toward the South.

Two days' rough journey, two nights spent with eyes open to spy out of window if there were not discoverable the dread figure of a lion in the fields beyond the road—so much sleeplessness well deserved some hours' repose. Besides, if we must tell everything, since his misadventure with Bombonnel, the outspoken Tartarin felt ill at ease, notwithstanding his weapons, his terrifying visage, and his red cap, before the Orléansville photographer and the two ladies fond of the military.

So he proceeded through the broad streets of Milianah, full of fine trees and fountains; but whilst looking up a suitable hotel, the poor fellow could not help musing over Bombonnel's words. Suppose they were true! Suppose there were no more lions in Algeria! What would be the good, then, of so much running about and fatigue?

Suddenly, at the turn of a street, our hero found himself face to face with—with what? Guess! "A donkey, of course!" A donkey? A splendid lion this time, waiting before a coffee-house door, royally sitting up on his hindquarters, with his tawny mane gleaming in the sun.

"What possessed them to tell me that there were no more of them?" exclaimed the Tarasconian, as he made a backward jump.

On hearing this outcry the lion lowered his head, and taking up in his mouth a wooden bowl that was before him on the footway, humbly held it out toward Tartarin, who was immovable with stupefaction. A passing Arab tossed a copper into the bowl, and the lion wagged his tail. Thereupon Tartarin understood all. He saw what emotion had prevented him previously perceiving: that the crowd was gathered around a poor tame, blind lion, and that two stalwart negroes, armed

TARTARIN OF TARASCON

with staves, were marching him through the town as a Savoyard does a marmot.

The blood of Tarascon boiled over at once.

"Wretches that you are!" he roared in a voice of thunder, "thus to debase such noble beasts!"

Springing to the lion, he wrenched the loathsome bowl from between his royal jaws. The two Africans, believing they had a thief to contend with, rushed upon the foreigner with uplifted cudgels. There was a dreadful conflict: the blackamoors smiting, the women screaming, and the youngsters laughing. An old Jew cobbler bleated out of the hollow of his stall, "Dake him to the shustish of the beace!" The lion himself, in his dark state, tried to roar as his hapless champion, after a desperate struggle, rolled on the ground among the split pence and the sweepings.

At this juncture a man cleft the throng, made the negroes stand back with a word, and the women and urchins with a wave of the hand, lifted up Tartarin, brushed him down, shook him into shape, and sat him breathless upon a corner-post.

"What, prince, is it you?" said the good Tartarin, rubbing his ribs. It was indeed Prince Gregory of Montenegro.

"Yes, indeed, it is I, my valiant friend. As soon as your letter arrived, I excused myself from my engagements, hired a post-chaise, flew fifty leagues as fast as a horse could go, and here I am, just in time to snatch you from the brutality of these ruffians. What have you done, in the name of just Heaven, to bring this ugly trouble upon you?"

"What done, prince? It was too much for me to see this unfortunate lion with a begging-bowl in his mouth, humiliated, conquered, buffeted about, set up as a laughing-stock to all this Moslem rabble."

"But you are wrong, my noble friend. On the contrary, this lion is an object of respect and adoration. This is a sacred beast who belongs to a great monastery of lions, founded three hundred years ago by Mahomet ben Aouda, a kind of fierce and forbidding La Trappe; full of roarings and wild-beastly odors, where strange monks rear and feed lions by hundreds, and send them out all over Northern Africa, accompanied by begging brothers. The alms they receive serve for the maintenance of the monastery and its mosque; and the two negroes showed so much displeasure just now because it was their conviction that the lion under their charge would forthwith devour them if a single penny of their collection were lost or stolen through any fault of theirs."

On hearing this incredible yet veracious story Tartarin of Tarascon was delighted, and sniffed the air noisily.

"What pleases me in this," he remarked, as the summing up of his opinion, "is that, whether Monsieur Bombonnel likes it or not, there are still lions in Algeria."

"I should think there were!" ejaculated the prince enthusiastically. "We will start to-morrow beating up the Shelliff Plain, and you will see lions enough!"

"What, prince! have you an intention to go a-hunting, too?"

"Of course! Do you think I am going to leave you to march by yourself into the heart of Africa, in the midst of ferocious tribes of whose languages and usages you are ignorant? No, no, illustrious Tartarin, I shall quit you no more. Go where you will, I shall make one of the party."

"O prince! prince!"

The beaming Tartarin hugged the devoted

Gregory to his breast at the proud thought of his going to have a foreign prince to accompany him in his hunting, after the example of Jules Gérard, Bombonnel, and other famous lion-slayers.

Leaving Milianah at the earliest hour next morning, the intrepid Tartarin, and the no less intrepid Prince Gregory descended toward the Shelliff Plain through a delightful gorge shaded with jessamine, carouba, tuyas, and wild-olive trees, between hedges of little native gardens and thousands of merry lively rills, which scampered down from rock to rock with a singing splash—a bit of landscape meet for the Lebanon.

As much loaded with arms as the great Tartarin, Prince Gregory had, over and above that, donned a queer but magnificent military cap, all covered with gold lace and a trimming of oak-leaves in silver cord, which gave His Highness the aspect of a Mexican general or a railway station-master on the banks of the Danube.

This plague of a cap much puzzled the beholder; and as he timidly craved some explanation, the prince gravely answered:

"It is a kind of head-gear indispensable for travel in Algeria."

While brightening up the peak with a sweep of his sleeve, he instructed his simple companion in the important part which the military cap plays in the French connection with the Arabs, and the terror this article of army insignia alone has the privilege of inspiring, so that the civil service has been obliged to put all its employees in caps, from the extra copyist to the receiver general. To govern Algeria (the prince is still speaking) there is no need of a strong head, or even of any head at all. A military cap does it alone, if showy and belaced, and shining at the top of a non-human *pole*, like Gessler's.

Thus chatting and philosophizing, the caravan proceeded. The barefooted porters leaped from rock to rock with ape-like screams. The gun cases clanked, and the guns themselves flashed. The natives who were passing, salaamed to the ground before the magic cap. Up above, on the ramparts of Milianah, the head of the Arab department, who was out for an airing with his wife, hearing these unusual noises, and seeing the weapons gleam between the branches, fancied there was a revolt, and ordered the drawbridge to be raised, the general alarm to be sounded, and the whole town put under a state of siege.

A capital commencement for the caravan!

Unfortunately, before the day ended, things went wrong. Of the black luggage bearers, one was doubled up with atrocious colics from having eaten the diachylon out of the medicine chest; another fell on the roadside dead drunk with camphorated brandy; the third carrier of the traveling album, deceived by the gilding on the clasps into the persuasion that he was flying with the treasures of Mecca, ran off into the Zaccar on his best legs.

This required consideration. The caravan halted, and held a counsel in the broken shadow of an old fig tree.

"It's my advice that we turn up negro porters from this evening forward," said the prince, trying without success to melt a cake of compressed meat in an improved patent triple bottomed saucepan. "There is, haply, an Arab trader quite near here. The best thing to do is to stop there, and buy some donkeys."

"No, no; no donkeys," interrupted Tartarin, quite red at memory of a donkey that he had shot. "How can you expect," he added, hypocrite that he was, "that such little beasts could carry all our apparatus?"

The prince smiled.

"You are making a mistake, my illustrious friend. However weakly and meagre the Algerian bourriquot may appear to you, he has solid loins. He must have them so to support all that he does. Just ask the Arabs. Hark to how they explain the French colonial organization. 'On the top,' they say, 'is Mossoo, the governor, with a heavy club to rap the staff; the staff, for revenge, canes the soldier; the soldier clubs the settler, and he hammers the Arab; the Arab smites the negro, the negro beats the Jew, and he takes it out of the donkey. The poor bourriquot, having nobody to belabor, arches up his back and bears it all.' You see clearly now that he can bear your boxes."

"All the same," remonstrated Tartarin, "it strikes me that jackasses will not chime in nicely with the effect of our caravan. I want something more Oriental. For instance, if we could only get a camel."

"As many as you like," said his Highness: and off they started for the Arab mart.

It was held a few miles away, on the banks of the Shelliff. There were five or six thousand Arabs in tatters here, groveling in the sunshine and noisily trafficking, amid jars of black olives, pots of honey, bags of spices, and great heaps of cigars; huge fires were roasting whole sheep, basted with butter; in open-air slaughter-houses stark naked negroes, with ruddy arms and their feet in gore, were cutting up kids hanging from crosspoles, with small knives.

In one corner, under a tent patched with a thousand colors, a Moorish clerk of the market

in spectacles scrawled in a large book. Here was a cluster of men shouting with rage: it was a spinning jenny game, set on a corn-measure, and Kabyles were ready to cut one another's throats over it. Yonder were laughs and contortions of delight: it was a Jew trader on a mule drowning in the Shelliff. Then there were dogs, scorpions, ravens, and flies — more flies than anything else.

But a plentiful lack of camels abounded. They finally unearthed one, though, of which the M'zabites were trying to get rid—the real ship of the desert, the classical, standard camel, bald, wobegone, with a long Bedouin head, and its hump become limp in consequence of unduly long fasts, hanging melancholily on one side.

Tartarin considered it so handsome that he wanted the entire party to get upon it. Still his Oriental craze!

The beast knelt down for them to strap on the boxes.

The prince enthroned himself on the animal's neck. For the sake of the greater majesty, Tartarin got them to hoist him on the top of the hump between two boxes, where, proud, and cosily settled down, he saluted the whole market with a lofty wave of the hand, and gave the signal of departure.

Thunderation! if the people of Tarascon could only have seen him!

The camel rose, straightened up its long, knotty legs and stepped out.

Oh, stupor! At the end of a few strides Tartarin felt he was losing color, and the heroic chechia assumed one by one its former positions in the days of sailing in the "Zouave." This devil's own camel pitched and tossed like a frigate.

"Prince! prince!" gasped Tartarin, pallid as a ghost, as he clung to the dry tuft of the hump, "Prince, let's get down. I find—I feel that I m-m-must get off, or I shall disgrace France."

A deal of good talk that was—the camel was on the go, and nothing could stop it. Behind it raced four thousand barefooted Arabs, waving their hands and laughing like mad, so that they made six hundred thousand white teeth glitter in the sun.

The great man of Tarascon had to resign himself to circumstances. He sadly collapsed on the hump, where the fez took all the positions it fancied, and France was disgraced.

Sweetly picturesque as was their new steed, our lion-hunters had to give it up, purely out of consideration for the red cap, of course. So they continued the journey on foot as before, the caravan tranquilly proceeding southwardly by short stages, the Tarasconian in the van, the Montenegrin in the rear, and the camel, with the weapons in their cases, in the ranks.

The expedition lasted nearly a month. . . .

But still no lions, no more than on London Bridge.

Nevertheless, the Tarasconian did not grow disheartened. Ever gravely diving more deeply into the south, he spent the days in beating up the thickets, probing the dwarf-palms with the muzzle of his rifle, and saying, "Boh!" to every bush. And every evening, before lying down, he went into ambush for two or three hours. Useless trouble, however, for the lion did not show himself.

One evening, though, going on six o'clock, as the caravan scrambled through a violet-hued mastic-grove, where fat quails tumbled about in the grass, drowsy through the heat, Tartarin of Tarascon fancied he heard—though afar and very vague, and thinned down by the breeze—that wondrous roaring to which he had so often listened by Mitaine's Menagerie at home.

At first the hero feared he was dreaming; but in an instant further the roaring recommenced more distinct, although yet remote; and this time the camel's hump shivered in terror, and made the tinned meats and arms in the cases rattle, whilst all the dogs in the camps were heard howling in every corner of the horizon.

Beyond doubt this was the lion.

Quick! Quick! to the ambush. There was not a minute to lose.

Near at hand there happened to be an old marabout or saint's tomb, with a white cupola, and the defunct's large yellow slippers placed in a niche over the door, and a mass of odd offerings—hems of blankets, gold thread, red hair,—hung on the wall.

Tartarin of Tarascon left his prince and his camel and went in search of a good spot for lying in wait. Prince Gregory wanted to follow him, but the Tarasconian refused, bent on confronting Leo alone. But still he besought his Highness not to go too far away, and, as a measure of foresight, he entrusted him with his pocketbook, a good-sized one, full of precious papers and bank notes, which he feared would get torn by the lion's claws. This done, our hero looked up a good place.

A hundred steps in front of the temple a little clump of rose laurel shook in the twilight haze on the edge of a rivulet all but dried up. Thither went Tartarin and took his position, one knee on the ground, according to the regular rule,

his rifle in his hand, and his huge hunting-knife stuck boldly before him in the sandy bank.

Night fell.

The rosy tint of nature changed into violet, and then into dark blue. A pretty pool of clear water gleamed like a handglass over the river-pebbles; this was the watering place of the wild animals.

On the other slope the whitish trail was dimly to be discerned which their heavy paws had traced in the bush—a mysterious path which made one's flesh creep. Join to this sensation that from the vague swarming sound in African forests, the swishing of branches, the velvety pads of roving creatures, the jackal's shrill yelp, and up in the sky, two or three hundred feet aloft, vast flocks of cranes passing on with screams like poor little children having their weasands slit. You will own that there were grounds for a man being moved.

Tartarin was moved: the poor fellow's teeth chattered, and on the cross-bar of his hunting-knife, planted upright in the bank, as we repeat, his rifle-barrel rattled like a pair of castanets. Do not ask too much of a man! There are times when one is not in the mood; and, moreover, where would be the merit if heroes were never afraid?

Well, yes, Tartarin was afraid, and all the time, too, for the matter of that. Nevertheless he held out for an hour; better, for two; but heroism has its limits. Nigh him, in the dry part of the rivulet-bed, the Tarasconian unexpectedly heard the sound of steps and of pebbles rolling. This time terror lifted him off the ground. He banged away both barrels at haphazard into the night, and retreated as fast as his legs would carry him to the marabout's chapel-vault, leaving his knife standing up in the sand like a cross commemorative of the grandest panic that ever assailed the soul of a conqueror of hydras.

"Help! this way, prince; the lion is on me!"

There was silence.

"Prince, prince, are you there?"

The prince was not there. On the white moonlit wall of the fane the camel alone cast the queer-shaped shadow of protuberance. Prince Gregory had cut and run with the wallet of banknotes. His Highness had been for the month past awaiting this opportunity.

Not until early on the morrow of this adventurous and dramatic eve did our hero awake and acquire assurance doubly sure that the prince and the treasure had really gone off, without any prospect of return. When he saw himself alone in the little white tomb house, betrayed, robbed, abandoned in the heart of savage Algeria, with a one humped camel and some pocket-money as all his resources, then did the representative of Tarascon for the first time doubt. He doubted Montenegro, friendship, glory, and even lions; and the great man blubbered bitterly.

While he was pensively seated on the sill of the sanctuary, holding his head between his hands and his gun between his legs, with the camel mooning at him, the thicket over the way was divided, and the stupor stricken Tartarin saw a gigantic lion appear not a dozen paces off. It thrust out its high head and emitted powerful roars, which made the temple walls shake beneath their votive decorations, and even the saint's slippers dance in their niche.

The Tarasconian alone did not tremble.

"At last you've come!" he shouted, jumping up and leveling the rifle.

Bang, bang! went a brace of shells into its head.

It was done. For a minute, on the fiery background of the Afric sky, there was a dreadful firework display of scattered brains, smoking blood and tawny hair. When all fell, Tartarin perceived two colossal negroes furiously running toward him, brandishing cudgels. They were his two negro acquaintances of Milianah!

Oh, misery!

This was the domesticated lion, the poor blind beggar of the Mohammed Monastery, whom the Tarasconian's bullets had knocked over.

This time, in spite of Mahound, Tartarin escaped neatly. Drunk with fanatical fury, the two African collectors would have surely beaten him to pulp had not the god of chase and war sent him a delivering angel in the shape of the rural constable of the Orléansville commune. By a bypath this garde champêtre came up, his sword tucked under his arm.

The sight of the municipal cap suddenly calmed the negroes' choler. Peaceful and majestic, the officer with the brass badge drew up a report on the affair, ordered the camel to be loaded with what remained of the king of beasts, and the plaintiffs as well as the delinquent to follow him, proceeding to Orléansville, where all was deposited with the law-courts receiver.

There issued a long and alarming case! . . .

The puzzle lay in the limitation of the two territories being very hazy in Algeria.

At length, after a month's running about, entanglements, and waiting under the sun in the yards of Arab departmental offices, it was established that, whereas the lion had been killed on the military territory, on the other hand Tartarin was in the civil territory when he shot. So the

case was decided in the civil courts, and our hero was let off on paying two thousand five hundred francs damages, costs not included.

How could he pay such a sum?

The few piastres escaped from the prince's sweep had long since gone in legal documents and judicial libations. The unfortunate lion-destroyer was therefore reduced to selling the store of guns by retail, rifle by rifle; so went the daggers, the Malay kreeses, and the life-preservers. A grocer purchased the preserved aliments; an apothecary what remained of the medicaments. The big boots themselves walked off after the improved tent to a dealer of curiosities who elevated them to the dignity of "rarities from Cochin-China."

When everything was paid up, only the lion's skin and the camel remained to Tartarin. The hide he had carefully packed, to be sent to Tarascon to the address of brave Commandant Bravida, and, later on, we shall see what came of this fabulous trophy. As for the camel, he reckoned on making use of him to get back to Algiers, not by riding on him, but by selling him to pay his coach-fare—the best way to employ a camel in traveling. Unhappily the beast was difficult to place and no one would offer a copper for him.

Still Tartarin wanted to regain Algiers by hook or crook. . . . So our hero did not hesitate; distressed but not downcast, he undertook to make the journey afoot, and penniless, by short stages.

In this enterprise the camel did not cast him off. The strange animal had taken an unaccountable fancy for his master, and on seeing him leave Orléansville, he set to striding steadfastly behind him, regulating his pace by his, and never quitting him by a yard.

At the first outset Tartarin found this touching; such fidelity and devotion above proof went to his heart, all the more because the creature was accommodating, and fed himself on nothing. Nevertheless, after a few days, the Tarasconian was worried by having his glum companion perpetually at his heels, to remind him of his misadventures. Ire arising, he hated him for his sad aspect, hump and gait of a goose in harness. To tell the whole truth, he held him as his Old Man of the Sea, and only pondered on how to shake him off; but the follower would not be shaken off. Tartarin attempted to lose him, but the camel always found him; he tried to outrun him, but the camel ran faster. He bade him begone, and hurled stones at him. The camel stopped with a mournful mien, but in a minute resumed the pursuit, and always ended by overtaking him. Tartarin had to resign himself.

For all that, when, after a full week of tramping, the dusty and harassed Tarasconian espied the first white housetops of Algiers glimmer from afar in the verdure, and when he got to the city gates on the noisy Mustapha Avenue, amid the Zouaves, Biskris, and Mahonnais, all swarming around him and staring at him trudging by with his camel, overtasked patience escaped him.

"No! no!" he growled, "it is not likely! I cannot enter Algiers with such an animal!"

Profiting by a jam of vehicles, he turned off into the fields and jumped into a ditch. In a minute or so he saw over his head on the highway, the camel flying off with long strides and stretching his neck with a wistful air.

Relieved of a great weight thereby, the hero sneaked out of his covert, and entered the town anew by a circuitous path which skirted the wall of his own little garden. . . .

"You'd best cut back to Tarascon at full speed," said Captain Barbassou.

"It's easy to say, 'Cut back.' Where's the money to come from? Don't you know that I was plucked out there in the desert?"

"What does that matter?" said the captain merrily. "The 'Zouave' sails to-morrow, and if you like I will take you home. Does that suit you, mate? Ay? Then all goes well. You have only one thing to do. There are some bottles of fizz left, and half the pie. Sit you down, and pitch in without any grudge."

After the minute's wavering which self-respect commanded, the Tarasconian chose his course manfully. Down he sat, and they touched glasses. Baya, gliding down at that chink, sang the finale of "Marco la Bella," and the jollification was prolonged deep into the night.

About 3 A.M., with a light head, but a heavy foot, our good Tarasconian was returning from seeing his friend the captain off, when in passing the mosque, the remembrance of his muezzin, and his practical jokes made him laugh, and instantly a capital idea of revenge flitted through his brain.

The door was open. He entered, threaded long corridors hung with mats, mounted, and kept on mounting till he finally found himself in a little oratory, where an openwork iron lantern swung from the ceiling, and embroidered an odd pattern in shadows upon the blanched walls.

There sat the crier on the divan, in his large turban and white pelisse, with his Mostaganam pipe, and a bumper of absinthe before him, which

he whipped up in the orthodox manner, while awaiting the hour to call true believers to prayer. At view of Tartarin, he dropped his pipe in terror.

"Not a word, knave!" said the Tarasconian, full of his project. "Quick! Off with turban and coat!"

The Turkish priest-crier tremblingly handed over his outer garments, as he would have done with anything else. Tartarin donned them, and gravely stepped out upon the minaret platform.

In the distance the sea shone. The white roofs glittered in the moonbeams. On the sea breeze was heard the strumming of a few belated guitars. For a space the Tarasconian muezzin gathered himself up for the effort, and then, raising his arms, he set to chanting in a very shrill voice:

"La Allah il Allah! Mahomet is an old humbug! The Orient, the Koran, bashaws, lions, Moorish beauties—they are all not worth a fly's skip! There is nothing left but gammoners. Long live Tarascon!"

While the illustrious Tartarin, in his queer jumbling of Arabic and Provençal, flung his mirthful maledictions to the four quarters, sea, town, plain and mountain, the clear, solemn voices of the other muezzins answered him, taking up the strain from minaret to minaret, and the believers of the upper town devoutly beat their bosoms.

The "Zouave" had her steam up, ready to sail.

Tartarin of Tarascon had no luggage. Here he comes down the Rue de la Marine through the little market, full of bananas and melons, accompanied by his friend Barbassou. The hapless Tarasconian left on the Moorish strand his gun-cases and his illusions, and now he had to sail for Tarascon with his hands in his otherwise empty pockets. He had barely leaped into the captain's cutter before a breathless beast slid down from the heights of the square and galloped toward him. It was the faithful camel, who had been hunting after his master in Algiers during the last four-and-twenty hours.

On seeing him, Tartarin changed countenance, and feigned not to know him, but the camel was not going to be put off. He scampered along the quay; he whinnied for his friend, and regarded him with affection.

"Take me away," his sad eyes seemed to say, "take me away in your ship, far, far from this sham Arabia, this ridiculous Land of the East, full of locomotives and stage coaches, where a camel is so sorely out of keeping that I do not know what will become of me. You are the last real Turk, and I am the last camel. Do not let us part, O my Tartarin!"

"Is that camel yours?" the captain inquired.

"Not at all!" replied Tartarin, who shuddered at the idea of entering Tarascon with that ridiculous escort; and, impudently denying the companion of his misfortunes, he spurned the Algerian soil with his foot, and gave the cutter the shoving-off start. The camel sniffed of the water, extended its neck, cracked its joints, and, jumping in behind the row-boat at haphazard, he swam toward the "Zouave" with his humpback floating like a bladder, and his long neck projecting over the wave like the beak of a galley.

Cutter and camel came alongside the mail steamer together.

"This dromedary regularly cuts me up," observed Captain Barbassou, quite affected. "I have a good mind to take him aboard and make a present of him to the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles."

And so they hauled up the camel with many blocks and tackles upon the deck, being increased in weight by the brine, and the "Zouave" started.

From hour to hour, through the cabin portholes, where he stuck out his nose now and then, Tartarin saw the Algerian blue sky pale away; until one morning, in a silvery fog, he heard with delight Marseilles bells ringing out. The "Zouave" had arrived and cast anchor.

Our hero, having no luggage, got off, without saying anything, hastily slipped through Marseilles for fear he was still pursued by the camel, and never breathed till he was in a third-class carriage making for Tarascon.

Deceptive security!

Hardly were they two leagues from the city before every head was stuck out of the windows. There were outcries and astonishment. Tartarin looked in his turn, and—what did he descry, the camel, reader, the inevitable camel, racing along the line behind the train, and keeping up with it! The dismayed Tartarin drew back and shut his eyes.

After this disastrous expedition of his he had reckoned on slipping into his house incognito. But the presence of this burdensome quadruped rendered the thing impossible. What kind of a triumphal entry would he make? Good heavens! not a sou, not a lion, nothing to show for it save a camel!

"Tarascon! Tarascon!"

He was obliged to get down.

O amazement!

Scarcely had the hero's red fez popped out of the doorway before a loud shout of "Tartarin

forever!" made the glazed roof of the railway station tremble. "Long life to Tartarin, the lion-slayer!" And out burst the windings of horns and the choruses of the local musical societies.

Tartarin felt death had come: he believed it was a hoax. But, no! all Tarascon was there, waving their hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the armorer, the Chief Judge, the chemist, and the whole noble corps of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage!—the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room, the Tarasconians, and, at the back of them, the whole south of France, had grown exalted. The *Semaphore* newspaper had spoken of it. A drama had been invented. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty—pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembarking at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, which makes people tell "bouncers" unwittingly, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump:

"It is a noble beast! It saw me kill all my lions!"

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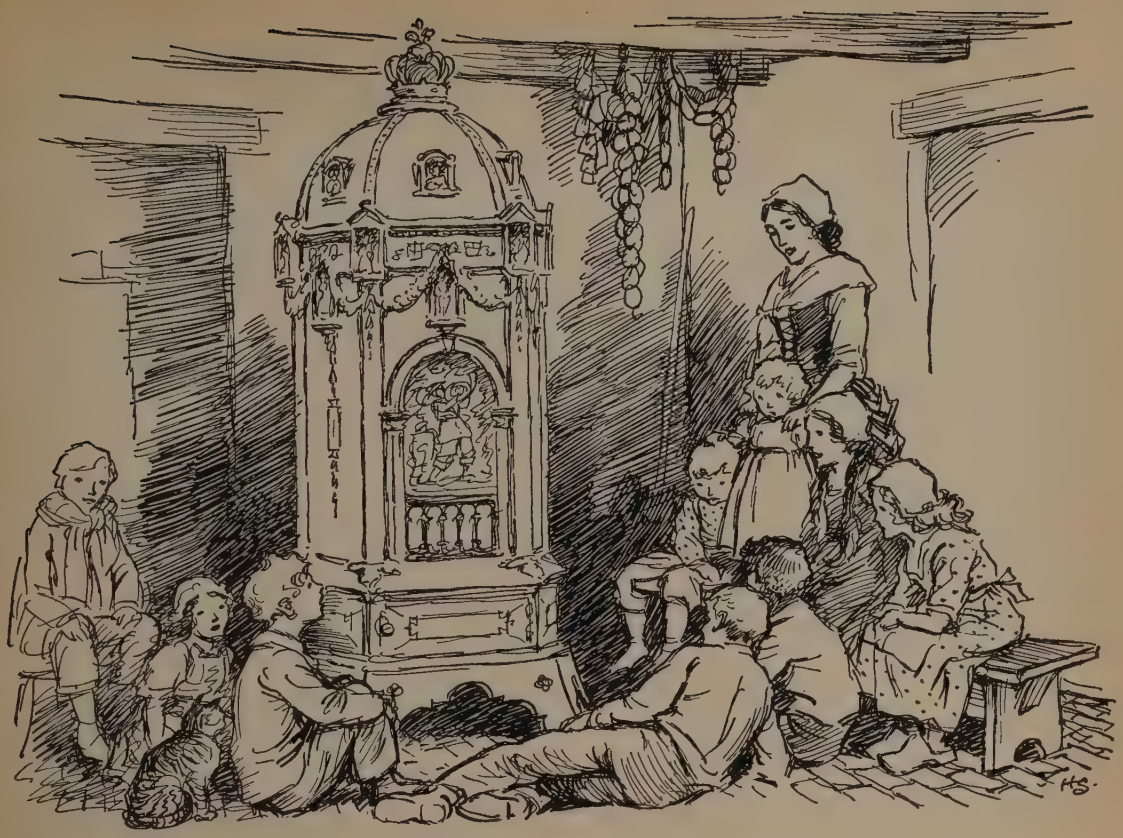
EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, THE FIFTH GOVERNOR OF NEW NETHERLANDS

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE HENRY BOUGHTON



THE PORCELAIN STOVE—(*Abridged from "Ouida"*)

PART I

Augustus lived in a little town. He was a small boy nine years old, with rosy cheeks, big hazel eyes, and clusters of curls the brown of ripe nuts.

His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were ten children's mouths to feed at home, beginning with Dorothy, a sweet dark-haired girl of seventeen, who kept house for them all: down to the three-year-old baby with eyes like forget-me-nots.

The children were always clean and happy, and the table was seldom without its big pot of soup once a day. Still, very poor they were, and their father's debts were many for flour, and meat, and clothing.

When indoors the children spent most of their time in a large room with a red brick floor that was bare and uneven. It had a wooden cupboard, a big deal table, and several stools for furniture.

But at the top of the room, sending out warmth and color together as the lamp shed its rays upon it, was a tower of porcelain china shining with all the hues of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels.

On the top were armed figures, and shields, and flowers, with a great golden crown above all. There were also letters, H. R. H., which showed it had been made by a great potter many, many years before, and no doubt it had once stood in the palace of some prince, and had warmed the silk stockings of kings and queens.

But of its past history nothing was known, except that Augustus' grandfather, who had been a mason, had dug it up out of some ruins where he was building, and finding it quite whole, had taken it home. That was now sixty years ago, and ever since the stove had stood in the big empty room, warming the children who clustered round it.

How the children loved the porcelain stove! In summer they laid a mat of fresh roses all round it, and dressed it up with green boughs and the beautiful wild flowers of the countryside.

And in winter they would sit close beside it, and cry, "Tell us a story, Augustus"; and the boy, looking up at the ardent glow of its noble tower, with all its pictures, and flowers, and crowns, would imagine the many adventures of the people who were pictured on its shining sides.

Augustus had never seen a story-book in his

life, but he loved inventing stories, and the children never tired of listening to their brother's tales.

One cold winter's night, just a week before Christmas, in the midst of the children's clatter and laughter, the door opened and let in a blast of frozen air as their father entered. Very weary he was, and Dorothy soon took the little ones to bed, while Augustus curled himself up in front of the warm stove, and lay silent so as not to disturb his tired father.

The cuckoo clock in the corner struck eight as Dorothy came downstairs, and the room was strangely quiet. Suddenly the father struck his hand on the table, and said in a husky, dogged voice, "I have sold the stove to a dealer for a hundred dollars. He saw it this morning when you were all out, and to-morrow he comes to pack it and take it away."

Dorothy gave a low shrill cry; and Augustus sprang to his feet, crying, "Oh, father, it is not true; say it is not true! You are jesting, father!"

But the father only gave a dreary laugh. "I owe money everywhere; we must have bread to eat. The stove is much too grand for a poor room like this; it is a stove for a museum, the dealer said, and to a museum it will now go."

Augustus threw himself at his father's feet, and clasped his knees. "Oh, father, dear father, you cannot mean what you say! To us it is not just a stove, as you say it is; it is a living thing—it is our fire-king. It loves us though we are only poor little children, and we love it with all our hearts. Give the money back to the man. Oh, father, do hear me, for pity's sake!"

"You are a foolish boy," said the father; "get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. The old black stove in the kitchen will warm you all quite as well as this painted thing. Go to bed, I say." Then he took the oil-lamp that stood at his elbow, and went upstairs to his room.

PART II

Augustus lay beside the stove he loved so dearly, covering it with kisses, and sobbing as though his heart would break. What could he do? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

"Come to bed, dear," whispered Dorothy. "Oh, Augustus, do not cry like that, you frighten me; do come to bed."

"No, I shall stay here all night," he answered; "they might come to take it away." And alone he stayed through the long dark hours. The lamp went out, the fire in the stove slowly died, and the room grew cold as ice, but Augustus never moved.

There the children found him when they came downstairs in the morning, and roughly his father thrust him out into the back court when men came with straw and ropes to pack up and carry away the beloved stove.

Into the court an old neighbor hobbled to fetch water, and seeing the boy lying with his face hidden on the ground, he said, "Child, is it true your father is selling the big, painted stove?" Augustus nodded his head, then burst into passionate tears.

"Well, for sure he is a foolish man," said the neighbor. "It was worth a mint of money, for I do remember, in your grandfather's time, that a stranger gentleman saw it, and said that it would bring its weight in gold."

"I do not care what its value was," sobbed Augustus; "I loved it, loved it, loved it!"

"Well, if I were you," said the old man kindly, "I would do better than cry, I would go after it. The world is a small place, after all, and your stove will be safe enough whoever gets it. When you are big you can follow it, and see your stove again." And the old man hobbled away.

The boy's heart gave a leap of hope. Yes, he would go after it. At once he hid himself in a doorway, and watched till he saw the straw-covered bundle carefully carried out by four men, and laid on a wagon. Then, unseen by Dorothy or his father, he followed it.

At the railway station Augustus heard the dealer arrange that the stove should be sent on a goods train that was due in half an hour, and he at once made up his mind, where his fire-king went he would go, too. How he managed it he never clearly knew, but certain it is that when the goods train left the station Augustus was hidden behind the stove, in the great covered truck.

It was very dark and very crowded, and the truck smelled strongly of the hams and hides that were packed in it. But Augustus was not frightened. He was close to his fire-king, and presently he would be closer still, for he meant to do nothing less than get inside it.

He had bought some bread and sausage at the station, and this he ate in the darkness, in spite of the lumbering, pounding, thundering noise of the train, which made him giddy, for he had never before been in any kind of train.

After he had eaten he set to work like a little mouse, to make a hole in the bands of straw that were wrapped round the stove. He gnawed and nibbled, and pulled, and pushed just as a mouse would have done, making his hole where he guessed the door of the stove would be. And get through them at last he did.

He slipped through the door into the inside of the stove, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up to see if he could really hide there for many hours. He found he could, as plenty of air came in through the brass fretwork of the door.

He leaned out and drew the hay and straw together, so that no one could have dreamed that even a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again, and being safe inside his dear fire-king he fell fast asleep, as if he were in his own bed at home.

For many a weary hour the train rolled on in its heavy, slow fashion; it took all the long day, and all the long night, and half of the next day before their station was reached.

Then Augustus felt the stove lifted out of the truck, and very carefully it was laid on a wagon, which drove to a shop. The stove was then gently lifted down, and set upright on its four gilded feet in a small room.

"I shall not unpack it to-night," he heard a voice say; then a key was turned in the lock, and there was silence.

PART III

After some time Augustus ventured to peep through the straw and hay which wrapped the stove, and what he saw was a room filled with many curious things. There were pictures, and carvings, old blue jugs, armor, daggers, china, and many other wonderful bits of furniture, all very old. But oh! there was not a drop of water, and Augustus was so thirsty.

There was a small window, and on the broad ledge outside he saw snow lying. Quickly he darted out of his hiding-place, raised the window, and crammed his mouth full of snow, broke off some icicles, then flew back to the stove, drew the hay and straw over the hole, and shut the door again.

It was not very cold in this lumber-room, and soon he slept again, and forgot how hungry and how tired he was. Midnight was chiming from all the clocks of the city when he awoke, and the room seemed strangely light.

Everything was quiet, so he ventured to put his head out to see why such a bright light was shining, and what he saw did not frighten or amaze him as I think it would have alarmed you or me.

All the things in the room were alive and moving about! A big jug was dancing a polka with a fat blue jar. The tall clock was bowing to an old chair with spindle legs. A broken violin was playing to itself, and a queer little tune came from a piano covered with painted roses.

Meanwhile, the bright light which filled the room shone from three silver candlesticks that had no candles in them. Strange to say, Augustus somehow did not feel at all surprised; all he longed for was to creep out and dance too!

Just then a lovely little china lady dressed in pink and gold and white tripped up to him and invited him to dance with her, and in a minute the little country lad, in his thick shoes and shabby jacket, was dancing round the room with the dainty china lady on his arm.

"I am a princess," she said to him when the dance was over. And he took courage to say to her, "Madam, my princess, could you tell me kindly why some of the things dance and speak, and some stand still and silent like lumber? Is it rude to ask?"

"My dear child," said the princess, "is it possible you do not know the reason? Why, these silent, dull things are imitation!"

"Imitation," repeated Augustus timidly, for he did not understand.

"Of course," said the princess. "They only pretend to be what we are. They are copies, so they never wake up. How could they? No imitation ever had any soul in it."

"Oh!" said Augustus humbly, not sure that he understood yet, and he looked at his dear fire-

king; surely it had a royal soul within it; would it not wake up and speak? Oh dear! how he longed to hear its voice!

"What will you be when you are a man?" asked the princess suddenly.

"I wish—I hope," said Augustus, stammering, "to be a painter, such as the master who painted yonder stove."

"Bravo!" cried all the real things in the room, for they all knew the name of the great artist who had made the fire-king. But the stove remained silent, and then a sickening fear shot through Augustus' heart.

Could it be that his beloved fire-king was only an imitation? "No, no, no," he said to himself stoutly; "that I will never believe," and he said it so loudly and sharply that the china princess looked at him in surprise.

"Ah! if we could only all go back to our masters," sighed the china princess; and somehow they all grew sad as they thought of the men who had made them and loved them so well.

Then from where the great stove stood there came a solemn voice. All eyes turned toward it, and Augustus' heart gave a great leap of joy.

"My friends," said the voice, "I have listened to all you have said. For over two hundred years I have not spoken, and I only speak now because I see amidst you a little human child who loves me, and I want him ever to remember this night and these words.

"I want him to remember that we are what we are because of these beloved masters who created us many, many years ago. They are all dead, these masters, but we live on—we, the things that they made and loved. And so through us do they yet speak and live."

Then the voice sank away in silence. The light in the candlesticks faded and went out. The clocks of the city struck six, and Augustus awoke with a start to find himself lying on the bare brick floor of the room, while everything in it was still and silent.

PART IV

Tramp, tramp, came heavy steps up the stairs. Augustus crept into the stove as the door opened. The dealer entered and began to wrap up the stove again in its straw and hay, and presently it was carried by six porters back to the railway station. There the precious bundle was hoisted into a great van, but this time the dealer and the porters stayed beside it.

The train rolled on with all its fuss and roar of steam, and in about an hour it stopped, and once

more the stove was tenderly lifted out. It was now nearly ten o'clock, the sun had come out, and Augustus could see through the fret work of the brass door that a large lake lay before them.

Soon the stove was gently placed in a boat, and the rowers pulled steadily for the other side of the lake. Presently they reached the pier. "Now, men, for a stout mile and a half," said the dealer to the porters, and the precious bundle was gently carried along a road heavy with snow.

It seemed a very long time to Augustus till they entered a house, and he knew by their movements that they were going upstairs. Warm air was about him, and there was a delicious fragrance of flowers. The stove was set down, all its wrappings were removed, and then the dealer and the porters left.

Presently Augustus heard a step beside him, and a low voice said, "Oh! how exceedingly beautiful. No, it is not an imitation, it is indeed the work of the great master."

Then the hand of the speaker turned the handle of the brass door, and someone looked in. "What is this in it? A live child!" he heard the voice exclaim.

Augustus sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh! let me stay, let me stay; I love it. I have come all the way," he sobbed.

Some gentleman seized him, not gently, and a voice whispered, "Be quiet, it is the King." They were about to drag him away, but the King said: "Poor little child, he is very young, leave him alone, let him speak to me."

The men let Augustus go, and looking up he saw a young man with a beautiful dark face, and eyes full of dreams, and this young man said to him: "My child, how came you here, hidden in the stove? Be not afraid, tell me the truth; I am the King."

"Oh, dear King," said Augustus, with trembling entreaty in his faint, little voice, "the fire-king was ours, and we have loved it all our lives, and father sold it. I have come all the way inside it, and last night, it spoke and said beautiful things.

"And I do pray you to let me live beside it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it, if only you will let me stay with it, for I love it so." And as he lifted his little, eager face to the young King's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

"Who bought the stove from your father, and what did they pay him?" asked the King. "A hundred dollars," said Augustus with a sob. "It was so much money, and we were so poor, and there were so many of us."

The dealer who had bought the stove was waiting downstairs, and the King sent for him. "How much did the gentleman who bought this stove for me give you for it?" he asked. "Ten thousand dollars, your Majesty," said the man.

The King then said, "You will give at once to this boy's father the ten thousand dollars you

received, less the hundred dollars you paid him. You are a great rogue; begone, and be thankful you are not punished."

Augustus listened, but he understood little of what the King said. "Oh! do, please do, let me stay," he murmured when the King stood silent, and clasping his little brown hands together he knelt before the young King.

"Rise up, child," he said in a kind voice. "Yes, you shall stay, and you shall live here and be taught at my own school. And if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, I will give you your own stove back again."

He smiled and stretched out his hand, but Augustus threw his two arms about the King's knees and kissed his feet. Then he lost all sense of where he was, and fainted from hunger, and tiredness, and great joy.

THE ROSE AND THE RING

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

ABRIDGED

THIS bit of foolery, which Thackeray called "a Christmas Pantomime," was written to amuse English children who were at home from school for the holidays. It is a take-off on those dear old fairy-tales in which the good fairy, who was not invited to the christening of the lovely heroine, mixes in with affairs to do all sorts of mischief and favor. It also makes fun of those romantic novels, that were so popular in his day, and are popular still, in which the same lovely heroine, who is always sweet, and noble, and cheerful, goes through the most heart-rending troubles, but comes out very happily in the end, while all her enemies are most satisfactorily punished.

The story is about Valoroso XXIV, King of Paflagonia, who had secured his throne by cheating his nephew, the boy prince Giglio, and about his Queen, and the Princess Angelica, their daughter, who was, so her parents said, the loveliest and the cleverest princess in the world. She had been brought up by her governess, the Countess Gruffanuff, who, strange to say, had once been a chambermaid. But this is part of the story.

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS, AND OF EVER SO MANY GRAND PERSONAGES

Between the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary, there lived a mysterious personage who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick, from the ebony wand or crutch which she carried, on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or upon other excursions of business or pleasure, and with which she performed her wonders.

But after two or three thousand years of this sport, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought, "What good am I doing by sending this Princess to sleep for a hundred years? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my performances.

"There were my two young god-daughters, King Savio's wife, and Duke Padella's wife: I gave them each a present which was to render them charming in the eyes of their husbands and secure the affection of those gentlemen as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? None on earth. From having all their whims indulged by their husbands, they became capricious, lazy, ill-humored, absurdly vain, and leered and languished, and fancied themselves irresistibly beautiful, when they were really quite old and hideous, the ridiculous creatures!" So she locked up her books in her cupboard, declined further magical performances, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when the Queen of Paflagonia presented his Majesty with a son and heir; and guns were fired, the capital illuminated, and no end of feasts ordained to celebrate the young Prince's birth, it was thought the Fairy, who was asked to be his god-mother, would at least have presented him with an invisible jacket, a flying horse, a Fortunatus's purse, or some other valuable token of her favor; but instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, when everybody was admiring him and complimenting his royal papa and mama, and said,

"My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little misfortune;" and this was all she would utter, to the disgust of Giglio's parents, who died very soon after, when Giglio's uncle took the throne.

In like manner, when Cavolfiore, King of Crim Tartary, had a christening of his only child, Rosalba, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than in Prince Giglio's case. Whilst everybody was congratulating its parents, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother, and said:

"My good woman, these people who are following you will be the first to turn against you; and, as for this little lady, the best thing I can wish her is a little misfortune." So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, looked severely at the courtiers, motioned the Queen an adieu with her hand, and sailed slowly up into the air out of the window.

The King went forth to vanquish Padella; [who had rebelled against him] and the poor Queen, who was a very timid, anxious creature, grew so frightened and ill, that I am sorry to say she died; leaving injunctions with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba. Of course, they said they would. At first the "Crim Tartar Court Journal" stated that the King was obtaining great victories over the audacious rebel: then it was announced that the troops of the infamous Padella were in flight: then it was said that the royal army would soon come up with the enemy, and then—then the news came that King Cavolfiore was vanquished and slain by his Majesty, King Padella the First!

At this news, half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the conquering chief, and the other half ran away, laying hands on all the best articles in the palace; and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone—quite alone; and she toddled from one room to another, crying, "Countess! Duchess! (only she said 'Tountess, Duttess,' not being able to speak plain) bring me my mutton sop; my Royal Highness hungy! Tountess! Duttess!"

And she went from the private apartments into the throne-room and nobody was there;—and thence into the ball-room and nobody was there; and thence into the pages' room and nobody was there;—and she toddled down the great staircase into the hall and nobody was there;—and the door was open, and she went into the court, and into the garden, and thence into the wilderness, and thence into the forest where the wild beasts live, and was never heard of any more!

A piece of her torn mantle and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of two lioness's cubs, whom King Padella and a royal hunting party shot—for he was King now, and reigned over Crim Tartary.

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING

When the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. The porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall fierce man, who could say "Not at home" to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most odious vulgar sign as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! "Git away, hold Blackstick!" said he. "I tell you, Master and Missis ain't at home to you;" and he was, as we have said, going to slam the door.

"You are going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the Fairy said, very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried "Ha, ha, ha! this is a good un! Ha—ah—what's this? Let me down—O—o—H'm!" and then he was dumb!

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door, and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold, growing over him, as if he was turning into metal; and he said, "O—o—H'm!" and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He was turned into metal! He was, from being brazen, brass! He was neither more nor less than a knocker!

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and it was supposed he had run away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America.

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID

One day when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace, with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck-pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked

as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

"You little wretch, who let you in here?" asked Gruffanuff.

"Dive me dat bun," said the little girl, "me vely hungy."

"Hungry! what is that?" asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

"Oh, Princess!" says Gruffanuff, "how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties," she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, "how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden—I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate!—and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!"

"I didn't want it," said Angelica.

"But you are a darling little angel all the same," says the governess.

"Yes; I know I am," said Angelica. "Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?" Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats; and, as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

"Oh, pooty, pooty!" says the little girl, capering about, laughing, and dancing, and munching her bun; and as she ate it she began to sing, "Oh, what fun to have a plum bun! how I wis it never was done!" At which, and her funny accent, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen began to laugh very merrily.

"Who was your mother—who were your relations, little girl?" said the Queen.

The little girl said, "Little lion was my brudder; great big lioness my mudder; neber heard of any udder." And she capered away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly diverted.

So Angelica said to the Queen, "Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don't care any more for any of my toys; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks."

"Oh, the generous darling!" said Gruffanuff.

"Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of," Angelica went on; "and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl?"

The child clapped her hands, and said, "Go home with you—yes! You pooty Princess!—Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress!"

For a while little Betsinda was a great favorite with the Princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterward a little dog, and afterward a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more, who became very melancholy and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess; and though she had no wages, she worked, and mended, and put Angelica's hair in papers, and was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted, and in fact became a perfect little maid.

HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF

And now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the reigning monarch of Paflagonia. As long as he had a smart coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket, or rather to take out of his pocket, for he was very good-natured, my young Prince did not care for the loss of his crown and sceptre, being a thoughtless youth, not much inclined to politics or any kind of learning.

I hope you do not imagine that there was any impropriety in the Prince and Princess walking together in the palace garden, and because Giglio kissed Angelica's hand in a polite manner. In the first place they are cousins; next, the Queen is walking in the garden too, and her Majesty always wished that Angelica and Giglio should marry: so did Giglio: so did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome, brave, and good-natured: but then you know she was so clever and knew so many things, and poor Giglio knew nothing, and had no conversation.

Now the Countess Gruffanuff and the Chamberlain, Glumboso, foresaw very clearly that if Prince Giglio should ever marry the Princess Angelica and come to the throne he would find out how many millions of money they had stolen from the royal treasury, and they would lose their riches and their places, if not their lives. So they began to invent a hundred cruel stories about him.

All this backbiting and slandering had effect upon Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin, then to laugh at him and to treat him so unkindly that poor Giglio became quite ill, took to his bed, and sent for the doctor.

His Majesty King Valoroso had his own reasons for disliking his nephew.

Whilst he was lying sick in this way, there came to the Court of Paflagonia a famous painter, whose name was Tomaso Lorenzo, and who was Painter in Ordinary to the King of Crim Tartary, Paflagonia's neighbor.

One day, Lorenzo showed the Princess a portrait of a young man in armor, with fair hair

"Why did he not marry the poor Princess?" asked Angelica, with a sigh.

"Because they were first cousins, madam, and the clergy forbid these unions," said the Painter. "And, besides, the young Prince had given his royal heart elsewhere."

"And to whom?" asked her Royal Highness.

"I am not at liberty to mention the Princess's name," answered the Painter.

HIS R. H. THE PRINCE OF CRIM TARTARY

and the loveliest blue eyes, and an expression at once melancholy and interesting.

"Dear Signor Lorenzo, who is this?" asked the Princess.

"That," said the painter, "that, madam, is the portrait of my august young master, his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, Duke of Acroceraunia, Marquis of Poluphloisboio, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Pumpkin."

What a Prince! thought Angelica: so brave—so calm-looking—so young—what a hero!

"He is as accomplished as he is brave," continued the Court Painter. "He knows all languages perfectly: sings deliciously: plays every instrument: composes operas which have been acted a thousand nights running at the Imperial Theatre of Crim Tartary, and danced in a ballet before the King and Queen; in which he looked so beautiful, that his cousin, the lovely daughter of the King of Circassia, died for love of him."

"But you may tell me the first letter of it," gasped out the Princess.

"That your Royal Highness is at liberty to guess," says Lorenzo.

"Does it begin with a Z?" asked Angelica.

The Painter said it wasn't a Z; then she tried a Y; then an X; then a W, and went backward through almost the whole alphabet.

When she came to D, and it wasn't D, she grew very much excited; when she got to C, and it wasn't C, she was still more nervous; when she came to B, and it wasn't B, "O dearest Gruffanuff," she said, "lend me your smelling-bottle!" and, hiding her head in the Countess's shoulder, she faintly whispered, "Ah, Signor, can it be A?"

"It was A; and though I may not, by my Royal Master's orders, tell your Royal Highness the Princess's name, whom he fondly, madly, devotedly, rapturously loves, I may show you her portrait," says the slyboots: and leading the

Princess up to a gilt frame, he drew a curtain which was before it.

O goodness! the frame contained a looking-glass! and Angelica saw her own face!

It hung in the royal parlor over the side-board, and the Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Each day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the Princess grew so fond of looking at it, that she would often spill the tea over the cloth, at which her father and mother would wink, and wag their heads, and say to each other, "Aha! we see how things are going."

In the meanwhile poor Giglio lay upstairs very sick in his chamber, though he took all the doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad; as I hope you do, my dears, when you are ill, and mamma sends for the medical man. And the only person who visited Giglio (besides his friend the captain of the guard, who was almost always busy or on parade), was little Betsinda the housemaid, who used to do his bedroom and sitting-room out, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, "Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?"

And Betsinda used to answer, "The Princess is very well, thank you, my lord." And Giglio would heave a sigh, and think, if Angelica were sick, I am sure I should not be very well.

Then Giglio would say, "Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day?" And Betsinda would answer, "No, my Lord, not to-day;" or, "she was very busy practising the piano when I saw her;" or make some excuse or other, not strictly consonant with truth: for Betsinda was such a good-natured creature, that she strove to do everything to prevent annoyance to Prince Giglio, and even brought him up roast chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the Doctor allowed them, and Giglio was getting better), saying, "that the Princess had made the jelly or the bread sauce with her own hands, on purpose for Giglio."

HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL

When Giglio heard this he took heart, and began to mend immediately; and gobbled up all the jelly, and picked the last bone of the chicken—drumsticks, merry-thought, sides'-bones, back, pope's nose, and all—thanking his dear Angelica: and he felt so much better the next day, that he dressed and went downstairs, where, whom should he meet but Angelica going into the drawing-room? Angelica had her hair in papers: in a word, it was evident there was going to be a party.

"Heavens, Giglio!" cries Angelica: "you here in such a dress! What a figure you are!"

"Yes, dear Angelica, I am come downstairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the fowl and the jelly."

"What do I know about fowls and jellies, that you allude to them in that rude way?" says Angelica.

"Why, didn't—didn't you send them, Angelica, dear?" says Giglio.

"I send them indeed! Angelica dear! No, Giglio dear," says she, mocking him, "I was engaged in getting the rooms ready for his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's Court a visit."

"The—Prince—of—Crim—Tartary!" Giglio said, aghast. "O Angelica, Angelica, I didn't think this of you. This wasn't your language to me when you gave me this ring, and I gave you mine in the garden, and you gave me that k—"

But what k— was we never shall know, for Angelica, in a rage, cried, "Get out, you saucy, rude creature! How dare you to remind me of your rudeness? As for your little trumpery twopenny ring, there, sir, there!" And she flung it out of the window.

"It was my mother's marriage-ring," cried Giglio.

"I don't care whose marriage-ring it was," cries Angelica. "Marry the person who picks it up if she's a woman; you sha'n't marry me. And give me back my ring. I've no patience with people who boast about the things they give away!"

Now Angelica little knew that the ring which Giglio had given her was a fairy ring: if a man wore it, it made all the women in love with him; if a woman, all the gentlemen.

"Yes," says Angelica, going on in her foolish, ungrateful way, "I know who'll give me much finer things than your beggarly little pearl nonsense."

"Very good, Miss! You may take back your ring, too!" says Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her, and then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out, "Ha! what does this mean? Is this the woman I have been in love with all my life? Have I been such a ninny as to throw away my regard upon you? Why—actually—yes—you are a little crooked!"

"O, you wretch!" cries Angelica.

"And, upon my conscience, you—you squint a little."

HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP, AND PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT

Prince Bulbo's arrival had set all the Court in a flutter: everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on: and Countess Gruffanuff you may be sure was glad of an opportunity of decorating her old person with her finest things. She was walking through the court of the Palace on her way to wait upon their Majesties, when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and bade the boy in buttons who was holding up her train, to go and pick up the article shining yonder. He gave the ring to her; it was a trumpery thing enough, but too small for any of her old knuckles, so she put in into her pocket.

"O, mum!" says the boy, looking at her, "how —how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum!"

Praise is welcome from the ugliest of men or boys, and Gruffanuff, bidding the boy hold up her train, walked on in high good-humor. The guards saluted her with peculiar respect. Captain Hedzoff, in the ante-room, said, "My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day." And so, bowing and smirking, Gruffanuff went in and took her place behind the Royal Master and Mistress, who were in the throne-room, awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the King's chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary made his appearance, attended by Baron Sleibootz, his chamberlain, and followed by a black page, carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw! He was dressed in his traveling costume, and his hair was a little in disorder. "I have ridden three hundred miles since breakfast," said he, "so eager was I to behold the Prin—the Court and august family of Paflagonia, and I could not wait one minute before appearing in your Majesties' presences."

"Your Royal Highness is welcome in any dress," says the King. "Glumboso, a chair for his Royal Highness."

"Any dress his Royal Highness wears is a Court dress," says Princess Angelica, smiling graciously.

When Bulbo had entered the room, he was observed to carry a rose in his hand, which fell out of it.

"My rose! my rose!" cried Bulbo; and his chamberlain dashed forward and picked it up, and gave it to the Prince, who put it in his waistcoat. He was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but, in fine, for a Prince, not so bad.

So they sat and talked, the royal personages together, the Crim Tartar officers with those of Paflagonia—Giglio very comfortable with Gruffanuff behind the throne. He looked at her with such tender eyes, that her heart was all in a flutter. "Oh, dear Prince," she said, "how could you speak so haughtily in presence of their Majesties? I protest I thought I should have fainted."

"I should have caught you in my arms," said Giglio, looking raptures.

"Why were you so cruel to Prince Bulbo, dear Prince?" says Gruff.

"Because I hate him," says Gil.

"You are jealous of him, and still love poor Angelica," cries Gruffanuff, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I did, but I love her no more!" Giglio cried. "I despise her! Were she heiress to twenty thousand thrones, I would despise her and scorn her. But why speak of thrones? I have lost mine. I am too weak to recover it—I am alone, and have no friend."

"Oh, say not so, dear Prince!" says Gruffanuff.

"Besides," says he, "I am so happy here behind the throne, that I would not change my place, no, not for the throne of the world!"

After dinner Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang out of tune, and he upset the coffee when the footman brought it, and he laughed out of place, and talked absurdly, and fell asleep and snored horribly. But as he lay there stretched on the pink satin sofa, Angelica still persisted in thinking him the most beautiful of human beings. No doubt the magic rose which Bulbo wore, caused this infatuation on Angelica's part; but is she the first young woman who has thought a silly fellow charming?

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose old face he too every moment began to find more lovely. He paid the most outrageous compliments to her:—There never was such a darling. He would marry her—he would have nothing but her!

To marry the heir to the throne! Here was a chance! The artful hussy actually got a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it, "This is to give notice that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the

charming and virtuous Barbara Griselda Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq."

"What is it you are writing? you charming Gruffy!" says Giglio, who was lolling on the sofa, by the writing-table.

"Only an order for you to sign, dear Prince, for giving coals and blankets to the poor, this cold weather. Look! the King and Queen are both asleep, and your Royal Highness's order will do."

So Giglio, who was very good-natured, as Gruffy well knew, signed the order immediately; and, when she had it in her pocket, you may fancy what airs she gave herself. She was ready to flounce out of the room before the Queen herself, as now she was the wife of the rightful King of Paflagonia!

HOW BETSINDA GOT THE WARMING-PAN

Little Betsinda came in to put Gruffanuff's hair in papers; and the Countess was so pleased, that, for a wonder, she complimented Betsinda. "Betsinda!" she said, "you dressed my hair very nicely to-day; I promised you a little present. Here are five sh— no, here is a pretty little ring, that I picked up—that I have had some time." And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

"It's like the ring the Princess used to wear," says the maid.

"No such thing," says Gruffanuff, "I have had it this ever so long. There—tuck me up quite comfortable; and now, as it's a very cold night (the snow was beating in at the window) you may go and warm dear Prince Giglio's bed, like a good girl, and then you may unrip my green silk, and then you can just do me up a little cap for the morning, and then you can mend that hole in my silk stocking, and then you can go to bed, Betsinda. Mind, I shall want my cup of tea at five o'clock in the morning."

"I suppose I had best warm both the young gentlemen's beds, ma'am," says Betsinda.

Gruffanuff, for reply, said, "Hau-au-ho!—Grau-haw-hoo!—Hong-hrho!" In fact, she was snoring sound asleep.

Her room, you know, is next to the King and Queen, and the Princess is next to them. So Betsinda went away for the coals to the kitchen, and filled the royal warming-pan.

Now, she was a very kind, merry, civil, pretty girl; but there must have been something very captivating about her this evening, for all the women in the servants'-hall began to scold, and abuse her. The housekeeper said she was a pert, stuck-up thing: the upper-housemaid asked how dare she wear such ringlets and ribbons, it was quite improper! But as for the men, every one of them, Coachman, John, Buttons the page, and Monsieur, the Prince of Crim Tartary's valet, started up, and said—

"My eyes!"
"O mussey!"
"O jemmany!"
"O ciel!"
} "What a pretty girl Betsinda is!"

"Hands off; none of your impertinence, you vulgar, low people!" says Betsinda, walking off with her pan of coals. She heard the young gentlemen playing at billiards as she went upstairs: first to Prince Giglio's bed, which she warmed, and then to Prince Bulbo's room.

He came in just as she had done; and as soon as he saw her, "O! O! O! O! O! O! what a beyou—oo—ootiful creature you are! You angel—you peri—you rosebud, let me be thy bulbul—thy Bulbo, too! Fly to the desert, fly with me! I never saw a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye that had eyes like thine. Thou nymph of beauty, take, take this young heart. A truer never did itself sustain within a soldier's waistcoat. Be mine! Be mine! Be Princess of Crim Tartary! My Royal Father will approve our union: and, as for that little carroty-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more."

"Go away, your Royal Highness, and go to bed, please," said Betsinda, with the warming-pan.

But Bulbo said, "No, never, till thou swearest to be mine, thou lovely, blushing, chambermaid divine! Here, at thy feet, the Royal Bulbo lies, the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes."

And he went on, making himself so absurd and ridiculous, that Betsinda, who was full of fun, gave him a touch with the warming-pan, which, I promise you, made him cry "O-o-o-o!" in a very different manner.

Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was taking place, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, kicked him in the rudest manner up to the ceiling, and went on kicking him till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or to cry; the kicking certainly must hurt the Prince, but then he looked so droll! When Giglio had done knocking him up and down to

the ground, and whilst he went into a corner rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio does? He goes down on his own knees to Betsinda, takes her hand, begs her to accept his heart, and offers to marry her that moment. Fancy Betsinda's condition, who had been in love with the Prince ever since she first saw him in the palace garden, when she was quite a little child.

"Oh, divine Betsinda!" says the Prince, "how have I lived fifteen years in thy company without seeing thy perfections? What woman in all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, nay, in Australia, only it is not yet discovered, can presume to be thy equal? Angelica? Pish! Gruffanuff? Phoo! The Queen? Ha, ha! Thou art my Queen. Thou art the real Angelica, because thou art really angelic."

"Oh, Prince! I am but a poor chambermaid," says Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

"Didst thou not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?" continues Giglio. "Did not thy gentle hand smooth my pillow, and bring me jelly and roast chicken?"

"Yes, dear Prince, I did," says Betsinda, "and I sewed your Royal Highness's shirt-buttons on too, if you please, your Royal Highness," cries this artless maiden.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this declaration, when he saw the unmistakable glances which she flung upon Giglio, Bulbo began to cry bitterly, and tore quantities of hair out of his head, till it all covered the room like so much tow.

Betsinda had left the warming-pan on the floor while the Princes were going on with their conversation, and as they began now to quarrel and be very fierce with one another, she thought proper to run away.

On her way Betsinda met the King, who also promptly began to make love to her.

When Giglio heard these atrocious sentiments, he forgot the respect usually paid to Royalty, lifted up the warming-pan, and knocked down the King as flat as a pancake; after which, master Giglio took to his heels and ran away, and Betsinda went off screaming, and the Queen, Gruffanuff, and the Princess, all came out of their rooms.

HOW KING VALOROSO WAS IN A DREADFUL PASSION

"Ho! my captain of the guards!" his Majesty exclaimed, stamping his royal feet with rage. O piteous spectacle! the King's nose was bent quite crooked by the blow of Prince Giglio! His Majesty ground his teeth with rage. "Hedzoff," he said, taking a death-warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket, "Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the Prince. No more demur, the villain dies! see it be done, or else,—h'm—ha!—h'm! mind thine own eyes!" and followed by the

POOR BULBO IS ORDERED FOR EXECUTION

ladies, and lifting up the tails of his dressing-gown, the King entered his own apartment.

Captain Hedzoff was very much affected, having a sincere love for Giglio. "Poor, poor Giglio!" he said, the tears rolling over his manly face, and dripping down his moustachios; "my noble young Prince, is it my hand must lead thee to death?"

"Lead him to fiddlestick, Hedzoff," said a female voice. It was Gruffanuff, who had come out in her dressing-gown when she heard the noise. "The King said you were to hang the Prince. Well, hang the Prince."

"I don't understand you," says Hedzoff, who was not a very clever man.

"You Gaby! he didn't say which Prince," says Gruffanuff.

"No; he didn't say which, certainly," said Hedzoff.

"Well then, take Bulbo, and hang him!"

When Captain Hedzoff heard this, he began to dance about for joy.

"Pooh, pooh, my good man!—Stop, I say,—ho!—hulloa!" was all that this luckless Prince was enabled to say, for Hedzoff's guards seizing him, tied a handkerchief over his mouth and face, and carried him to the place of execution.

The Captain of the Guard handed over his prisoner to the Sheriff, with the fatal order,

"AT SIGHT CUT OFF THE BEARER'S HEAD.
VALOROSO XXIV."

"It's a mistake," says Bulbo, who did not seem to understand the business in the least.

And poor Bulbo was led to the scaffold, where an executioner with a block and a tremendous axe was always ready in case he should be wanted.

But we must now revert to Giglio and Betsinda.

WHAT GRUFFANUFF DID TO GIGLIO AND BETSINDA

Gruffanuff, who had seen what had happened with the King, and knew that Giglio must come to grief, got up very early the next morning, and went to devise some plans for rescuing her darling husband, as the silly old thing insisted on calling him. She found him walking up and down the garden, thinking of a rhyme for Betsinda (tinder and winda were all he could find), and indeed having forgotten all about the past evening, except that Betsinda was the most lovely of beings.

"Well, dear Giglio," says Gruff.

"Well, dear Gruffy," says Giglio, only he was quite satirical.

"I have been thinking, darling, what you must do in this scrape. You must fly the country for a while."

"What scrape?—fly the country? Never without her I love, Countess," says Giglio.

"No, she will accompany you, dear Prince," she says, in her most coaxing accents. "First, we must get the jewels belonging to our royal parents, and those of her and his present Majesty. Here is the key, duck; they are all yours, you know, by right, for you are the rightful King of Paflagonia, and your wife will be the rightful Queen."

"Will she?" says Giglio.

"Yes; and having got the jewels, go to Glumboso's apartment, where, under his bed, you will find sacks containing money to the amount of £217,000,000,987,439 13s. 6½d., all belonging to you, for he took it out of your royal father's room on the day of his death. With this we will fly."

"We will fly?" says Giglio.

"Yes, you and your bride—your affianced love—your Gruffy!" says the Countess, with a languishing leer.

"You my bride!" says Giglio. "You, you hideous old woman!"

"Oh, you—you wretch! didn't you give me this paper promising marriage?" cries Gruff.

"Get away, you old goose! I love Betsinda, and Betsinda only!" And in a fit of terror he ran from her as quickly as he could.

"He! he! he!" shrieks out Gruff; "a promise is a promise if there are laws in Paflagonia! And as for that monster, that wretch, that fiend, that ugly little vixen—as for that upstart, that ingrate, that beast Betsinda, Master Giglio will have no little difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. He may look very long before finding her, I warrant. He little knows that Miss Betsinda is——"

Is—what? Now, you shall hear. Poor Betsinda got up at five on a winter's morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea; and instead of finding her in a good humor, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The Countess boxed Betsinda's ears half-a-dozen times whilst she was dressing; but as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. "And now," says she, "when her Majesty rings her bell twice, I'll trouble you, miss, to attend."

So when the Queen's bell rang twice, Betsinda came to her Majesty and made a pretty little courtesy. The Queen, the Princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw her they began.

"You wretch!" says the Queen.

"You little vulgar thing!" says the Princess.

"You beast!" says Gruffanuff.

"Get out of my sight!" says the Queen.

"Go away with you, do!" says the Princess.

"Quit the premises!" says Gruffanuff.

The Countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and shoe this ever so long, and said, "Take those rags, you little beggar creature, and strip off everything belonging to honest people, and go about your business;" and she actually tore off the poor little delicate thing's back, almost all her things, and told her to be off out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak round her back, on which were embroidered the letters PRIN . . . . ROSAL . . . and then came a great rent.

As for the shoe, what was she to do with one poor little tootsey sandal? the string was still to it, so she hung it round her neck.

"Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please, mum?" cried the poor child.

"No, you wicked beast!" says Gruffanuff, driving her along with the poker—driving her down the cold stairs—driving her through the cold hall—flinging her out into the cold street, so that the knocker itself shed tears to see her!

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm for her little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the ermine of her mantle, and was gone!

While at breakfast the king learned of the unfortunate mistake that had been made in sentencing to death the prince who had come to woo his daughter.

"O papa, you goose! Write the reprieve, and let me run with it," cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore Street, and down High Street, and through the Market-place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the blind alley, and back again, and round the square, and she came—she came to the Execution place, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block! ! ! The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment the Princess came panting up and cried "Reprieve!" "Reprieve!" screamed the Princess. "Reprieve!" shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, with the agility of a lighter of lamps; and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, regardless of all ceremony, she cried out, "O my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo!"

"H'm! there's no accounting for tastes," said Bulbo, looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable, that the Princess, in tones of tenderest strain, asked the cause of his disquiet.

"I tell you what it is, Angelica," said he: "since I came here yesterday, there has been such a row, and disturbance, and quarreling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary."

"But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo!"

"Well, well, I suppose we must be married," says Bulbo. "Doctor, you came to read the Funeral Service—read the Marriage Service, will you? What must be, must. That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast."

Bulbo had carried a rose in his mouth all the time of the dismal ceremony. It was a fairy

ANGELICA ARRIVES JUST IN TIME

rose, and he was told by his mother that he ought never to part with it. So he had kept it between his teeth even when he laid his poor head upon the block, hoping vaguely that some chance would turn up in his favor. As he began to speak to Angelica, he forgot about the rose, and of course it dropped out of his mouth. The romantic Princess instantly stooped and seized it. "Sweet rose!" she exclaimed, "that bloomed upon my Bulbo's lip, never, never will I part from thee!" and she placed it in her bosom. And you know Bulbo couldn't ask her to give the rose back again. And they went to breakfast; and as they walked, it appeared to Bulbo that Angelica became more exquisitely lovely every moment.

He was frantic until they were married; and

now, strange to say, it was Angelica who didn't care about him!

So, married they were, and I am sure for my part I trust they will be happy.

HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER

Betsinda wandered on and on, till she passed through the town gates, and so on the great Crim Tartary road, the very way on which Giglio too was going. "Ah!" thought she, as the diligence passed her, of which the conductor was blowing a delightful tune on his horn, "how I should like to be on that coach!" But the coach and the jingling horses were very soon gone. She little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived on the confines of the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and, if she liked, he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the carter put a cloth round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. For all that she was very cold and melancholy. When after traveling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there, at last, was the comfortable light beaming in the woodman's windows; and so they arrived, and went into his cottage. He was an old man, and had a number of children, who were just at supper, with nice hot bread-and-milk, when their elder brother arrived with the cart. And they jumped and clapped their hands; for they were good children; and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger, they ran to her, and brought her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread-and-milk.

"Look, father!" they said to the old woodman, "look at this poor girl, and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are white as our milk! And look and see what an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, and which you found that day the little cubs were killed by King Padella, in the forest! And look, why, bless us all! she has got round her neck just such another little shoe as that you brought home, and have shown us so often—a little blue velvet shoe!"

"What," said the old woodman, "what is all this about a shoe and a cloak?"

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak, and this shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her had—had been angry with her, for no fault, she hoped, of her own. And they had sent her away with her old clothes—and here, in fact, she was. She remembered having been in a forest—and perhaps it was a dream—it was so very odd and strange—having lived in a cave with lions there; and, before that, having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the King's, in the town.

When the woodman heard this, he was so astonished, it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to his cupboard, and took out of a stocking a five-shilling piece of King Cavolfiore, and vowed it was exactly like the young woman. And then he produced the shoe and the piece of velvet which he had kept so long, and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda's little shoe was written, "Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family;" so in the other shoe was written, "Hopkins, maker to the Royal Family." In the inside of Betsinda's piece of cloak was embroidered, "PRIN ROSAL;" in the other piece of cloak was embroidered "CESS BA. No. 246." So that when put together you read, "PRINCESS ROSALBA. No. 246."

On seeing this, the dear old woodman fell down on his knee, saying: "O my princess, O my gracious royal lady, O my rightful Queen of Crim Tartary,—I hail thee—I acknowledge thee—I do thee homage!" And in token of his fealty, he rubbed his venerable nose three times on the ground, and put the Princess's foot on his head.

"Why," said she, "my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father's court!" For in her lowly retreat, and under the name of Betsinda, HER MAJESTY ROSALBA, Queen of Crim Tartary, had read of the customs of all foreign courts and nations.

"Marry, indeed am I, my gracious liege—the poor Lord Spinachi, once—the humble woodman these fifteen years syne. Ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake the treacherous knave!) dismissed me from my post of First Lord."

When the young man heard who his companion in the cart had been, he too knelt down and put her royal foot on his head; he too be-

dewed the ground with his tears; he was frantically in love with her, as everybody now was who saw her: so were the young Lords Bartolomeo and Ubaldo, who punched each other's little heads out of jealousy: and so, when they came from east and west at the summons of the Marquis degli Spinachi, were the Crim Tartar Lords who still remained faithful to the House of Cavolfiore. They were such very old gentlemen for the most part, that her Majesty never suspected their absurd passion, and went among them quite unaware of the havoc her beauty was causing, until an old blind Lord who had joined her party, told her what the truth was; after which, for fear of making the people too much in love with her, she always wore a veil.

Now while the rightful queen, Rosalba, was on her way to the court with her followers, they chanced to pass the estate of a ferocious, black-bearded noble, named Count Hogginarmo, who promptly fell in love with her. But when she would have nothing to do with him, he put her in chains and sent her to Padella, the false usurper of her throne, who had her thrown in a dungeon.

WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO

The idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff frightened Prince Giglio so, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched in a couple of porters, and was off to the diligence office in a twinkling.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get a comfortable place on the coupé of the diligence, where he sat with the conductor and another gentleman. At the first stage from Blombodinga, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the diligence a very ordinary, vulgar-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was informed that if she wished to travel, she must go upon the roof. The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. "I will give up my place to her," says he, "rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough."

Then he sprang up gayly on to the roof of the diligence, and made himself very comfortable in the straw. A vulgar traveler got down at the next station, and Giglio took his place again, and talked to the person next to him. She appeared to be a most agreeable, well-informed, and entertaining female.

As they traveled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio on a variety of subjects, in which the poor Prince showed his ignorance as much as she did her capacity. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was; on which the lady said, "My dear Gigl—my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but to improve yourself. Who knows but that you may find use for your knowledge some day? When—when you may be wanted at home, as some people may be."

"Good heavens, madam!" says he, "do you know me?"

"I know a number of funny things," says the lady. "I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folks' doors. I have seen some people spoiled by good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by hardship. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind."

"And who is my old friend?" asked Giglio.

"When you want anything," says the lady, "look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to——"

"To whom, madam?" says he.

"To the Fairy Blackstick," says the lady, flying out of the window.

Next morning, Giglio having had his breakfast, went out looking for lodgings. I forgot to say that this celebrated university town was called Bosforo.

He took a modest lodging opposite the Schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his apartment with his trunk. When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it contained only books. And in the first of them which he opened there was written—

"Clothes for the back, books for the head;
Read, and remember them when they are read."

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a student's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a Johnson's dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away, very, very hard for a whole year, during which "Mr. Giles" was quite an example to all the students in the University of Bosforo. He never got into any riots or disturbances. The Professors all spoke well of him, and the students liked him too; so

that, when at examinations he took all the prizes, viz.:—

The Spelling Prize	The French Prize
The Writing Prize	The Arithmetic Prize
The History Prize	The Latin Prize
The Catechism Prize	The Good Conduct Prize

all his fellow students said, "Hurray! Hurray for Giles!—the students' joy!"

One day after the examinations, as he was diverting himself at a coffee-house with two friends he chanced to look in the *Bosforo Chronicle*, and read off quite easily (for he could spell, read, and write the longest words now) the following—

"Romantic Circumstance.—One of the most extraordinary adventures that we have ever heard has set the neighboring country of Crim Tartary in a state of great excitement.

"It will be remembered that when the present revered sovereign of Crim Tartary, his Majesty King Padella, took possession of the throne, after having vanquished, in the terrific battle of Blunderbusco, the late King Cavolfiore, that Prince's only child, the Princess Rosalba, was not found in the royal palace, of which King Padella took possession, and, it was said, had strayed into the forest (being abandoned by all her attendants), where she had been eaten up by those ferocious lions.

"The mangled remains of a cloak, and a little shoe, were found in the forest, during a hunting-party, and these interesting relics of an innocent little creature were carried home and kept by their finder, the Baron Spinachi, formerly an officer in Cavolfiore's household. The Baron has lived for some time in the humble capacity of a woodcutter, in a forest on the outskirts of the Kingdom of Crim Tartary.

"Last Tuesday week Baron Spinachi and a number of gentlemen attached to the former dynasty, appeared in arms, crying, 'God save Rosalba, the First Queen of Crim Tartary!' and surrounding a lady whom report describes as 'beautiful exceedingly.' Her history may be authentic, is certainly most romantic.

"The personage calling herself Rosalba states that she was brought out of the forest, fifteen years since, by a lady in a car drawn by dragons (this account is certainly improbable), that she was left in the Palace Garden of Blombodinga, where her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica, now married to his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary, found the child, and with that elegant benevolence which has always distinguished the heiress of the throne of Paflagonia, gave the little outcast a shelter and a home! Her parentage not being known, and her garb very humble, the foundling was educated in the Palace in a menial capacity, under the name of Betsinda.

"She did not give satisfaction, and was dismissed, carrying with her, certainly, part of a mantle and a shoe, which she had on when first found. According to her statement she quitted Blombodinga about a year ago, since which time she has been with the Spinachi family. On the very morning the Prince Giglio, nephew to the King of Paflagonia, a young Prince whose character for talent and order were, to say truth, none of the highest, also quitted Blombodinga, and has not been since heard of!"

"What an extraordinary story!" said Smith and Jones, two young students, Giglio's especial friends.

"Ha! what is this?" Giglio went on, reading:

"Second Edition, Express.—We hear that the troop under Baron Spinachi has been surrounded, and utterly routed, by General Count Hogginarmo, and the soi-disant Princess is sent a prisoner to the capital."

"Come home with me, my friends. Gallant Smith! intrepid Jones! friends of my studies—partakers of my academic toils—I have that to tell shall astonish your honest minds."

"Go it, old boy!" cried the impetuous Smith.

"Talk away, my buck!" says Jones, a lively fellow.

With an air of indescribable dignity, Giglio checked their natural, but no more seemly, familiarity. "Jones, Smith, my good friends," said the Prince, "disguise is henceforth useless; I am no more the humble student Giles, I am the descendant of a royal line."

"I know, old co—," cried Jones. He was going to say old cock, but a flash from the Royal Eye again awed him.

"Friends," continued the Prince, "I am that Giglio, I am in fact Paflagonia. Rise, Smith, and kneel not in the public street. Jones, thou true heart!"

(I don't give this speech, which was very fine, but very long; and though Smith and Jones knew nothing about the circumstances, my dear reader does, so I go on.)

They got horses at a livery stable-keeper's, and never drew bridle until they reached the last town on the frontier before you come to Crim Tartary. Here, as their animals were tired, and the cavaliers hungry, they stopped and refreshed at an hostel. As they were drinking, drums and trumpets sounded nearer and nearer, the market-place was filled with soldiers, and his Royal Highness looking forth, recognized the Paflagonian banners, and the Paflagonian national air which the bands were playing.

Stepping well forward on to the balcony, the royal youth, without preparation, delivered a speech so magnificent that no report can do justice to it. It was all in blank verse (in which, from this time, he invariably spoke, as more becoming his majestic station). He explained, in terms which we say we shall not attempt to convey, the whole history of the previous transaction, and his determination not only not to give up his sword, but to assume his rightful crown; and at the end of this extraordinary, this truly gigantic effort, Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet, and cried, "Hurray! Hurray! Long live King Giglio!"

Such were the consequences of having employed his time well at college!

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA

King Padella made very similar proposals to Rosalba to those which she had received from the various Princes who, as we have seen, had fallen in love with her. But she declined his invitation in her usual polite, gentle manner, stating that Prince Giglio was her love, and that any other union was out of the question.

All night long the King spent in advising how he should get rid of this obdurate young creature. Cutting off her head was much too easy a death for her; hanging was so common in his Majesty's dominions that it no longer afforded him any sport: finally, he bethought himself of a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he determined, with these ferocious brutes, to hunt poor Rosalba down. Adjoining his castle was an amphitheater where the Prince indulged in bull-baiting, rat-hunting, and other ferocious sports. The two lions were kept in a cage under this place; their roaring might he heard over the whole city, the inhabitants of which, I am sorry to say, thronged in numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The King took his place in the royal box, having the officers of the Court around and the Count Hogginarmo by his side.

At length the Princess was brought out in her night-gown, with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the beef-eaters, and keepers of the wild animals wept plentifully at seeing her. And she walked with her poor little feet (only luckily the arena was covered with sawdust), and went and leaned up against a great stone in the center of the amphitheater, round which the Court and the people were seated in boxes, with bars before them, for fear of the great, fierce, red-maned, black-throated, long-tailed, roaring, bellowing, rushing lions. And now the gates were opened, and with a wurra warrura warar two great lean, hungry, roaring lions rushed out of their den, where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast-and-water, and dashed straight up to the stone where poor Rosalba was waiting.

But O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary coincidence, which I am sure none of you could by any possibility have divined! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of devouring her with their great teeth, it was with kisses they gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet, they nuzzled their noses in her lap, they moo'd, they seemed to say, "Dear, dear sister, don't you recollect your brothers in the forest?" And she put her pretty white arms around their tawny necks, and kissed them.

King Padella was immensely astonished. The Count Hogginarmo was extremely disgusted. "Pooh!" the Count cried. "Gammon!" exclaimed his lordship. "It is a shame to put people off in this way. I believe they are little boys dressed up in door-mats. They are no lions at all."

"Ha!" said the King, "you dare to say 'gammon' to your sovereign, do you? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho, my beef-eaters! Ho! my body-guard! Take this Count Hogginarmo and fling him into the circus. Give him a sword and buckler, let him keep his armor on, and his weather-eye out, and fight these lions."

The haughty Hogginarmo laid down his opera-glass, and looked scowling round at the King and his attendants. "Touch me not, dogs!" he said, "or by St. Nicholas the Elder, I will gore you! Your Majesty thinks Hogginarmo is afraid? No, not of a hundred thousand lions! Follow me down into the circus, King Padella, and match thyself against one of yon brutes. Thou darest not. Let them both come on, then!"

And opening a grating of the box, he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw! ! !
In about two minutes
The Count Hogginarmo was
GOBBLED UP
by
those lions,
bones, boots, and all,
and
There was an
End of him.

At this, the King said, "Serves him right, the rebellious ruffian! And now, as those lions won't eat that young woman——"

"Let her off!—let her off!" cried the crowd.

"No!" roared the King. "Let the beef-eaters go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her, let the archers shoot them to death. That hussy shall die in tortures!"

"A-a-ah!" cried the crowd. "Shame! shame!"

"Who dares cry out shame?" cried the furious potentate (so little can tyrants command their passions). "Fling any scoundrel who says a word down among the lions!"

I warrant you there was a dead silence then, which was broken by a Pang arang pang pang-karangpang; and a Knight and a Herald rode in at the farther end of the circus. The Knight, in full armor, with his vizor up, and bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, "by my fay, 'tis Elephant and Castle, pursuivant of my brother of Paflagonia; and the Knight, an my memory serves me, is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflagonia, gallant Hedzoff?"

Elephant and Castle, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat, and began to read:—

"O Yes! O Yes! O Yes! Know all men by these presents, that we, Giglio, King of Paflagonia, Grand Duke of Cappadocia, Sovereign Prince of Turkey and the Sausage Islands, having assumed our rightful throne and title, long time falsely borne by our usurping Uncle, styling himself King of Paflagonia,—"

"Ha!" growled Padella.

"Hereby summon the false traitor, Padella, calling himself King of Crim Tartary,—"

The King's curses were dreadful. "Go on, Elephant and Castle!" said the intrepid Hedzoff.

"—To release from cowardly imprisonment his liege lady and rightful Sovereign, Rosalba, Queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne: in default of which, I, Giglio, proclaim the said Padella, sneak, traitor, humbug, usurper, and coward. I challenge him to meet me, with fists or with pistols, with battle-axe or sword, with blunderbuss or singlestick, alone or at the head of his army, on foot or on horseback; and will prove my words upon his wicked ugly body!"

"God save the King!" said Captain Hedzoff, executing a demivolte, two semilunes, and three caracols.

"Is that all?" said Padella, with the terrific calm of concentrated fury.

"That, sir, is all my royal master's message. Here is his Majesty's letter in autograph, and here is his glove, and if any gentleman of Crim Tartary chooses to find fault with his Majesty's expressions, I, Kutasoff Hedzoff, Captain of the Guard, am very much at his service," and he waved his lance, and looked at the assembly all round.

"And what says my good brother of Paflagonia, my dear son's father-in-law, to this rubbish?" asked the King.

"The King's uncle hath been deprived of the crown he unjustly wore," said Hedzoff gravely. "He and his ex-minister, Glumboso, are now in prison waiting the sentence of my royal master. After the battle of Bombardaro——"

"Of what?" asked the surprised Padella.

"Of Bombardaro, where my liege, his present Majesty, would have performed prodigies of valor, but that the whole of his uncle's army came over to our side, with the exception of Prince Bulbo."

"Ah! my boy, my boy, my Bulbo was no traitor!" cried Padella.

"Prince Bulbo, far from coming over to us, ran away, sir; but I caught him. The Prince is a prisoner in our army, and the most terrific tortures await him if a hair of the Princess Rosalba's head is injured."

"Do they?" exclaimed the furious Padella, who was now perfectly livid with rage. "Do they indeed? So much the worse for Bulbo. I've twenty sons as lovely each as Bulbo. Not one but is as fit to reign as Bulbo. Whip, whack, flog, starve, rack, punish, torture Bulbo—break all his bones—roast him or flay him alive—pull all his pretty teeth out one by one! but justly dear as Bulbo is to me,—Joy of my eyes, fond treasure of my soul!—Ha, ha, ha, ha! revenge

is dearer still. Ho! torturers, rack-men, executioners—light up the fires and make the pincers hot! get lots of boiling lead!—Bring out Rosalba!"

HEDZOFF BACK TO GIGLIO

Captain Hedzoff rode away when King Padella uttered this cruel command, having done his duty in delivering the message with which his royal master had intrusted him. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp, and found the young monarch in a disturbed state of mind. His Majesty's agitation was not appeased by the news that was brought by his ambassador. "The brutal ruthless ruffian royal wretch!" Giglio exclaimed. "As England's poesy has well remarked, 'The man that lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain.' Ha, Hedzoff?"

"That he is, your Majesty," said the attendant.

"O cruel father—O unhappy son!" cried the King. "Go, some of you, and bring Prince Bulbo hither."

Bulbo was brought in chains, looking very uncomfortable. Though a prisoner, he had been tolerably happy, perhaps because his mind was at rest, and all the fighting was over, and he was playing at marbles with his guards, when the King sent for him.

"O, my poor Bulbo," said his Majesty, with looks of infinite compassion, "hast thou heard the news?" (for you see Giglio wanted to break the thing gently to the Prince), "thy brutal father has condemned Rosalba—p-p-p-ut her to death, P-p-p-rince Bulbo!"

"What, killed Betsinda! Boo-hoo-hoo," cried out Bulbo. "Betsinda! pretty Betsinda! dear Betsinda! She was the dearest little girl in the world. I love her better twenty thousand times even then Angelica," and he went on expressing his grief in so hearty and unaffected a manner, that the King was quite touched by it, and said, shaking Bulbo's hand, that he wished he had known Bulbo sooner.

And now think what must have been the feelings of the most merciful of monarchs, when he informed his prisoner that, in consequence of King Padella's cruel and dastardly behavior to Rosalba Prince Bulbo must instantly be executed! The noble Giglio could not restrain his tears, nor could the Grenadiers, nor the officers, nor could Bulbo himself, when the matter was explained to him, and he was brought to understand that his Majesty's promise, of course, was above everything, and Bulbo must submit. So poor Bulbo was led out, Hedzoff trying to console him, by pointing out that if he had won the battle of Bombardaro, he might have hanged Prince Giglio. "Yes! But that is no comfort to me now!" said poor Bulbo; nor indeed was it, poor fellow!

He was told the business would be done the next morning at eight, and was taken back to his dungeon, where every attention was paid to him. The Undertaker came and measured him for the handsomest coffin which money could buy: even this didn't console Bulbo. He got up on the top of a hat-box, on the top of a chair, on the top of his bed, on the top of his table, and looked out to see whether he might escape as the clock kept always ticking and the hands drawing nearer, and nearer, and nearer.

But looking out of the window was one thing, and jumping another: and the town clock struck seven. So he got into bed for a little sleep, but the gaoler came and awoke him, and said, "Git up, your Royal Ighness, if you please, it's ten minutes to eight!"

So poor Bulbo got up: he had gone to bed in his clothes (the lazy boy), and he shook himself, and said he didn't mind about dressing, or having any breakfast, thank you; and he saw the soldiers who had come for him. "Lead on!" he said; and they led the way, deeply affected; and they came into the courtyard, and out into the square, and there was King Giglio come to take leave of him, and his Majesty most kindly shook hands with him, and the gloomy procession marched on:—when hark!

Haw—wurraw—wurraw—aworr!

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into the town, frightening away the boys, and even the beadle and policemen, but Rosalba!

The fact is, that when Captain Hedzoff entered into the court of Snapdragon Castle, and was discoursing with King Padella, the lions made a dash at the open gate, gobbled up the six beef-eaters in a jiffy, and away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her, turn and turn about, till they came to the city where Prince Giglio's army was encamped.

When the King heard of the Queen's arrival, you may think how he rushed out of his breakfast-room to hand her Majesty off her lion! The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having eaten Hogginarmo and all those beef-eaters, and were so tame, anybody might pat them.

While Giglio knelt (most gracefully) and helped the Princess, Bulbo, for his part, rushed up and kissed the lion. He flung his arms round the forest monarch; he hugged him, and laughed and cried for joy. "O you darling old beast, oh, how glad I am to see you, and the dear, dear Bets—that is, Rosalba."

"What, is it you? poor Bulbo!" said the Queen. "O, how glad I am to see you!" and she gave him her hand to kiss. King Giglio slapped him most kindly on the back, and said, "Bulbo, my boy, I am delighted, for your sake, that her Majesty has arrived."

"So am I," said Bulbo; "and you know why." Captain Hedzoff here came up. "Sire, it is half-past eight: shall we proceed with the execution?"

"Execution! what for?" asked Bulbo.

"An officer only knows his orders," replied Captain Hedzoff, showing his warrant, on which his Majesty King Giglio smilingly said, "Prince Bulbo was reprieved this time," and most graciously invited him to breakfast.

A TREMENDOUS BATTLE

Poor Bulbo was taken into favor again, and allowed to go quite free now. He had new clothes given him, was called "My good cousin" by his Majesty, and was treated with the greatest distinction by everybody. But it was easy to see he was very melancholy. The fact is, the sight of Betsinda, who looked perfectly lovely in an elegant new dress, set poor Bulbo frantic in love with her again. And he never thought about Angelica, now Princess Bulbo, whom he had left at home, and who, as we know, did not care much about him.

The King, dancing the twenty-fifth polka with Rosalba, remarked with wonder the ring she wore; and then Rosalba told him how she got it from Gruffanuff, who no doubt had picked it up when Angelica flung it away.

"Yes," says the Fairy Blackstick, who had come to see the young people, and who had very likely certain plans regarding them. "That ring I gave the Queen, Giglio's mother, who was not, saving your presence, a very wise woman; it is enchanted, and whoever wears it looks beautiful in the eyes of the world. I made poor Prince Bulbo, when he was christened, the present of a rose which made him look handsome while he had it; but he gave it to Angelica, who instantly looked beautiful again, whilst Bulbo relapsed into his natural plainness."

"Rosalba needs no ring, I'm sure," says Giglio, with a low bow. "She is beautiful enough, in my eyes, without any enchanted aid."

"O, sir!" said Rosalba.

"Take off the ring and try," said the King, and resolutely drew the ring off her finger. In his eyes she looked just as handsome as before!

The King was thinking of throwing the ring away, as it was so dangerous and made all the people so mad about Rosalba; but being a Prince of great humor, and good-humor too, he cast eyes upon a poor youth who happened to be looking on very disconsolately, and said—

"Bulbo, my poor lad! come and try on this ring. The Princess Rosalba makes it a present to you."

The magic properties of this ring were uncommonly strong, for no sooner had Bulbo put it on, but lo and behold, he appeared a personable, agreeable young Prince enough—with a fine complexion, fair hair, rather stout, and with bandy legs; but these were encased in such a beautiful pair of yellow morocco boots that nobody remarked them.

And the Fairy Blackstick said, "Bless you, my darling children! Now you are united and happy; and now you see what I said from the first, that a little misfortune has done you both good. You, Giglio, had you been bred in prosperity, would scarcely have learned to read or write—you would have been idle and extravagant, and could not have been a good King, as you now will be. You, Rosalba, would have been so flattered, that your little head might have been turned like Angelica's, who thought herself too good for Giglio."

"As if anybody could be good enough for him," cried Rosalba.

"Oh, you, you darling!" says Giglio. And so she was; and he was just holding out his arms in order to give her a hug before the whole company, when a messenger came rushing in, and said, "My lord, the enemy!"

"To arms!" cries Giglio.

"Oh, mercy!" says Rosalba, and fainted, of course.

He snatched one kiss from her lips, and rushed forth to the field of battle!

King Giglio had no difficulty at all in defeating the army of the false King Padella, or, afterward, in worsting him in single combat, for, as King Padella explained—

"If you ride a fairy horse, and wear fairy armor, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a prisoner at once. Your Majesty won't, I suppose, be so mean as to strike a poor fellow who can't strike again?"

The justice of Padella's remark struck the magnanimous Giglio. "Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?" says he.

"Of course I do," said Padella.

"Do you acknowledge Rosalba as your rightful Queen, and give up the crown and all your treasures to your rightful mistress?"

"If I must I must," says Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time King Giglio's aides-de-camp had come up, whom his Majesty ordered to bind the prisoner. And they tied his hands behind him, and bound his legs tight under his horse, having set him with his face to the tail; and in this fashion he was led back to King Giglio's quarters, and thrust into the very dungeon where young Bulbo had been confined.

All was now joy in King Giglio's circle. Dancing, feasting, fun, illuminations, and jollifications of all sorts ensued. The people through whose villages they passed were ordered to illuminate their cottages at night, and scatter flowers on the roads during the day. Hedzoff was made a Duke and a Field Marshal. Smith and Jones were promoted to be Earls; the Crim Tartar Order of the Pumpkin and the Paflagonian decoration of the Cucumber were freely distributed by their Majesties to the army. How the people cheered them as they rode along side by side! They were pronounced to be the handsomest couple ever seen; that was a matter of course; but they really were very handsome, and, had they been otherwise, would have looked so, they were so happy! It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached the capital, and orders were despatched to the Archbishop of Blombodinga, to hold himself in readiness to perform the interesting ceremony. The Duke seized Glumboso, the ex-Prime Minister, and made him refund that considerable sum of money which the old scoundrel had secreted out of the late King's treasure. He also clapped Valoroso into prison. So these two ex-Royal personages were sent for a year to the House of Correction, no doubt they exhibited a repentance for their past misdeeds, usurpations, and private and public crimes.

As for Glumboso, that rogue was sent to the galleys, and never had an opportunity to steal any more.

BACK TO THE CAPITAL

The Fairy Blackstick, by whose means this young King and Queen had certainly won their respective crowns back, would come not unfrequently to pay them a little visit—as they were riding in their triumphal progress toward Giglio's capital—change her wand into a pony, and travel by their Majesties' side, giving them the very best advice. She exhorted him to deal justly by his subjects, to draw mildly on the taxes, never to break his promise when he had once given it—and in all respects to be a good King.

"A good King, my dear Fairy!" cries Rosalba. "Of course he will. Break his promise! can you fancy my Giglio would ever do anything so improper, so unlike him? No! never!" And she looked fondly toward Giglio, whom she thought a pattern of perfection.

"Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me, and telling me how to manage my government, and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of sense, and a man of honor?" asks Giglio, testily.

Master Bulbo rode a donkey, and made himself generally beloved in the army by his cheerfulness, kindness, and good-humor to everybody. He was eager to see his darling Angelica. He thought there never was such a charming being. Blackstick did not tell him it was the possession of the magic rose that made Angelica so lovely in his eyes. She brought him the very best accounts of his little wife, whose misfortunes and humiliations had indeed very greatly improved her.

When the Royal party arrived at the last stage before you reach Blombodinga, who should be in waiting, in her carriage there with her lady of honor by her side, but the Princess Angelica. She rushed into her husband's arms, scarcely stopping to make a passing courtesy to the King and Queen. She had no eyes but for Bulbo, who appeared perfectly lovely to her on account of the fairy ring which he wore; whilst she herself, wearing the magic rose in her bonnet, seemed entirely beautiful to the enraptured Bulbo.

A splendid luncheon was served to the Royal party, of which the Archbishop, the Chancellor, the Duke Hedzoff, Countess Gruffanuff, and all our friends partook. The Fairy Blackstick was seated on the left of King Giglio, with Bulbo and Angelica beside. You could hear the joybells ringing in the capital, and the guns which the citizens were firing off in honor of their Majesties.

"What can have induced that hideous old Gruffanuff to dress herself up in such an absurd way? Did you ask her to be your bridesmaid, my dear?" says Giglio to Rosalba. "What a figure of fun Gruffy is!"

Gruffy was seated opposite their Majesties, between the Archbishop and the Lord Chancellor, and a figure of fun she certainly was, for she was dressed in a low white silk dress, with lace over, a wreath of white roses on her wig, a splendid lace veil, and her yellow old neck was covered with diamonds. She ogled the King in such a manner, that his Majesty burst out laughing.

"Eleven o'clock!" cries Giglio, as the great Cathedral bell of Blombodinga tolled that hour. "Gentlemen and ladies, we must be starting. Archbishop, you must be at church I think before twelve?"

"We must be at church before twelve," sighs out Gruffanuff in a languishing voice, hiding her old face behind her fan.

"And then I shall be the happiest man in my dominions," cries Giglio, with an elegant bow to the blushing Rosalba.

"O my Giglio! O my dear Majesty!" exclaims Gruffanuff; "and can it be that this happy moment at length has arrived—"

"Of course it has arrived," says the King.

—"and that I am about to become the enraptured bride of my adored Giglio!" continues Gruffanuff. "Lend me a smelling-bottle, somebody. I certainly shall faint with joy."

"You my bride?" roars out Giglio.

"You marry my Prince?" cries poor little Rosalba.

"Pooh! Nonsense! The woman's mad!" exclaims the King. And all the courtiers exhibited, by their countenances and expressions, marks of surprise, or ridicule, or incredulity, or wonder.

"I should like to know who else is going to be married, if I am not?" shrieks out Gruffanuff. "Has not Prince Giglio promised to marry his Barbara? Is not this Giglio's signature? Does not this paper declare that he is mine, and only mine?" And she handed to his Grace the Archbishop the document which the Prince signed that evening when she wore the magic ring. And the old Archbishop, taking out his eye-glasses, read—

> "'This is to give notice, that I, Giglio, only son of Savio, King of Paflagonia, hereby promise to marry the charming Barbara Griselda Countess Gruffanuff, and widow of the late Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq.'"

"H'm," says the Archbishop, "the document is certainly a—a document."

"Is it your handwriting, Giglio?" cries the Fairy Blackstick, with an awful severity of countenance.

"Y—y—y—es," poor Giglio gasps out, "I had quite forgotten the confounded paper: she can't mean to hold me by it. You old wretch, what will you take to let me off? Help the Queen, someone—her Majesty has fainted."

"Chop her head off!"<br>"Smother the old witch!"<br>"Pitch her into the river!"

} exclaim the impetuous Hedzoff, the ardent Smith, and the faithful Jones.

But Gruffanuff flung her arms round the Archbishop's neck, and bellowed out, "Justice, justice, my Lord Chancellor!" so loudly, that her piercing shrieks caused everybody to pause. As for Rosalba, she was borne away lifeless by her ladies; and you may imagine the look of agony which Giglio cast toward that lovely being, as his hope, his joy, his darling, his all in all, was thus removed, and in her place the horrid old Gruffanuff rushed up to his side, and once more shrieked out, "Justice, justice!"

Giglio was half mad with rage by this time. "I will not marry her," says he. "Oh, Fairy, Fairy, give me counsel!" And as he spoke he looked wildly round at the severe face of the Fairy Blackstick.

"'Why is Fairy Blackstick always advising me and warning me to keep my word? Does she suppose that I am not a man of honor?'" said the Fairy, quoting Giglio's own haughty words.

"Well, Archbishop," said he, in a dreadful voice that made his Grace start, "since this Fairy has led me to the height of happiness but to dash me down into the depths of despair, since I am to lose Rosalba, let me at least keep my honor. Get up, Countess, and let us be married; I can keep my word, but I can die afterward."

"O dear Giglio," cries Gruffanuff, skipping up, "I knew, I knew I could trust thee—I knew that my prince was the soul of honor. Jump into your carriages, ladies and gentlemen, and let us go to church at once; and as for dying, dear Giglio, no, no:—thou wilt forget that insignificant chambermaid of a queen—thou wilt live to be consoled by thy Barbara!" And hanging upon poor Giglio's arm, and leering and grinning in his face in the most disgusting manner, this old wretch tripped off in her white satin shoes, and jumped into the very carriage which had been got ready to convey Giglio and Rosalba to church.

WE COME TO THE LAST SCENE

The many ups and downs of her life had given the Princess Rosalba prodigious strength

of mind, and that highly principled young woman presently recovered from her fainting-fit, out of which Fairy Blackstick, by a precious essence which the Fairy always carried in her pocket, awakened her.

Instead of tearing her hair, crying, and bemoaning herself, and fainting again, as many young women would have done, Rosalba remembered that she owed an example of firmness to her subjects; and though she loved Giglio more than her life, was determined, as she told the Fairy, not to interfere between him and justice, or to cause him to break his royal word.

"I cannot marry him, but I shall love him always," says she to Blackstick; "I will go and be present at his marriage with the Countess, and sign the book, and wish them happy with all my heart. I will see, when I get home, whether I cannot make the new Queen some handsome presents. The Crim Tartary crown diamonds are uncommonly fine, and I shall never have any use for them. I will live and die unmarried like Queen Elizabeth, and, of course, I shall leave my crown to Giglio when I quit this world. Let us go and see them married, my dear Fairy, let me say one last farewell to him; and then, if you please, I will return to my own dominions."

So the Fairy kissed Rosalba with peculiar tenderness, and at once changed her wand into a very comfortable coach-and-four, with a steady coachman, and two respectable footmen behind, and the Fairy and Rosalba got into the coach, which Angelica and Bulbo entered after them.

As for honest Bulbo, he was blubbering in the most pathetic manner, quite overcome by Rosalba's misfortune. The coach moved on, and, being a fairy coach, soon came up with the bridal procession.

So the marriage party drove up to the palace: the dignitaries got out of their carriages and stood aside: poor Rosalba stepped out of her coach, supported by Bulbo, and stood almost fainting up against the railings so as to have a last look of her dear Giglio.

As for Blackstick, she, according to her custom, had flown out of the coach window in some inscrutable manner, and was now standing at the palace door.

Giglio came up the steps with his horrible bride on his arm, looking as pale as if he was going to execution. He only frowned at the Fairy Blackstick—he was angry with her, and thought she came to insult his misery.

"Get out of the way, pray," says Gruffanuff, naughtily. "I wonder why you are always poking your nose into other people's affairs?"

"Are you determined to make this poor young man unhappy?" says Blackstick.

"To marry him, yes! What business is it of yours? Pray, madam, don't say 'you' to a Queen," cries Gruffanuff.

"You won't let him off his bargain though you know you cheated him when you made him sign the paper?"

"Impudence! Policemen, remove this woman!" cries Gruffanuff. And the policemen were rushing forward, but with a wave of her wand the Fairy struck them all like so many statues in their places.

"You won't take anything in exchange for your bond, Mrs. Gruffanuff," cries the Fairy, with awful severity. "I speak for the last time."

"No!" shrieks Gruffanuff, stamping with her foot. "I'll have my husband, my husband, my husband!"

"You shall have your husband!" the Fairy Blackstick cried; and advancing a step, laid her hand upon the nose of the knocker.

As she touched it, the brass nose seemed to elongate, the open mouth opened still wider, and uttered a roar which made everybody start. The eyes rolled wildly; the arms and legs uncurled themselves, writhed about, and seemed to lengthen with each twist; the knocker expanded into a figure in yellow livery, six feet high; the screws by which it was fixed to the door unloosed themselves, and Jenkins Gruffanuff once more trod the threshold off which he had been lifted more than twenty years ago!

"Master's not at home," says Jenkins, just in his old voice; and Mrs. Jenkins, giving a dreadful youp, fell down in a fit, in which nobody minded her.

For everybody was shouting, "Huzzay! huzzay!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" "Long live the King and Queen!" "Were such things ever seen?" "No, never, never, never!" "The Fairy Blackstick forever!"

So Gruffanuff opened the hall door with a low bow, just as he had been accustomed to do, and they all went in and signed the book, and then they went to church and were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane, and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.

SO OUR LITTLE STORY ENDS.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, GOOD MY FRIENDS.

AND HERE ENDS THE FIRESIDE PANTOMIME

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS

BY LEO TOLSTOI

In a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedéitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out onto the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had resoled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God.

From that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. Then he lit the samovár, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever anyone passed in unfamiliar boots he would stop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas' reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, goloshed with leather. The old man was called Stepánitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that Stepánitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovár is just on the boil."

He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovár on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the window with his fingers. Stepánitch turned and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him to came in, and went himself to open the door.

"Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you!" Stepánitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I'll wipe up the floor—it's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two tumblers, he passed one to his visitor, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, began to blow on it.

Stepánitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

"Thank you, Martin Avedéitch," he said, "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

Stepánitch went away, and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as he stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Christ's sayings.

After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his window. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at some place where building was going on.

The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle, trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands, knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it in its place, and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street.

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I'll pay him out, so that he won't forget it for a year! I'll take the rascal to the police!"

Martin began entreating the old woman.

"Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

"That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be

whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way—but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall not be forgiven. Forgive everyone, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoiled."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said, "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for anyone. It's 'grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman completely softened at the thought.

"Of course, it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I'm going that way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple.

When they were out of sight Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

"Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Gospels from the shelf. He meant to open them at the place he had marked the day before with a bit of morocco, but the book opened at another place. As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though someone were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepánitch, who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Gospel just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." (Matthew, Chap. xxv.)

THREE GOOD STORIES RETOLD

To Our Readers:

And now that we have introduced you to some of the world's greatest stories we want you to know some others, not so great possibly, but just as interesting.

We have selected three, and of each one we are going to give at least one lovely glimpse, like looking through a story-land window out on a wide landscape, so that you will wish to wander through the fields and see all that is beautiful and adventurous in these Never Never Lands of Romance.

THE EDITORS.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

RETOLD BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

You will like the story of Little Diamond and his great friend, the North Wind, for many reasons. One is that it is a number of stories in one. Yes, this is a book that is crowded full of story, as full as a sound nut of meat. Little Diamond is himself one of the most lovable boys in all the world of books. He is gentle, and kind, and happy, and he is wise, for all he is a simple little chap. "God's baby" the rough cabmen call him, and Nanny tells him he is silly, and even taps her forehead a little to show that she thinks he is not quite right in his head. But it would be a good world to live in if we were more like little Diamond.

I will tell you a bit about him, and then let you read his first adventure with North Wind. He was the son of the coachman who drove the Coleman's horses, and he slept in the hay loft, a big airy place smelling sweet of hay. One night when the wind is blowing, and he is lying snug in his little bed, North Wind suddenly calls to him. She wants to come in through the knot-hole that his mother has pasted paper over. He lets her in, and she proves to be a lovely great lady with flowing black hair. Diamond loves her at once, and when she asks him to come with her he jumps out of bed and is away down the steps, his hand in hers.

OF THE WILD WORK OF NORTH WIND AND OF THE LITTLE GIRL

It was bedtime, and Diamond went to bed and fell fast asleep.

He awoke all at once, in the dark.

"Open the window, Diamond," said a voice.

Now Diamond's mother had once more pasted up North Wind's window.

He had got up on his knees, and was busy with his nails once more at the paper over the hole in the wall. For now that North Wind spoke again, he remembered all that had taken place before as distinctly as if it had happened only last night.

"Yes, but that was your fault," returned North

Wind. "I had work to do; and, besides, a gentleman should never keep a lady waiting."

"But I'm not a gentleman," said Diamond, scratching away at the paper.

"I hope you won't say so ten years after this."

"I'm going to be a coachman, and a coachman is not a gentleman," persisted Diamond.

"We call your father a gentleman in our house," said North Wind.

"He doesn't call himself one," said Diamond.

"That's of no consequence: every man ought to be a gentleman, and your father is one."

Diamond was so pleased to hear this that he scratched at the paper like ten mice, and getting hold of the edge of it, tore it off. The next instant a young girl glided across the bed, and stood upon the floor.

"Oh dear!" said Diamond, quite dismayed; "I didn't know—who are you, please?"

"I'm North Wind."

"Are you really?"

"Yes. Make haste."

"But you're no bigger than me."

"I am big enough to show you the way, anyhow. But if you won't come, why, you must stay."

"I must dress myself. I didn't mind with a grown lady, but I couldn't go with a little girl in my night-gown."

"Very well. Dress as fast as you can, and I'll go and shake the primrose leaves till you come."

"Don't hurt it," said Diamond.

North Wind broke out in a little laugh like the breaking of silver bubbles, and was gone in a moment. Diamond saw the gleam of something vanishing down the stair, and, springing out of bed, dressed himself as fast as ever he could. The he crept out into the yard, through the door in the wall, and away to the primrose. Behind it stood North Wind, leaning over it, and looking at the flower as if she had been its mother.

"Come along," she said, jumping up and holding out her hand.

Diamond took her hand. It was cold, but so pleasant and full of life, it was better than warm. She led him across the garden. With one bound she was on the top of the wall. Diamond was left at the foot.

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Please, I can't jump like that."

"You don't try," said North Wind, who from the top looked down a foot taller than before.

"Give me your hand again, and I will try," said Diamond.

She reached down, Diamond laid hold of her hand, gave a great spring, and stood beside her.

"This is nice!" he said.

Another bound, and they stood in the road by the river. It was full tide, and the stars were shining clear in its depths, for it lay still, waiting for the turn to run down again to the sea. They walked along its side. But they had not walked far before its surface was covered with ripples, and the stars had vanished from its bosom.

And North Wind was now tall as a full-grown girl. Her hair was flying about her head, and the wind was blowing a breeze down the river.

She laid hold of Diamond and began to run, gliding along faster and faster. Diamond kept up with her as well as he could. She made many turnings and windings, apparently because it was quite easy to get him over walls and houses.

They were now climbing the slope of a grassy ascent. It was Primrose Hill, in fact, although Diamond had never heard of it. The moment they reached the top, North Wind stood and turned her face toward London. The stars were still shining clear and cold overhead. There was not a cloud to be seen. The air was sharp, but Diamond did not find it cold.

"Now," said the lady, "whatever you do, do not let my hand go."

Then she put her hands behind her head, and gathered some of her hair, and began weaving and knotting it together. When she had done, she bent down her beautiful face close to his, and said:

"Diamond, I am afraid you would not keep hold of me and if I were to drop you, I don't know what might happen; so I have been making a place for you in my hair. Come."

Diamond held out his arms, for with that grand face looking at him, he believed like a baby. She took him in her hands, threw him over her shoulder, and said, "Get in, Diamond."

And Diamond parted her hair with his hands, crept between, and feeling about soon found the woven nest. It was just like a pocket, or like the shawl in which gipsy women carry their children. North Wind put her hands to her back, felt all about the nest, and finding it safe, said:

"Are you comfortable, Diamond?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Diamond.

The next moment he was rising in the air. North Wind grew towering up to the place of the clouds. Her hair went streaming out from her, till it spread like a mist over the stars. She flung herself abroad in space.

DIAMOND GOES INTO THE GARDEN TO MEET THE NORTH WIND

Diamond held on by two of the twisted ropes which, parted and interwoven, formed his shelter, for he could not help being a little afraid. As soon as he had come to himself, the earth was rushing past like a river or a sea below him. Trees, and water, and green grass hurried away beneath. A great roar of wild animals rose as they rushed over the Zoological Gardens, mixed with a chattering of monkeys and a screaming of birds; but it died away in a moment behind them. And now there was nothing but the roofs of houses, sweeping along like a great torrent of stones and rocks. Chimney-pots fell, and tiles flew from the roofs; but it looked to him as if they were left behind by the roofs and the chimneys as they scudded away. There was a great roaring, for the wind was dashing against London like a sea; but at North Wind's back Diamond, of course, felt nothing of it all. He was in a perfect calm. He could hear the sound of it, that was all.

By and by he raised himself and looked over the edge of his nest. There were the houses rushing up and shooting away below him, like a fierce torrent of rocks instead of water. Then he looked up to the sky, but could see no stars; they were hidden by the blinding masses of the lady's hair which swept between.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING

RETOLD BY ELVA S. SMITH

THERE is a mystery about Jan. Who were his father and mother? What was his real name? Nobody knew. When a baby he had been left at Master Lake's windmill on the night of a great storm by a strange man and woman. He was brought up with the miller's children, but he was like a changeling among them. He was a quaint little fellow, loving everything that was beautiful, and he had such winning ways and such pretty manners that he became a great favorite with his adopted brothers and sisters and the idol of his foster-mother, who always declared he was "gentry-born."

The story tells how Jan grows up in the windmill and becomes by turns pig-minder and miller's boy, how he is kidnapped and taken to London, and how the mystery of his parentage is solved.

From the very first Jan shows a great genius for drawing. He draws letters in the spilled flour of the mill, "makes pictures" on his slate and finds himself famous in the parish when he paints a new sign for the inn-keeper at the Heart of Oak. In the end this great gift brings fame and fortune to the child of the windmill.

He has a genius also for making friends, and among the interesting folk of whom the story tells are his gentle foster-brother, Abel, of whom he is always "main fond"; little Miss Amabel Adeline, the squire's daughter, who meets Jan in the wood and takes him for a bogy; Squire Ammaby, and Master Swift, the schoolmaster, who is always spouting poetry.

Not all of the people who come into Jan's life are friendly, however. There

"AND NOW THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE ROOFS OF HOUSES"

are some who are base and vicious. "Gearge," the miller's man, who was "not such a fool as he looked;" the cheap-Jack, sometimes called "Juggling Jack," and Sal, the large-mouthed woman, all have an inkling of Jan's history and unscrupulously plot against him at the "mop," or annual hiring-fair, and elsewhere.

Rufus, the mongrel dog, with the plaintive face and plumy tail, plays an important part in Jan's life, and the old white horse, which Amabel rescues and grooms with her mother's best tortoise-shell dressing-comb, must not be forgotten. Even the farmer's pigs become interesting when seen with Jan's artist-eyes.

The scene of the story is a country district in the neighborhood of Amesbury, a picturesque old English town. Windmills always had a great fascination for Mrs. Ewing, and her knowledge of the life was obtained from an old man who had once been a miller and had a genuine "miller's thumb."

JAN DRAWS PIGS

"It was the force of circumstances which led Jan so constantly to 'make pigs' on his slate instead of nobler subjects; and it dated from the time when his foster-mother began to send him with the other children to school at Dame Datchett's."

Jan's opportunities for studying pigs were good. As the smallest and swiftest of the flock, his tail tightly curled, and indescribable jauntiness in his whole demeanor, came bounding to the river's brink, followed by his fellows, driving, pushing, snuffing, winking, and gobbling, and lastly by a small boy in a large coat, with a long switch, Jan was witness of the whole scene from Dame Datchett's door. And, as he sat with his slate and pencil before him, he naturally took to drawing the quaint comic faces and expressive eyes of the herd, and their hardly less expressive backs and tails; and to depicting the scenes which took place when the pigs had enjoyed their refreshment, and with renewed vigor led their keeper in twenty different directions, instead of going home.

Jan was drawing his pigs one day in the little wood, when he fancied that the gnarled elbow of a branch near him had, in its outline, some likeness to a pig's face, and he began to sketch it on his slate. But in studying the tree the grotesque likeness was forgotten, and there burst upon his mind, as a revelation, the sense of that world of beauty which lies among stems and branches, twigs and leaves.

After a while Jan left the windmill to become a pig-minder, and one day Master Swift, a poet, saw him drawing pictures. "Are ye a sky-maker as well as a swineherd?" the poet exclaimed in admiration.

JAN IS KIDNAPPED

Jan has long ceased to be a pig-minder. He goes to school to Master Swift, and helps Master Lake at home. His chief ambition just now is to be a windmiller. Strange to say, after so long a time, the woman with the ugly mouth who had brought the baby to the mill has been seen creeping around the place.

Then Jan is kidnapped by the villains of the story, who force him to support them by drawing colored sketches on the sidewalk. Jan runs away.

Lost in London, lonely, miserable, Jan is finally found by a kind gentleman, and taken to a "Boys' Home." He quickly finds favor with his new friends.

One day an artist comes to the school, desiring to find a boy for a model.

There was a bit of chalk in Jan's pocket, and the courtyard was paved. He knelt down, and the boys gathered round him. They were sharp enough to be sympathetic, and when he begged them to be quiet they kept a breathless silence, which was broken only by the distant roar of London outside, and by the Master's voice speaking in an adjoining passage.

"I can hardly say, sir, that I fear, but I think you'll find most of them look too hearty and comfortable for your purpose."

About Jan the silence was breathless. The bow-legged boy literally laid his hand upon his mouth, and he had better have laid it over his eyes, for they seemed in danger of falling out of their sockets.

JAN DRAWS PIGS

Jan covered his for a moment, and then looked upward. Back upon his sensitive memory rolled the past, like a returning tide which sweeps everything before it. Much clearer than those roofs and chimney-stacks the windmill stood against the sky, with arms outstretched as if to recall its truant son. If he had needed it to draw from, it was there, plain enough. But how should he need to see it, on whose heart every line of it was written? He could have laid his hand in the dark upon the bricks that were weather-stained into fanciful landscapes upon its walls, and planted his feet on the spot where the grass was most worn down about its base.

He drew with such power and rapidity that only some awe of the look upon his face could have kept silence in the little crowd whom he had forgotten. And when the last scrap of chalk had crumbled, and he dragged his blackened finger over the foreground till it bled, the voice which broke the silence was the voice of a stranger, who stood with the master on the threshold of the courtyard.

Never perhaps was more conveyed in one word than that which he spoke, though its meaning was known to himself alone,—

"Giotto!"

"Manage it as you like," the artist had said to the master of the Boys' Home. "Lend him, sell him, apprentice him, give him to me,—whichever you prefer. Say I want a boot-black—a clothes-brusher—a palette-setter—a bound slave—or an adopted son, as you please. The boy I must have: in what capacity I get him is nothing to me."

And so Jan goes to live with the painter, and is happy once more. But the story does not end here. We have not told about the artist's picture, and the happiness which it brings to Master Lake and Master Swift, nor how Jan finds his father, a new home and more friends. Though he grows up to be a famous painter, he always loves windmills and is proud of his "miller's thumb."

CASTLE BLAIR

A Story of Irish Children and a Dog

BY FLORA L. SHAW

RETOLD BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

There are children you like, and children you don't like. And this is quite as true of children in books as in life. In this story there are five children whom you will like very much. They are a wild, harum-scarum lot. They live in an old Irish castle, and run wild, with little care over them, for their parents are in India, and the old bachelor uncle who keeps them knows about as much of children as you who read this know of Gaelic.

They are in mischief a great part of the time, but it is a noble sort of mischief. They are kind, proud, generous children. The oldest boy is as fine a lad as any book holds. But he is badgered and misunderstood by the disagreeable Mr. Plunkett, the land agent, and as his spirits are high and his courage unbroken, he and his brothers and sisters give old Plunkett rather a run for his money. There is a good deal about Ireland in this little tale, and there is also a charming young girl in it who is half French. When the story begins the children are

anxiously awaiting her arrival. They have never seen her, though she is their cousin, and they are eager to find out what she is like. When she comes, they find her golden-haired, slight, graceful and friendly. They like her.

THE CHILDREN RESCUE A LITTLE GIRL AND HAVE A GREAT SECRET TO KEEP

The children wish to ask Plunkett to remit the rent of a poor family in whom they are interested. But when he comes to the house to see their uncle, he tells him that the cottagers are roused because a little girl has disappeared, and they get no chance to speak to him before he is off to make a round of the estate on horseback.

There is great excitement between the four of them. The children themselves have found the little girl, Theresa, who has been abused by her cruel parents. They can't think of giving up Theresa until they know that her step-father will not beat her for losing the rent. In the end they decide to keep her with them at least until next day. They hide her in their play-hut and visit her with food and comfort, but she is very disconsolate. Then they wait outside the park for the return of Plunkett. It begins to rain, they get soaked and cold, but they feel that they must see him. At last a laborer passes, and tells them Plunkett has been shot at, his horse killed, and he himself bruised and hurt by the fall.

There is no chance to speak with him that night, and the depressed youngsters go home, wet and cold. But what joy. The ugly, untidy, chilly schoolroom has been made cheerful, pretty, tidy, and there is a big fire burning. Tea is ready, and their dear nurse Nessa is waiting for them in one of the comfortable chairs that have been brought into the room. They are inspired to get hot water and wash themselves, so that it is a sweet, clean little group that ends the evening together.

Their troubles are not over, however. Next morning they hear that Plunkett is to be in bed for several days. How to get that rent remitted? No hope yet. So again they cheer Theresa the best they can, and Nessa goes to see the poor mother, who is very ill. Two of the children go with her, and help to make the desolate cottage more comfortable, and to cook a little meal for the poor woman. Then comes the news that the police are on the job, that they are to make a thorough search.

This is awful news to the youngsters. They think what would be best to do, and manage to smuggle Theresa into the castle, where they stow her away in an unused room. Between them all they manage to make up the needed two pounds for the rent, even little Ellie proudly bringing in her savings box and dumping its contents with the rest. Joy! They take Theresa home, with the money in her pocket. The whole village crowds up, excited.

So now they must have a May party, during which their beloved Nessa is to be "initiated" into the family.

When Nessa was quite close the music ceased. Murtagh descended from his seat, and with the followers pressing eagerly round to see, Nessa

MURTAGH AND LITTLE ELLIE

was with due form received into the tribe, and the green ribbon was tied about her arm. Then came the moment for her to promise to hate the "Agents." It was the interesting point, the crisis as it were of the whole ceremony; and there was an almost breathless silence while Murtagh, his voice shaking a little with excitement, said to her, "Will you promise faithfully to hate the 'Agents,' and to defend your tribe against them?"

She looked round the listening circle with a sort of troubled astonishment, and then turning to Murtagh she answered quite gravely:

"No. I do not like hating."

A burst of expressive lament escaped from the crowd. Murtagh looked puzzled and disappointed.

"What shall we do?" he asked at length, turning to the followers.

"Make her princess over us, anyhow, Mr. Murtagh. It can't be helped," cried Pat O'Toole

magnanimously, and the other followers by their acclamations seconded his request.

"Yes, do! yes, do!" cried Winnie, Bobbo and Rosie.

Murtagh took the wreath of shamrocks and would have placed it on Nessa's head; but she had the little crowd in her power. Pat O'Toole was the first to speak.

"'Deed and she's right," he exclaimed. "When my paddy's up, it's little I care what I do."

"Faix, and it's little good we get by hating them," remarked another of the elder followers.

THE CHILDREN AND MR. PLUNKETT

drew back and said, "No; I do not think I can be your princess."

Murtagh paused with the wreath in his hands, too much astonished to speak.

"Have you promised what you wanted me to promise?" asked Nessa.

"That we have; sworn it!" cried the children, eagerly, regaining their voices.

"That was what I thought," said Nessa, beginning to unfasten the ribbon from her arm. "That is why I cannot be one of your tribe."

"Oh, stop a minute! stop a minute!" cried Rosie and the children, while Murtagh asked, "What do you want us to do?"

"I want you to undo the promise you have made, and to try never to hate anyone," said Nessa, resolutely, her cheeks flushed a little, and her eyes dark and bright. "Do you not feel wicked when you hate?"

There was a pause; but for the moment Nessa had the little crowd in her power.

But to Murtagh himself the question was a more personal one. He was thinking deeply. Then, his whole countenance opening out into a sunny smile, he turned to Nessa and said, "I'll try."

That was all that was needed.

"So will I," said Winnie; and more or less earnestly the promise was echoed by the crowd.

"Then I will be your princess if you will have me," said Nessa. "And shall I give you a *device*, —a motto for the tribe?" she added.

"Yes, yes," cried Murtagh. "What is it?"

"'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men.' Will you have that?"

She looked round with a gentle pleading in her eyes, and then taking off her hat knelt down on the grass before Murtagh.

"God bless her!" cried the followers, and Murtagh's face was white, and his hands trembling, as he laid the wreath upon her head.

In the midst of the echoing hurrahs Murtagh led her up the steps of the throne. The excitement of the children had been growing greater and greater. During the ceremony they had been obliged to keep it down, but now it burst forth without restraint.

They danced and shouted round the throne like mad creatures. At last Murtagh struck the first notes of the "Shan van Vaugh," and everyone found relief in spending upon that the force of their lungs. How they did sing! Their voices rang through the mountain rocks; even little Ellie, standing on the throne beside Nessa, sang diligently all the time the only words she knew, "Says de Shan van Vaugh; says de Shan van Vaugh;" and when with a last triumphant burst came the ending lines:

"We'll pluck the laurel tree,
And we'll call it Liberty,
For our country *shall* be free,
Says the Shan van Vaugh"—

Nessa clapped her hands and cried in delight: "Oh, how pretty it is out of doors! How pretty it all is!"

PLUNKETT BEHAVES VERY BADLY

Very soon after this Mr. Plunkett's house is set on fire, and his little daughter Marion badly hurt. He accuses Murtagh of the crime, Mrs. Plunkett saying she had seen a boy who looked like him close to the house just before the alarm. Murtagh indignantly denies the charge, but will not say much, as he fears that his friend Pat has done it. Everyone except the Plunketts believe the boy. The children visit Pat's mother, and she tells them the truth, that Pat did it, but they promise her not to tell. In the meanwhile Plunkett has given orders to pull down their beloved hut. They rush to defend it, helped by their dog Royal, who is devoted to them.

"If you come one step nearer, I'll set Royal upon you," cried Murtagh, roused to the last pitch of defiance.

He and Winnie were both of them holding on to Royal's collar, and it was only with difficulty that they could restrain the dog.

"If you set your wild dog upon me, I give you fair warning that I will shoot him," retorted Mr. Plunkett.

"As if you dare!" cried Winnie, incredulously.

Mr. Plunkett's only answer was to spring on to the shingle.

"At him, Royal!" cried Winnie and Murtagh, in a breath, loosing their hold as they spoke. With a furious growl Royal bounded into the river. Almost instantaneously Mr. Plunkett raised his gun. There was a loud report, then a piteous whine; the little cloud of smoke cleared away; there was a broad red streak in

ROYAL

the water; and Royal turned his dying eyes reproachfully to Winnie.

"Oh, Murtagh! He's done it, he's done it!" she cried, with a beseeching disbelief in her voice that went even to Mr. Plunkett's heart, and though the water was over her ankles she dashed across to the shingle bank.

"Help me to take him out, Murtagh. Don't you see the water's carrying him down? He can't help himself. Royal, darling, I didn't mean it; I didn't think he would. Where are you hurt? oh, why can't you speak?"

The current swept the dog toward her, she managed to throw her arms round his neck and to get his head rested upon her shoulder, while Bobbo and Murtagh going in to her assistance tried to lift his body But he groaned so pite-

ously at their somewhat clumsy attempt that they stopped, and all three stood still, and in speechless dismay watched the wounded dog. Royal seemed more content and from his resting-place on Winnie's shoulder licked away the tears that were rolling down her face. But after a time the children's wet feet began to grow numb, and Winnie looked up and signed to Murtagh to try and move him now.

He groaned again. For a moment he seemed to struggle convulsively, his head fell off Winnie's shoulder, his eyes looked up appealingly to hers, his limbs suddenly straightened, and then he was quite quiet as the children supported him through the water, and tried tenderly to lift him on to the bank. He was too heavy for them, and Mr. Plunkett, his hot anger past, came forward saying, almost humbly, "Let me help you;" but though the children none of them answered, they turned their faces from him in such an unmistakable manner that he fell back and signed to one of the men to go and help them in his place.

There is, of course, a happy ending after all these adventures and sorrows, in which these manly and womanly young people enter into a joyous future.

THE CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE

FROM A MURAL PAINTING BY ALBERT HERTER

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

BY SIR THOMAS MALORY

ABRIDGED BY KATHARINE WORTHINGTON

PREFACE BY WILLIAM CAXTON

And I, according to my copy, have down set it in print, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honor; and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame.

I

HOW ARTHUR WAS CHOSEN KING, AND OF WONDERS AND MARVELS OF A SWORD TAKEN OUT OF A STONE BY THE SAID ARTHUR

It befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, and so reigned, that King Uther fell sick of a great malady, and therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons. Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while.

Then Merlin went to the archbishop of Canterbury, and counseled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas upon pain of cursing: and for this cause—that Jesus show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the Archbishop by the advice of Merlin sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms, that they should come by Christmas even unto London.

So in the greatest church of London (whether it were Paul's or not, the French book maketh no mention) all were in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stack a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England. Then the people marveled, and told it to the archbishop. I command, said the archbishop, that ye keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone, and the sword. And when they saw the scripture, some assayed—such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known.

So it was ordained, and then there was a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Arthur alighted, and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came

to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three and

KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE TO-DAY

went into the church, and anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you: I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so: for there should never man have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur: and so he put it into the stone. Therewith Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

Now assay, said Sir Ector to Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector kneeled down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, mine own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me. Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so: I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wote well ye are of an higher blood than I wend ye were.

Then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholding to. And if ever it be God's will that I be king, as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you. God forbid I should fail you.

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword but none might prevail but Arthur; and he pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king; for we all see that it is God's will. And therewithal they kneeled down all at once, both rich and poor. And Arthur took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there.

And so anon was the coronation made, and there was he sworn unto his lords, and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life

THE KNIGHT GOES FORTH ON HIS FIRST QUEST

Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do.

And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of king Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned them. But within few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance. Also Wales, a part of it, held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

II

HOW ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH A KNIGHT, AND HOW BY THE MEAN OF MERLIN GAT EXCALIBUR HIS SWORD OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE

And so he commanded a privyman of his chamber, that or it be day his best horse and armor, with all that belongeth unto his person, be without the city or to-morrow day. Right so, or to-morrow day, he met with his man and his horse, and so mounted up, and dressed his shield, and took his spear, and bade his chamberlain tarry there till he came again.

And so Arthur rode a soft pace till it was day, and then was he aware of three churls chasing Merlin, and would have slain him. Then the king rode unto them and bade them, Flee churls! Then were they afeard when they saw a knight, and fled. O Merlin, said Arthur, here haddest thou been slain, for all thy crafts, had I not been. Nay, said Merlin, not so, for I could save myself an I would, and thou art more near thy death than I am, for thou goest to the deathward, and God be not thy friend. So as they went thus talking they came to the fountain, and the rich pavilion there by it. Then King Arthur was ware where sat a knight armed in a chair.

Anon he took his horse, and dressed his shield, and took a spear, and they met so hard either in other's shields that they all to-shivered their spears. Therewith Arthur anon pulled out his sword. Nay, not so, said the knight, it is fairer that we twain run more together with sharp spears. I will well, said Arthur, and I had any more spears. I have enow, said the knight; so there came a squire and brought two good spears, and Arthur chose one and he another; so they spurred their horses and came together with all their mights, that either brake their spears to their hands. Then Arthur set hand on his sword. Nay, said the knight, ye shall do better, ye are a passing good jouster as ever I met withal, and once for the love of the high order of knighthood let us joust once again. I assent me, said Arthur. Anon there were brought two great spears, and every knight gat a spear, and therewithal they ran together that Arthur's spear all to-shivered. But the other knight hit him so hard in midst of the shield, that horse and man fell to the earth, and therewith Arthur was eager, and pulled out his sword, and said, I will assay thee, sir knight, on foot, for I have lost the honor on horseback. I will be on horseback, said the knight. Then was Arthur wroth, and dressed his shield toward him with his sword drawn. When the knight saw that, he alit, for him thought no worship to have a knight at such avail, he to be on horseback and he on foot, and so he alit and dressed his shield unto Arthur. And there began a strong battle with many great strokes, and so hewed with their swords that the cantels flew in the fields, and much blood they bled both, that all the place there as they fought was overbled with blood, and thus they fought long, and rested them, and then they went to the battle again, and so hurtled together like two rams that either fell to the earth. So at last they smote together that both their swords met even together. But the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces, wherefore he was heavy. Then said the knight unto Arthur, Thou art in my daunger whether me list to save or slay thee, and but thou yield thee as overcome and recreant, thou shalt die. As for death, said King Arthur, welcome be it when it cometh, but to yield me unto thee as recreant I had liefer die than to be so shamed. And therewithal the king leapt unto Pellinore, and took him by the middle, and threw him down and rased off his helm. When the knight felt that, he was adread, for he was a passing big man of might, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and rased off his helm, and would have smitten off his head.

Therewithal came Merlin, and said, knight, hold thy hand, for an thou slay that knight thou puttest this realm in the greatest damage that ever was realm: for this knight is a man of more worship than thou wotest of. Why, who is he? said the knight. It is King Arthur. Then would have slain him for dread of his wrath, and heaved up his sword, and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment to the knight, that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur, and rode forth on the knight's

horse. Alas, said Arthur, what hast thou done, Merlin? has thou slain this good knight by thy crafts? There lived not so worshipful a knight as he was; I had liefer than the stint of my land a year that he were on live. Care ye not, said Merlin, for he is wholer than ye, for he is but on sleep, and will awake within three hours.

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago
KING ARTHUR
FROM A STATUE BY PETER VISCHER

Right so the king and he departed, and went until an hermit that was a good man and a great leach. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may.

So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo, said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake: What damsel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin, and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. Damsel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur, king, said the damsel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well, said the damsel, go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alight, and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water; and so they came unto the land and rode forth.

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well. Whether liketh you better, said Merlin, the sword or the scabbard? Me liketh better the sword, said Arthur. Ye are more unwise, said Merlin, for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore, keep well the scabbard always with you.

III

HOW KING ARTHUR WEDDED GUENEVER, WITH WHOM HE HAD THE ROUND TABLE

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king, many kings and lords made great

AT KING ARTHUR'S BANQUET BOARD

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

war against him, but well Arthur overcame them all; for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin.

So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said King Arthur; I love Guenever, the daughter of King Leodegrance, of the land of Cameliard, which Leodegrance holdeth in his house the Table Round, that ye told he had of my father, Uther. But Merlin warned the king that Launcelot should love her, and she him again.

Then Merlin desired of the king to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him. And Merlin went forth to King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever, his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for their coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honorablest wise that could be devised.

Now Merlin, said King Arthur, go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of most prowess and worship. Within short time Merlin had found such knights that should fulfill twenty and eight knights, but no more he could find. Then the bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights in their sieges. And when this was done Merlin said, Fair sirs, ye must all arise and come to King Arthur for to do him homage. And so they arose and did their homage. And when they were gone Merlin found in every siege letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein. But two sieges were void. And so anon came young Gawaine, and asked the king a gift. Ask, said the king, and I shall grant it you. Sir, I ask that ye will make me knight that same day ye shall wed fair Guenever. I will do it with a good will, said King Arthur, and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I must by reason you are my nephew, my sister's son.

Then was the high feast made ready, and the king was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephen's, with great solemnity. Then the king stablished all his knights, and them that were of lands not rich he gave them lands, and charged them never to do outrage, nor murder, and always to flee treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and alway to do ladies, damsels and gentlewoman succor upon pain of death. Also, that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel for no law, nor world's goods. Unto this were all the knights sworn of the Table Round, both old and young. And every year were they sworn at the high feast of Pentecost.

IV

HOW THE OLD MAN BROUGHT GALAHAD TO THE SIEGE PERILOUS AND SET HIM THEREIN, AND HOW ALL THE KNIGHTS MARVELED: HOW ALL THE KNIGHTS WERE REPLENISHED WITH THE HOLY SANGREAL, AND HOW THEY AVOWED THE ENQUEST OF THE SAME

When Arthur held his Round Table most plenour, it fortuned that he commanded that the high feast of Pentecost should be holden. So ever the king had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost in especial, afore other feasts in the year, he would not go that day to meat until he had heard or seen of a great marvel. And for that custom all manner of strange adventures came before Arthur as at that feast before all other feasts.

So the king, and all went unto the court, and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein, and young men that were knights served them. So when they were served, and all sieges fulfilled, save only the siege perilous, anon there

THE JOUSTING OF GALAHAD

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

befell a marvelous adventure, that all the doors and the windows of the place shut by themself. Not for then the hall was not greatly darkened, and therewith they abashed both one and other. Then King Arthur spake first, and said, Fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but or night I suppose we shall see greater marvels. In the meanwhile came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said, Peace be with you, fair lords. Then the old man said unto Arthur, Sir, I bring here a young knight the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathie, whereby the marvels of this court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished.

The king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man, Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with you. Then the old man made the young man to unarm him; and he was in a coat of red sendel, and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight, Sir, follow me. And anon he led him unto the siege perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot, and the good man lift up the cloth, and found there letters that said thus: This is the siege of Galahad the haut prince. Sir, said the old knight, wit ye well that place is yours. And then he set him down surely in that siege. And then he said to the old man, Sir, ye may now go your way, for we have done that ye were commanded to do. Then all the knights of the Table Round marveled them greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that siege perilous, and was so tender of age, and wist not from whence he came, but all only by God, and said, This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved.

Then came King Arthur unto Galahad, and said, Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end.

Now, said the king, I am sure at this quest of the Sangreal shall all ye of the Table Round depart, and never shall I see you again whole together, therefore I will see you all whole together in the meadow of Camelot, to joust and to tourney, that after your death men may speak of it, that such good knights were wholly together such a day. As unto that counsel, and at the king's request, they accorded all, and took on their harness that longed unto jousting. But all this moving of the king was for this intent, for to see Galahad proved, for the king deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So were they assembled in the meadow, both more and less. Then Sir Galahad, by the prayer of the king and the queen, did upon him a noble jesserance, and also he did on his helm, but shield would he take none for no prayer of the king. And then Sir Gawaine and other knights prayed him to take a spear. Right so he did; and the queen was in a tower with all her ladies for to behold that tournament. Then Sir Galahad dressed him in the midst of the meadow, and began to break spears marvelously, that all men had wonder of him, for he there surmounted all other knights, for within a while he had thrown down many good knights of the Table Round save twain, that was Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

And then the king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster. And so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sun-beam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it.

And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odors, and every knight had such meats, and drinks as he best loved in this world, and when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became. Then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings unto God of his good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that he hath showed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost.

Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on, but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the Holy Grail, it was so preciously covered, wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labor in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelve-month and a day, or more if need be, and

never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly that it hath been seen here: and if I may not speed, I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ. When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they rose up the most part, and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made.

Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well that they might not gainsay their avows. Alas! said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made. For through you ye have bereft me the fairest fellowship, and the truest knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world. For when they depart from hence, I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forethinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore the departition of this fellowship. For I have had an old custom to have them in my fellowship.

Ah, said Sir Launcelot, comfort yourself; for it shall be unto us a great honor and much more than if we died in any other places, for of death we be siker. Ah, Launcelot, said the king, the great love that I have had unto you all the days of my life maketh me to say such doleful words; for never Christian king had never so many worthy men at his table as I have had this day at the Round Table, and that is my great sorrow.

When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen, wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it, for those knights had held them in honor and chierté. But among all other Queen Guenever made great sorrow. I marvel, said she, my lord would suffer them to depart from him. Thus was all the court troubled for the love of the departition of those knights. And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers.

Then the king would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail; and to accompt them he prayed them all. Then found they by the tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed.

V

THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR

So after the quest of the Sangreal was fulfilled, and all knights that were left alive were come again into the Table Round, then was there great joy in the court; and in especial King Arthur and Queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that were come home, and passing glad was the king and the queen of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors, for they had been passing long away in the quest of the Sangreal.

Then Sir Launcelot forgat the promise and the perfection that he made in the quest. For, as the book saith, had not Sir Launcelot been in his privy thoughts, and in his mind so set inwardly to the queen as he was in seeming outward to God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreal; but even his thoughts were privily on the queen, that many in the court spake of it. So in this season, as in the month of May, it befell a great anger and unhap that stinted not till the flower of chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain.

Then Sir Launcelot purveyed him an hundred knights, and all were clothed in green velvet, and their horses trapped to their heels, and every knight held a branch of olive in his hand in tokening of peace, and the queen had four and twenty gentlewomen following her in the same wise, and Sir Launcelot had twelve coursers following him, and on every courser sat a young gentleman, and all they were arrayed in green velvet, with sprays of gold about their quarters, and the horse trapped in the same wise down to the heels with many ouches, set with stones and pearls in gold, to the number of a thousand; and she and Sir Launcelot were clothed in white cloth of gold tissue, and right so as ye have heard, as the French book maketh mention, he rode with the queen from Joyous Gard to Carlisle, and so Sir Launcelot rode throughout Carlisle, and so in the castle, that all men might behold and wit you well there was many a weeping eye. And then Sir Launcelot himself alight, and avoided his horse, and took the queen, and so led her where King Arthur was in his seat, and Sir Gawaine sat afore him, and many other great lords. So when Sir Launcelot saw the king and Sir Gawaine then he led the queen by the arm, and then he kneeled down, and the queen both. Wit you well then was there many bold knight there with King Arthur that wept as tenderly as though they had seen all their kin afore them. So the king sat still, and said no word.

And then Sir Launcelot said unto Guenever, in hearing of the king and them all, Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship forever; and sithen it is so, I beseech you to pray for me, and say me well. And therewithal Sir Launcelot kissed the queen, and then he said all openly, Now let see what he be in this place,

that dare say the queen is not true unto my lord Arthur: let see who will speak, and he dare speak. And therewith he brought the queen to the king, and then Sir Launcelot took his leave and departed; and there was neither king, duke ne earl, baron ne knight, lady nor gentlewoman, but all they wept as people out of their mind, except Sir Gawaine; and when the noble Sir Launcelot took his horse, to ride out of Carlisle, there was sobbing and weeping for pure dole of his departing; and so he took his way unto Joyous Gard, and then ever after he called it the Dolorous Gard. And thus departed Sir Launcelot from the court forever.

And so when he came to Joyous Gard, he called his fellowship unto him, and asked them what they would do. Then spake all the knights at once: He have shame that will leave you; for we all understand in this realm will be now no quiet, but ever strife and debate, now the fellowship of the Round Table is broken; for by the noble fellowship of the Round Table was King Arthur upborne.

And so the king passed the sea, and landed upon Sir Launcelot's land, and then he brent and wasted through the vengeance of Sir Gawaine, all that they might overrun. When this word came to Sir Launcelot, that King Arthur and Sir Gawaine were landed upon his lands and made a full destruction and waste, then Sir Launcelot armed him lightly, and mounted upon his horse, and either of the knights gat great spears in their hands, and the noble knights came out of the city by a great number, insomuch that when Arthur saw the number of men and knights, he marveled, and said: Alas that ever Sir Launcelot was against me.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside, westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Essex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king: but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everych of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto King Arthur. Then said he, I am glad that this is done. And so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that,—And ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth: for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty: for I know well my father will be avenged upon me. And so they met as their pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly: and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stungen, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beames, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together.

And King Arthur took his horse, and said, Alas this unhappy day, and so rode to his party: and Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should: and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted, till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

Then the king gat his spear in both hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his drawn sword in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more

Courtesy of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., England

IN MANUS TUAS DOMINE

"His way once chose, he forward thrust outright
Nor stepped aside for dangers or delight."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BRITON RIVIÈRE IN THE MANCHESTER (ENGLAND) CITY ART GALLERY

than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dread to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased.

. . . . . .

Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in.

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king: and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the certainty of his death heard I never tell, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens. Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say: here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse:

Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.

[Here Lies Arthur, King Once, King to Be.]

THE STORY OF CUCHULAIN

An Irish Legend

THERE was a great war between Conor, King of Ulster, and Meave, Queen of Connaught. Queen Meave started to lead her host on its forward march. Suddenly the horses of her chariot swerved aside and snorted with affright. In the dim twilight of the breaking dawn, close beside her chariot shaft, she saw a woman stand. Blue as the spring hyacinth beneath the forest trees were her sparkling eyes. Her teeth shone like pearls between her lips and her skin was as fair as the white foam that dances on the wave. She wore a green cloak such as the fairy women wear which hides them from the eyes of mortal men.

"I am a woman of the fairy race," said the maid, "I come to tell thee of thy fortunes. Through all my dreams there comes a lad not old in years but great in feats of arms. Young though he is, the marks of many wounds are upon him and round his head there shines the hero's light. This is the vision that I see and this is the prophecy of the woman-seer."

"What is the name by which this youth is known?" asked Queen Meave fearfully.

And the seer answered: "To all the world the youth's name will be known as Cuchulain, but in the North, because he guards their homes as a good watch-dog guards the scattered flocks upon the mountain-side, men call him 'The Hound of Ulster.' "

HOW CUCHULAIN GOT HIS NAME

There was a boy whose name was Setanta. He was brought up by his mother. While he was only a young child somebody told him about the boy-corps which lived in the palace of the King. The King had set apart for these boys a playing-ground, close to his own fort, and there every day they practised games of skill and feats of arms, and wrestled and threw each other.

"I would wrestle, too," he said, "and I am sure that I could throw my fellow."

"Wait, my child," his mother said, "until some grown warrior can go with thee to protect thee from the older boys."

But the lad said to his mother that it was too long to wait. "All you have to do, mother, is to set me on my way, for I know not which way the King's palace lies. Only point me out the direction and I will go alone."

"Over there, to the northwest, lies the palace of the King."

"Let me but get my things and I am off," he said.

So Setanta found his way to the King's fortress and in a very short time became the leader of all the boys.

One night King Conor went to the house of Culain for a banquet. Setanta remained behind, because he was not quite through with his play. "I will finish this one game and I will run after you," said he.

As they were sitting down to dinner Culain came to King Conor and asked him, "Is thy whole company gathered now within?"

"All are now here," said the King, quite forgetting the small boy.

"I have an excellent watch-dog," said Culain, "fierce and strong; he is as savage as a hundred ordinary watch-dogs, and I will set him free to guard the house."

"Let him be loosed," said the King, "for all are here."

After Setanta had finished his play, he ran to Culain's fort. When the mastiff saw him he set up such a howling as echoed through all the country-side. The little lad had no means of defense except his ball and his hurley-stick. When the hound charged at him, with all his strength he threw the ball right into the creature's mouth and when for a moment the hound stopped, choking, the lad seized his open jaws and threw his head against the pillars of the door with such force that soon he lay dead upon the ground.

Culain was angry when his famous dog was

killed, and Setanta was very sorry that he had destroyed him. "I myself will be your hound to defend your castle," said the lad, "until another dog be grown who is strong enough to protect you."

Culain was much pleased. "Henceforward shall your name be changed; you shall no longer be called Setanta; but you shall be called Cuchulain, 'The Hound of Culain' shall your name be."

"I like my own name best," replied the child.

"Ah, say not so," replied Culain, for some day will the name of Cuchulain ring in all men's mouths. Renowned and famous shall he be; beloved and feared by all."

"If that is so, then am I well content," said the boy.

So from that day forth the name Cuchulain clung to him until the time came when he was no longer remembered as the watch-dog of defense to the whole Province. Then men loved best to call him "The Hound of Ulster."

CUCHULAIN'S FIRST FEATS

The next year after Cuchulain got his name he was playing one day outside the palace where Caffa the magician sat with his pupils teaching them his lore.

"And for what," asked one of the boys, "will this day be counted lucky?"

"This is the day," said Caffa, "on which any youth who shall take arms as a champion of war, shall attain eternal fame. No warrior's name in all Ireland shall ever be so famous, but he shall die at an early age; his life shall be but fleeting, quickly over."

Instantly when Cuchulain overheard this he ran in to the King. "I desire," said he, "to take arms as a warrior and champion to-day."

Before the King granted his request, he called in the magician, and the magician told him of the prophecy he had just made. "True it is," said Caffa, "noble and famous shalt thou be, but short and brief thy life."

"Little care I for that," replied the lad. "I would not care if my life endured but for one day and night, if only the story of my deeds shall last."

"Then get thee into a chariot as a warrior should," said the King, "and let us test thy title to future fame."

So the charioteer drove Cuchulain out into the country, and three he met Foll, one of the most famous warriors of his time.

"Shall I fight this youth?" asked Foll of the charioteer.

"He is not capable of fight," answered the charioteer. "He is only a small child playing at being a man."

Nevertheless, Cuchulain did win his fight with the great warrior, and when he was washed and arrayed again in his hooded tunic and mantle of bright blue, fastened with its silver brooch, and his golden hair combed back, he came again to take his place beside the King. And King Conor was proud of the boy and drew him between his knees and stroked his hair; and his place was ever beside the King after that.

CUCHULAIN'S WOOING

It was on a day of the days of summer that Emer, daughter of Forgall the Wily, sat on a bench before her father's door, at his fort that is called Lusk to-day, but which in olden days men spoke of as the Gardens of the Sun-god Lugh, so sunny and so fair and fertile was that plain, with waving meadow-grass and buttercups, and the sweet May-blossom girdling the fields. Close all about the fort the gardens lay, with apple-trees shedding their pink and white upon the playing fields of brilliant green; and all the air was noisy with the buzz of bees, and with the happy piping of the thrush and soft, low cooing of the doves. And Emer sat, a fair and noble maid, among her young companions, foster-sisters of her own, who came from all the farms and forts around to grow up with the daughters of the house, and learn from them high-bred and gentle ways, to fashion rich embroideries such as Irish women used to practise as an art, and weaving, and fine needlework, and all the ways of managing a house. And as they sat round Emer, a bright, comely group of busy girls, they sang in undertones the crooning, tender melodies of ancient Erin; or one would tell a tale of early wars, and warrior-feasts or happenings of the gods, and one would tell a tale of lover's joys or of the sorrows of a blighted love, and they would sigh and laugh and dream that they too loved, were wooed, and lost their loves.

And Emer moved about among the girls, directing them; and of all maids in Erin, Emer was the best, for hers were the six gifts of womanhood: the gift of loveliness, the gift of song, the gift of sweet and pleasant speech, the gift of handiwork, the gifts of wisdom and of modesty. And in his distant home in Ulster, Cuchulain heard of her. For he was young and brave, and women loved him for his nobleness, and all men wished that he should take a wife. But for a while he would not, for among the

women whom he saw, not one of them came up to his desires. And when they urged him, wilfully he said: "Well, find for me a woman I could love, and I will marry her."

In the meantime they had told Emer how when Cuchulain was a little child he fought with full-grown warriors and mastered them; of the huge hound that he had slain and many deeds of courage he had done. Full many a time she had longed to see this youth and in her own mind she had said, "This were a man to win a woman's love." On the other hand, as soon as Cuchulain saw Emer he knew that she was the only woman whom he could ever love.

"May God make smooth the path before thy feet," she gently said when they first met.

"And thou, mayst thou be safe from harm."

Soon Emer saw that Cuchulain loved her. But she was not satisfied, because he had not done the deeds of heroes yet, and she desired that he should prove himself by champion deeds of valor ere he won her as his bride. So she bade him go and prove himself by deeds of prowess for a year, and then if he would come again she would go with him as his wife. Such was Emer's promise, but the father of Emer was not willing.

For a whole year Cuchulain was away, and then he wrote a message to Emer telling her to be ready. He came in his war chariot, and he brought a band of hardy men with him, and they entered the outer rampart of the fort and carried off Emer, and they drove northward to Cuchulain's fort, and there they came in safety, nor were they henceforth—save once—parted until death.

QUEEN MEAVE'S ATTACK

At length Queen Meave was ready to begin her war against Ulster. She had gathered together a great host of warriors and she had sent forth her challenge to Ulster's bravest. One by one the men of Queen Meave went forth, and one by one Cuchulain defeated them in single combat. At length Queen Meave sent forth her bravest whose name was Ferdia. Ferdia had been a member of the boy-corps of King Conor, and together with him he had learned all the secrets of warfare. The Queen had promised him, however, that she should sit beside him upon her throne, and he should have her fair daughter for his bride, and she gave him her splendid brooch, more precious to her than any gift, because all the Kings and Queens of Connaught had worn that as the sign of their sovereignty.

"Oh Cuchulain of the beautiful feats," said Ferdia, when they met, "though together we have learned the secrets of knowledge, it shall not profit thee. Let us now choose our weapons and begin. What arms shall we use to-day, oh Cuchulain?"

"It is thine to choose our arms to-day," Cuchulain replied, "for it was thou who first did reach the ford."

So Ferdia chose the javelin, and all day they fought, and there was no decision between them. When night came they threw their weapons into their charioteer's hands and ran toward each other, and each put his hands around his comrade's neck and gave each other kisses of old-time friendship before they separated for the night. That night their horses were stabled in the same paddock, and their charioteers lay beside the same fire; also of every kind of food and of delicious drink that the men of Erin sent to Ferdia, he would send as much over back again to Cuchulain. The next day Cuchulain chose the weapon, and so they fought, day after day, and there never would have been a decision between them until finally, for the honor of Ulster, Cuchulain took the magic spear that he had found in fairy-land, and when he threw this it pierced the heart of Ferdia, and he fell.

"What availeth me to rise again," said Cuchulain, bending over his dying friend, "now that my friend has fallen by my hand. Would that I had died instead of thee, for then I should not now be alive to mourn thy death. Every other battle that I shall ever fight, shall be but play and sport to me compared with this combat that we have made together, Ferdia and I. Brief and sorrowful will be my life after thee."

THE HUMBLING OF QUEEN MEAVE

After the combats of the single warriors were over, Queen Meave gathered her whole host into the battlefield. Standing erect within her chariot, with all her champions round her, went queenly Meave, her golden circlet on her head, her weapons in her hand. Leading the army of Ulster, Cuchulain sprang into his seat, and standing erect it was as though a light streamed from his hair, while on either hand the shadows fell from his chariot-wheels.

Just at daybreak the men of Ulster threw themselves upon the men of Connaught, and ere long the army of Queen Meave broke ranks and in wild disorder streamed westward over the plain, each man making for his home.

Toward the close of the day Cuchulain reached the ford of the Shannon. He saw the army of Meave flying broken and disbanded across the

river. As he pushed his way into the wood he beheld before him, in the dimness of the fading light, Queen Meave herself fallen forsaken, and exhausted on the ground. He might have smitten her before she saw his face. But it was not the wont of Cuchulain to smite from behind or ever to hurt a woman.

Then the haughty queen looked up into his face with all her spirit gone: "Queen as I am, and captain of mine own host, yet have I but a woman's strength; my power is gone; I must lie here and rest. Help me, O generous foe, I claim a boon from thee."

"What boon dost thou crave of me, O Meave, mine enemy?"

"I ask of thee to take myself and all my host under the strong protection of thy arm; keep thou the ford and ward off the men of Ulster who press on us from behind; let Connaught's bands return in peace and safety to their homes. To thee, my foe, I turn; protect me now."

"Never shall it be said," responded Cuchulain, "that I was heedless of a woman's appeal. Lie there in peace. I will protect thy host."

So while the twilight deepened into night, Cuchulain stood up dauntless and alone between the men of Erin and their foes. Safely Queen Meave's army crossed the stream, while Cuchulain held his own followers at bay; nor was one of Erin's host cut off till all in safety reached the other side. And when at night the bodyguard of the defeated Queen came up, there was Meave taking her rest beneath the forest trees and on the bank Cuchulain stood leaning upon his sword, his face lined deep with toil and thought.

THE WILD WOMEN OF THE BLAST

Although Queen Meave entered not again into open war with Ulster, never had she forgotten the disgrace put upon her armies by Cuchulain; his kindness to her in her weakness she soon forgot. So she awaited the moment of revenge. Throughout all Ireland again she sent messages to stir up strife against Cuchulain, so that he was harassed and pursued on every hand; nor did he ever sleep a night in peace.

First of all, she summoned a brood of monstrous, ill-shaped sprites, half-women, half-goblins, to find some way to bring Cuchulain to his death. The faithful Emer suspected these plots, and she took Cuchulain away with her to a secret glen in Ulster where he should be in safety. Then the Wild Women of the Blast changed themselves into ravens and went croaking about his house. Cuchulain heard the uproar and the mocking laughter of these phantom fairy hosts, and he would have rushed madly from his hall, but Emer stayed and hindered him. He was also restless to be kept in idleness and feared lest his honor would be destroyed.

The foul children of the Blast were disappointed because they could not tempt Cuchulain out. All that night they sat in council, devising plans to snare him. "We have but one day more," they said, "before our power is lost. Tomorrow, then, we must lure him forth."

Before the morning's sun was well arisen, on the wings of a swift, moaning wind of their own making, and all unseen, they came around the glen. Then they put forth their magic spells, and round the house they made the likeness of a mighty sea that, wave on wave, rolled ever nearer to the pleasure-house, threatening to overwhelm it as it stood. Amid the women's talk and loving laughter and the sweet music of the bards and singing men, Cuchulain heard the lapping of the waves, and the low distant ocean's roar, and whistling of the wind upon the sea. Then he rose up and seized his weapons in his hand, and for all Emer and the rest could do, he rushed forth from the house. And madness came upon him when he saw the rolling billows rising ever toward the house, and all the land covered with mist and spray; and he called Emer, and would have lifted her up above the waves to carry her in safety through the billows.

But Emer and the rest could see so waves, only the green waving grasses of the pleasure-field, and nought they heard save the soft rustling breath of spring that whispered through the leaves. And Emer said: "O my first love and darling of all earth's men, never until this hour have I or any of thy women-folk put hindrance in thy way in any exploit or battle-raid that thou didst desire. Though oft we wept, and many a time we thought thou never wouldst return, we never held thee back. But now for my sake, my own chosen sweetheart, go not forth. No sea is that thou seest upon the green, but only waving grasses, and the fluttering leaves. Heed not the magic noisome spells of those thy enemies, but one day more abide. Then never till the end of life or time will we restrain or hold thee back again." But Cuchulain said, "Emer, restrain me not; I see the horses of Manannan riding on the waves; I hear Manannan's fairy harp play gently o'er the billows; Manannan's ancient face I see beckoning me o'er the main."

Then Emer knew Cuchulain's hour was come, and that nought of all that ever they could do

THE COMBAT BETWEEN CUCHULAIN AND FERDIA

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

would avail to turn him back. For the seer had prophesied that when Cuchulain should see the horses of the ancient Ocean-god upon the waves, and when he should hear Manannan's harp play sweetly, the hour of his fate was come, and he must then go back to Shadow-land.

So she called Laeg to prepare his chariot, and harness his horses and to set his fighting-gear in order that not by phantasies or magic wild imaginings, but as a chariot-chief and champion facing his foes, he might go forth to die; and she brought out his helmet and set it on his head, and placed his mighty shield within his hand, that he might die as a hero should.

And when Cuchulain saw his chariot standing ready for him, and Laeg therein awaiting him, and the noble steeds pawing the ground, the phantoms of his brain passed from him, and his warrior-strength and joyousness of mind came back, and he donned his armor with good-will, and gladness, and made to spring into the chariot.

So he turned again and faced the enemy, and all his gloom and heaviness passed from Cuchulain, and the delusions of the gruesome fairy-folk troubled him no more. Cheerfully and free from care he rode on toward the host, and from his forehead, brighter than the sun, shone out the Hero's Light. Right terrible and beautiful he stood, his mighty sword uplifted in his hand, his eyes beneath his helmet flashing fire. And when they saw him coming thus alone, a shout of triumph rose from all the host, and mounted to the very clouds of heaven.

Throughout that day the battle rolled and raged. No time to eat or drink Cuchulain gave, but from the dewy morn to fall of night he wrought upon his foes death-dealing blows, cutting them down as hailstones crush small flowers. And though he was alone against a host, they fled in terror from his path, so like a god of battles, and of war the hero seemed. In his first onset men and horses, hounds and charioteers gave way before him, as the corn gives way, bowing before the scythe; and all around his path the bodies of the slain were piled. Throughout the day, they rallied once and then again, but still they could not take him whole or strike him dead.

THE PASSING OF CUCHULAIN

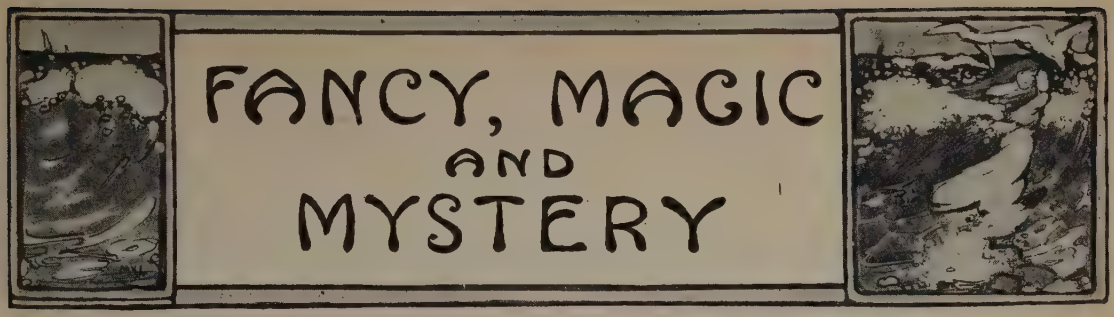
Three goblin enemies attacked Cuchulain in their turn. The first two failed; then the last flung the spear; straight and true was the aim he took, and when it fell it pierced Cuchulain to the very earth.

Then out of sudden fear the host stood back, seeing Cuchulain fall. No shout went up, but silence deep and awful seized the host.

Cuchulain's eye lighted upon a tall pillar-stone that was beside the loch in the midst of the plain. And he drew himself to the stone, and leaned his back against it, and with the girdle that was about his breast, he bound himself to the stone, standing up facing the men of Erin. And in his hand he grasped his naked sword and held it up aloft, and in his other hand he took his shield, and placed it close beside him on the ground. For he said, "I will not die before the men of Erin lying down nor sitting on the ground, but I will die before them standing up." And Cuchulain's gray horse found him where he stood and laid his head upon Cuchulain's breast, weeping great dropping tears. And the carrion Birds of the Blast hovered about him, but they dared not venture nigh, for they knew not whether he were alive or dead.

At length the great sword fell from the dying champion's hand, Cuchulain heaved a deep and troubled sigh, and with that sigh his soul parted from his body. Yea, with the greatness of that sigh the pillarstone was split, as may be seen to this day. Men call it still the Pillar of the Hero's Dying Sigh.

But to Emer and the men and women of Ulster who worshiped fame, the soul of Cuchulain, radiant and noble in life, appeared once more; and on the ramparts of Ulster by night, old warriors tell how, when men are asleep, the spirit-chariot of a spirit-chief, clad in his battle armor as of yore, moves round the walls, guarding the ramparts from the foe; and all men sleep in safety, for the Hound of Ulster still wakes.



THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A Midsummer Legend

BY MARY HOWITT

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh, the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lint seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then out spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So pr'y thee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

A SONG OF SHERWOOD *

BY ALFRED NOYES

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

* From "Poems" by Alfred Noyes. Used by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, owners of the copyright.

THE MILL ON THE RIVER TEIGN

From a Painting by Frederick Richard Lee in the New York Public Library

Calls them, and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the Follow! Follow! and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter, and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

I REMEMBER

BY THOMAS HOOD

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE BELLS

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE NIGHT WIND*

BY EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
When I was a little lad
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother said!
And wonder what boy she meant.
And, "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

That it was true, I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.

* From "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose that when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed you're sent away
  From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
  And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
  "Yoooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

THE TIN SOLDIER

BY AXEL MURTHE

He was a little Tin Soldier,
  One little leg had he;
She was a little fairy dancer,
  Bright as bright could be:
She had a castle and garden,
  He but an old box dim;
She was a dainty rose love,
  Far too grand for him.

He was a little Tin Soldier,
  One little leg had he,
Bravely shoulder'd his musket,
  Fain her love would be.

Once as he watch'd his rose love
  Winds from the North did blow,
Swept him out of the casement
  Down to the stream below:
True to his little lady,
  Still he shoulder'd his gun,
Soon, ah soon, came the darkness
  Life and love undone.

He was a little Tin Soldier,
  One little leg had he,
Ne'er in the world a lover
  Half so true could be.

Once more he sees his rose love,
  Still she is dancing gay,
He is worn and faded
  Loyal still for aye:
Then came a hand that swept them
  Into a furnace wide,
Parted in life, in dying
  They are side by side.

Ah, for the little Tin Soldier,
  Ah, for her cruel part,
There lies her rose in ashes,
  There his loyal little heart.

THE BUGLE

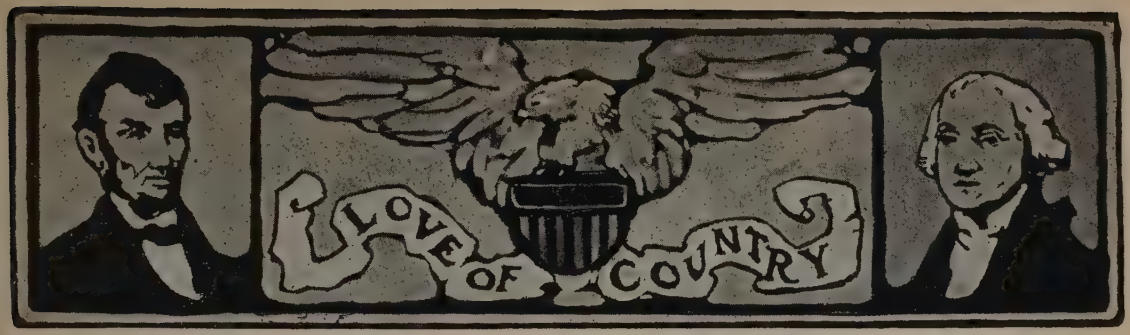
(*From "The Princess"*)

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
  And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
  And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
  And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
  The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
  They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
  And grow forever and forever
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

. . . . . .

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angels hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

LAND OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
  This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim-band:
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I, on the opposite shore, will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk, to be up and to arm."

Then he said: "Good-night," and with muffled oar
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the Bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears;
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arm, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead;
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses of moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town;
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper: "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the Bay—
A line of black that bends, and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, and bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second light in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all; and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall;
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our History, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE SHIP OF STATE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

WARREN'S ADDRESS*

BY JOHN PIERPONT

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

*General Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(October 25, 1854)

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell—
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach trees fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is stuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play

He seemed to the whole army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

BY THEODORE O'HARA

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THE RECESSIONAL

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.*
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy People, Lord!

Amen!

*This is a reference to Psalm LI, 17: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

OLD IRONSIDES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel that victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee,—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

THE CALL

BY JOHN D. MC CRAE

Lieutenant-Colonel John D. McCrae was a physician in the city of Montreal, Canada, when he answered the call to serve his country in the great war. The devastation of Belgium, with every field a burying ground, so deeply moved him that in April, 1915, during the Second Battle of Ypres, he wrote this poem. He is speaking for the Belgian dead. On January 28, 1918, he died in Flanders.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

THE PLEDGE

BY CHARLES B. GALBREATH

In the same year a reply was written by the State Librarian of Ohio; it was a prophetic pledge to use the world's resources for the defense of stricken Belgium.

In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom.
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave! The shrieking shell
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it thru,
To crush the foe, or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

THE FULFILLMENT

BY J. A. WILLIAMS

The third of this series was written in the autumn of 1918 by a poet-priest in Lennox, S. D.; he commemorates the completion of the great task.

In Flanders field the poppies bloom
Above your lowly, hallowed tomb.
That your brave deeds shall never die
The torch of freedom lifted high
Shall shine forever where you lie.
No more in Flanders fields will grow
The crosses, endless row on row,
For crushed and conquered lies the foe.
We kept the faith—We've seen it thru,
Our myriad brave lie dead with you
In Flanders fields.

Sweet be your rest! Our task is done;
The tramp of armies, boom of gun
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won!
Peace to your souls! The victory's won
In Flanders fields.

THE CONCLUSION

BY W. A. GETTY

Written during the Peace Conference, the fourth of this series of verse reflects the calm that follows war and proclaims that the dead have not died in vain. It glimpses in optimistic prophecy the near approach of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

In Flanders fields the poppies nod,
Bowing in gratitude to God
Because the soil in which they grow,
Between the crosses—row on row,
Is holy ground—is sacred sod—
Whose ev'ry sacrificial clod
Is sanctified by heroes' blood.
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, brave souls, in honored tomb!
The lark's new song, dispelling gloom,
In purer accents doth proclaim
That Justice, Peace and Truth shall reign
Because you sleep 'neath poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

LAND OF MINE*

BY LILIAN BELL

When the eagle, sternly gazing,
Saw the war torch fiercely blazing,
Then he sounded forth his call,
Crying out to one and all
That autocracy must fall,
Land of mine!

At his call we gave our treasure,
Men and money without measure.
Olive drab and navy blue,
Mile on mile marched into view!—
Service flags for me—for you!—
Land of mine!

Gave we sons and gave we daughters,
Fearless of mine-laden waters,
Bridge of boats across the sea,
With Old Glory flying free!—
Our beloved we gave to thee,
Land of mine!

Well we knew what we were giving,
Years of thy traditions' living!
Eager nations read the scroll,
Stout of heart and clean of soul,
Standard bearers of the whole
Land of mine!

"Sound retreat?" Uncomprehending!
"Forward march!" Foe lines are bending!
On our strength a city leans—
"Fire at will!" Through shifting scenes
Hear the shouts of our Marines,
Land of mine!

Never can their deeds of glory
E're be told in song or story!
Sailors in an icy sea,
Cheering mates courageously
In the dark, that hope might be!
Land of mine!

Flying men! To fear a stranger,
Seeking foe and courting danger!
Kin of clouds and windy spaces,
Brothers of sky paths and places,
Sons of eagles—OUR aces!
Land of mine!

Never ending, marching, *singing*,
Khaki-clad, our lines went swinging!
Where the foeman's emblem flew,
Up *our* flag—red, white, and blue!—
This the goal they kept in view,
Land of mine!

O'er the graves of those who sleep,
Nobly dead, we dare not weep!
On their faith in us depending,
Theirs the pride to die, defending!
For them, praise and prayers are blending,
Land of mine!

Now to thee the world is turning,
Haply thy ideals discerning.
Smaller peoples look to thee,
Struggling bravely to be free,
Refuge, savior shalt thou be,
Land of mine!

Mounting as on eagle pinion,
Thou hast kept thy free dominion!
Soon shall all the nations be
Schools of thy democracy—
Give we thanks to God for thee!
LAND OF MINE!

*Used by courtesy of the author and of *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG*

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe

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The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

MY DADDY:*

BY CHARLES EMERY RHOADES

Dear Lord, my daddy went away
Across the sea to fight.
It's awful lonesome round the house,
And mother cries all night.

And when I go across the street
To play with Cousin Joe,
I don't enjoy myself at all,
I miss my daddy so.

We have a flag with one bright star,
And when I'm out at play
The people touch their hats to me
And turn their heads away.

And mother says that daddy's in
A land all bright and fair,
And if we'll just be good, some day
We'll go and find him there.

And mother told me something else,
That seems to me so queer;
That daddy's uniform is white—
'Twas brown when he was here.

And so, dear Lord, just make us good,
And help us find the way
To daddy's house among the stars;
And may we start to-day?

*From *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE NEW PATRIOTISM*

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

It isn't enough on the Fourth of July
To send up a rocket to break in the sky;
It isn't enough, as we've all come to know,
To hang out Old Glory and make a big show.
To stand up and cheer
For the Flag once a year
Is all very well in its limited way,
But what we must do
For the Red, White and Blue
Is love it and honor it day after day.

It isn't enough on the Fourth of July
To take off your hat as the Flag's passing by,
Or stand when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played
And cheer as the soldiers go past in parade.
It is all very well
Your devotion to tell
On the Fourth of July by a brilliant display,
But the Flag that you love
As it ripples above
Needs something of service from you every day.

The test of your love's not the Fourth of July,
Or the cost of the rockets you send to the sky;
It isn't the way you act once a year,
Or the flags you display or the speeches you cheer.
Though you may be correct
In the outward respect
Which on certain occasions you publicly pay,
The proof of your love
For Old Glory above
Is the service you give to her, day after day.

Time was that the Flag asked but little from us,
Men could satisfied be with their holiday fuss,
But the Motherland now needs our strength and our prayer,
We must love and protect her and give her our care.
For all we hold dear
Every day in the year,
We must guard against all who would bring her to shame;
We must teach men the worth
Of the best land on earth,
We must live for her glory and work for her fame.

*Copyright by Edgar A. Guest; courtesy of *The American Boy.*

CHRISTMAS SNOW

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

The air is full of frozen flowers;
The snow, the snow is falling,
And all the voices of the north
Upon the winds are calling.
Come, high winds, low winds, sing across the snowing
Swells and falls and dying lulls and wild breath blowing!

Weird realm of wonder and of awe,
With ice-fields darkly crashing,
Where cohorts of the cold go forth,
With great auroras flashing,
Your high winds, low winds, blow across the meadows,
Blow, with all your bitter will, with all your eery shadows.

Blow, you dark north, o'er hill and dale,
With many a mile of drifting,
From dawn till purple twilight blow,
Swift, swift your silver sifting,—
Yet sweet world, yet glad world, despite the stormy singing,
The heart of all the earth is warm while Christmas bells are ringing!

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Sleep, baby, sleep! The mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar,
Ere dawn came, guided by the star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing:
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY ALFRED DOMMETT

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given:
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Summer, 1865)

BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL

Dead is the roll of the drums,
And the distant thunders die.
They fade in the far-off sky;
And a lovely summer comes,
Like the smile of Him on high.
. . . . . .

How the tall white daisies grow,
Where the grim artillery rolled!
(Was it only a moon ago?
It seems a century old,)—

And the bee hums in the clover,
As the pleasant June comes on;
Aye, the wars are all over,—
But our good Father is gone.

There was tumbling of traitor fort,
Flaming of traitor fleet—
Lighting of city and port,
Clasping in square and street.

There was thunder of mine and gun,
Cheering by mast and tent,—
When—his dread work all done,—
And his high fame full won—
Died the Good President.
. . . . . .

And our boys had fondly thought,
To-day, in marching by,
From the ground so dearly bought,
And the fields so bravely fought,
To have met their Father's eye.

But they may not see him in place
Nor their ranks be seen of him;
We look for the well-known face,
And the splendor is strangely dim.

Perished?—who was it said
Our Leader had passed away?
Dead? Our President dead?
He has not died for a day!

We mourn for a little breath
Such as, late or soon, dust yields;
But the Dark Flower of Death
Blooms in the fadeless fields.

We looked on a cold, still brow,
But Lincoln could yet survive;
He never was more alive,
Never nearer than now.

For the pleasant season found him,
Guarded by faithful hands,
In the fairest of Summer Lands;
With his own brave Staff around him,
There our President stands.

There they are all at his side,
The noble hearts and true,
That did all men might do—
Then slept, with their swords, and died.
. . . . . .

CONCORD HYMN *

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

* Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

TWO DECORATION DAY ODES

I

BY HENRY TIMROD, SOUTH CAROLINA

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years,
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

II

BY THEODORE P. COOK, NEW YORK

THEY sleep so calm and stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
It scarcely seems that lately
They trod the fields blood-red,
With fearless tread.

They marched, and never halted,
They scaled the parapet.
The triple line assaulted,
And paid without regret
The final debt.

The debt of slow accruing
A guilty nation made,
The debt of evil-doing,
Of justice long delayed,
'Twas this they paid.

On fields where strife held riot,
And slaughter fed his hounds,
Where came no sense of quiet,
Nor any gentle sounds,
They made their rounds.

They wrought without repining,
Till, weary watches o'er,
They passed the bounds confining
Our green, familiar shore
For evermore.

And now they sleep so stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
So calmly and sedately
They rest, that once I said,
"These men are dead.

"They know not what sweet duty
We come each year to pay,
Nor heed the blooms of beauty,
The garland gifts of May,
Strewn here to-day.

"The night-time and the day-time,
The rise and set of sun,
The winter and the May-time,
To them whose work is done
Are all as one."

Then o'er mine eyes there floated
A vision of the Land
Where their brave souls, promoted
To Heaven's own armies, stand
At God's right hand.

From out the mighty distance
I seemed to see them gaze
Back on their old existence,
Back on the battle blaze
Of war's dread days.

"The flowers shall fade and perish
(In larger faith, spake I),
But these dear names we cherish
Are written in the sky,
And can not die."

THE WAY TO GLORY

From the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington"

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

NOT once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:

He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldiers firm, the statesmen pure:

Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

DIRGE *

For One Who Fell in Battle

BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

Room for a soldier! Lay him in clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once lover:
  Where the rain may rain upon it,
  Where the sun may shine upon it,
  Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
  And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
  Make his mound with sunshine on it,
  Where the bee will dine upon it,
  Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
  And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow upon my soldier's pillow over:
  Where the rain may rain upon it,
  Where the sun may shine upon it,
  Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
  And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
  Make his mound with sunshine on it,
  Plant the lordly pine upon it,
  Where the moon may stream upon it,
  And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
  Long as the sun doth shine upon it
  Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
  Long as the stars do gleam upon it
  Shall memory come to dream upon it.

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

* Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY*

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The mourning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

*The women of Columbus, Miss., strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the Federal soldiers.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY*

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON

"And now," said the Governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings
And covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises,
Because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
Be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford
(By the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people),
Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power,
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November,
Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

*By permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty,
And the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage,
And kept him from wrack and wrong.
And unto our feast the Sachem
Shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit,
Who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters,
There is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen take your tackle
And scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
Your delicate crafts employ,
To honor our first Thanksgiving
And make it a feast of joy.

"We fail of the fruits and dainties,
We fail of the old home cheer—
Ah, these are the lightest losses,
Mayhap, that befall us here.
But see, in our open clearing
How golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices,
And give us the pumpkin pie."

So, bravely the preparations
Went on for the autumn feast,
The deer and the bear were slaughtered;
Wild game, from the greatest to least,
Was heaped in the colony cabins;
Brown home-brew served for wine,
And the plum and grape of the forest
For orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
Rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
Who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster,
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford;
Men, matrons, and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers,
With corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness
Had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish
O'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem,
Sate down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches
Of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest,
With a blow on his brawny chest
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
Loves his white children best!"

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

FULL knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the Church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS*

BY EUGENE FIELD

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill.
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

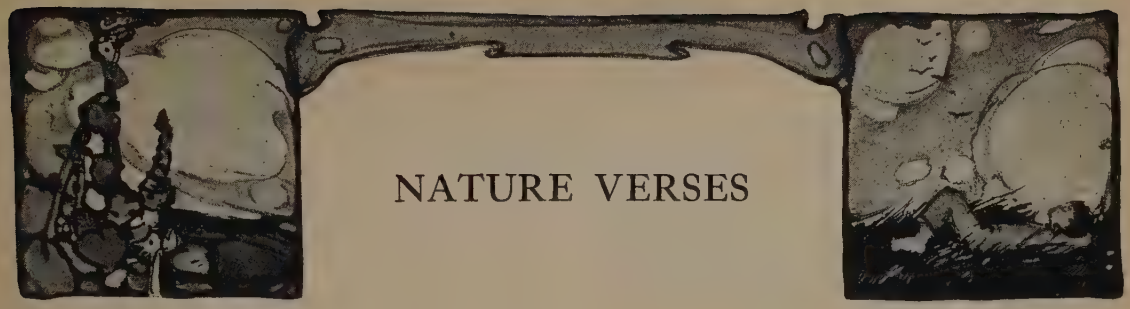
Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride,
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler: "O, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Ile,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes:
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

*From "The Poems of Eugene Field"; copyright, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



NATURE VERSES

TWO SKIES*

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

A sky above, a sky below,
Round my boat, I'm drifting so,
Hanging, drifting, two between,
Swaying like the living green.

The sky above is blue, and high—
I cannot reach it though I try;
My sky below is sweeter far—
A water-lily is its star.

And I shall trail my hand outside,
And touch my near sky as I ride,
Touch the lily, friendlier far,
Than ever can be the high proud star.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

BY SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried Abide, abide,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth
brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

* From "For Days and Days," by Annette Wynne, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; used by permission of the publishers.

FROM A PAINTING BY ISABEL WHITNEY

THE LITTLE WINDS

BY MURIEL F. WATSON

Lo! night came down and curtained half the world,
And all the tired young winds went wandering
Among the hills for rest, and found it not.
For the earth was all in dreams, and Nature's arms
Too full of sleeping things could hold no more—
The valleys all their slumbering pearls of mist,
The plains their long-winged shadows, and the hills
On their warm breasts the snows unconscious held.
And everywhere the sigh of sighs went forth:
"No room! No room!"

Then turned they to the skies
In tears—the little winds—the fair-curled South,
The brown-haired East, the West with ruddy locks,
And the dark little North with serious eyes—
All in their tears of utter weariness—
And winged their drowsy flight up the steep blue,
And found the pitiful stars with outstretched arms,
And into them crept to be comforted,
And hid their faces in their shining laps,
And sobbed themselves to sleep in God's dear heaven.

SEA FEVER *

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the brown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

SONG OF THE BROOK

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

* From "Salt Water Ballads," by John Masefield, published by the Macmillan Company, New York; used by permission of the publishers.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,

Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch-Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the Birch-tree,
All the toughness of the Cedar,
All the Larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his armpits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

DAY*

BY EMILY DICKINSON

I'LL tell you how the sun rose—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

. . . . .

But how he set, I know not:
There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while;

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

THE CLOUD

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits:
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls by fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

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UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG*

BY JAMES D. EDGAR

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,—
The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the campfire's blaze

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whippoorwill;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

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DAFFODILS

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST

(*From "Evangeline," Introduction*)

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?

BEFORE THE RAIN

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree!
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the Line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

On turning one down with the plow in April, 1786

BY ROBERT BURNS

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink;
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

BY SARAH ROBERTS

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the agèd poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SONG: ON MAY MORNING

BY JOHN MILTON

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE EAGLE

A fragment

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE WHITETHROAT*

BY THEODORE HARDING RAND

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleaves our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada."
O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part! . . .

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown. . . . .

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear:
"I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada."

*From "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse"; used by special permission.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

TO A WATERFOWL

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

(*Described in "Rhymes for the Nursery"*)

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so, I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.
From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,
Through the meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and winkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

A SONG OF SEASONS

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

Sing a song of Springtime!
Catkins by the brook,
Adder's tongues uncounted,
Ferns in every nook;
The cataract on the hillside
Leaping like a fawn;
Sing a song of Springtime—
Ah, but Springtime's gone!

Sing a song of Summer!
Flowers among the grass,

Clouds like fairy frigates,
  Pools like looking-glass,
Moonlight through the branches,
  Voices on the lawn;
Sing a song of summer—
  Ah, but Summer's gone!

Sing a song of Autumn!
  Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine's crimson clusters
  Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness,
  Frosted fields at dawn;
Sing a song of Autumn—
  Ah, but Autumn's gone!

Sing a song of Winter!
  North-wind's bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
  Kindness and good will,
Hemlock in the churches,
  Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of Winter—
  Ah, but Winter's gone!

Sing a song of loving!
  Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
  Under sun or snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
  Nor the dying day;
Sing a song of loving—
  That will last for aye!

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim,
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine:
"The Hand that made us is divine."

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

(From "The Vision of Sir Launfal")

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

What is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;

Photo by H. Armstrong Robert.

WARM WEATHER FUN

The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

RAIN IN SUMMER

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and for more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,

And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east-wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course, we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too. . . .
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

*From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley; copyright 1913; used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FRIENDS OUT OF DOORS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

May I be a friend to all the trees,
To birds and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep, to things that hide
Through all the teeming countryside;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all the playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills,
And with the laughing mountain rills;

With summer skies and winter snows;
With every kind of breeze that blows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain;
The tempest and the falling rain.
If I were thus what need had I
To fear Death's solemn mystery
That takes me from the world's alarms
And lays me in earth's loving arms?

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

They say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God, and why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold;
Though, from Him, all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

THE BABY

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year and a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

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BE STRONG

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

Be strong
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil,—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

A FAREWELL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG*

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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OLD GRIMES

BY ALBERT G. GREENE

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,

But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

BY ROBERT BURNS

Is THERE, for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that!

ONE BY ONE

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A PSALM OF LIFE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LABOR

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the gold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is risen.

'Labor is worship!" the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insects, the rich coral bower:
Only man in the plan ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

GRADATIM

BY JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain,
  By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light;
  But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
  We may borrow the wings to find the way—
  We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
  But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

THE LOST SHEEP

("The Ninety and Nine")

BY ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
  In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
  Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
  Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis one of mine
  Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
  How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
      through
  Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
  That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
  Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
  And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
  "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
      Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
      Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
      Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
      Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
      Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
      The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

HE PRAYETH BEST

BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

FAREWELL, farewell! but this I tell
  To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things, both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

BURIAL OF MOSES

BY CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."—*Deuteronomy XXXIV* 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his glorious pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

THE ANGELS' SONG

BY EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife.
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

TO MY SON

BY MARGARET JOHNSON GRAFFLIN

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "mother" by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me;
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaped as she sowed; lo! this is her son."

ABOU BEN ADHEM

BY LEIGH HUNT

Abou ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The name of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

WORK

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

THE NEW YEAR

(From "In Memoriam," CV)

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;

The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE BOY'S HYMN

Air: DeKoven's "Recessional"

God of our boyhood, whom we yield
The tribute of our youthful praise,
Upon the well-contested field,
And 'mid the glory of these days,
God of our youth, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Sturdy of limb, with bounding health,
Eager to play the hero's part,
Grant to us each that greater wealth—
An undefiled and loyal heart.
God of our youth, be Thou our might,
To do the right, to do the right!

When from the field of mimic strife,
Of strength with strength, and speed with speed
We face the sterner fights of life,
As still our strength in time of need.
God of our youth, be with us then,
And make us men, and make us men!

MAIDENHOOD

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!
Care and age comes unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

A WAYFARING SONG

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again.

HOW DID YOU DIE?*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

DID you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you bolted the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

*From "Impertinent Poems"; copyright, 1907, by Dodge Publishing Company.

THE DAY IS DONE

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

CROSSING THE BAR

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

L'ENVOI

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN earth's last picture is painted, and the Tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are.

IN SCHOOLDAYS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

LITTLE MOCCASINS*

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

Come out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the snow!
Come out, O tiny beaded feet, and twinkle in the light!
I'll play the old Red River reel, you used to love it so:
Awake, O Little Moccasins, and dance for me to-night!

Your hair was all a gleamy gold, your eyes a cornflower blue;
Your cheeks were pink as tinted shells, you stepped light as a fawn;
Your mouth was like a coral bud, with seed pearls peeping through;
As gladdening as Spring you were, as radiant as dawn.

Come out, O Little Moccasins! I'll play so soft and low,
The songs you loved, the old heart songs that in my mem'ry ring;

*From "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone"; copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Reprinted by permission.

O child, I want to hear you now beside the campfire glow!
With all your heart a-throbbing in the simple words you sing.

For there was only you and I, and you were all to me;
And round us were the barren lands, but little did we fear;
Of all God's happy, happy folks the happiest were we. . . .
(Oh, call her, poor old fiddle mine, and maybe she will hear!)

Your mother was a half-breed Cree, but you were white all through;
And I, your father was—but well, that's neither here nor there;
I only know, my little Queen, that all my world was you,
And now that world can end to-night, and I will never care.

For there's a tiny wooden cross that pricks up through the snow:
(Poor Little Moccasins! you're tired, and so you lie at rest.)
And there's a gray-haired, weary man beside the campfire glow;
O fiddle mine! the tears to-night are drumming on your breast.

THE LAST LEAF

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin,
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

THE LAST LEAF

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of great hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil.
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

OUR TWO OPINIONS*

BY EUGENE FIELD

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,—
  Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what't wuz about,
  Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
  A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
  Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
  A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
  F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
  'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

*From "The Poems of Eugene Field"; copyright, 1910, by Julia Sutherland Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night,
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim, —
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE*

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

In the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and clear,
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say good-by to fear;
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of the trail—
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as "fail"—
Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's top-turrets freeze,
Half round the world, if need there be, on bleeding hands and knees.
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual saith;
The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to the death."
And so they sweep the solitudes, free men from all the earth;
And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that know their worth;
And so they scour the startled plains and mock at hurt and pain,
And read their Crimson Manual, and find their duty plain.

Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the frontier's need,
Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the deed;

Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players of the game,
Props of the power behind the throne, upholders of the name:
For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In all my lands be peace,"
And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet Police.

Livid-lipped was the valley, still as grave of God;
Misty shadows of mountain thinned into mists of cloud;
Corpselike and stark was the land, with a quiet that crushed and awed,
And the stars of the weird sub-arctic glimmered over its shroud.

Deep in the trench of the valley two men stationed the Post,
Seymour and Clancy the reckless, fresh from the long patrol;
Seymour, the sergeant, and Clancy—Clancy who made his boast
He could cinch like a broncho the Northland, and cling to the prongs of the Pole.

Two lone men on detachment, standing for law on the trail;
Undismayed in the vastness, wise with the wisdom of old—
Out of the night hailed a half-breed telling a pitiful tale,
"White man starving and crazy on the banks of the Nordenscold."

Up sprang the red-haired Clancy, lean and eager of eye;
Loaded the long toboggan, strapped each dog at its post;
Whirled his lash at the leader; then, with a whoop and a cry,
Into the Great White Silence faded away like a ghost.

The clouds were a misty shadow, the hills were a shadowy mist;
Sunless, voiceless, and pulseless, the day was a dream of woe;
Through the ice-rifts the river smoked and bubbled and hissed;
Behind was a trail fresh broken, in front the untrodden snow.

*From "Ballads of a Cheechako"; copyright, 1909, by Barse & Hopkins, Newark, N. J.; used by special permission.

Ahead of the dogs plowed Clancy, haloed by steaming breath;
Through peril of open water, through ache of insensate cold;
Up rivers wantonly winding in a land affianced to death,
Till he came to a cowering cabin on the banks of the Nordenscold.

Then Clancy loosed his revolver, and he strode through the open door;
And there was the man he sought for, crouching beside the fire;
The hair of his beard was singeing, the frost on his back was hoar,
And ever he crooned and chanted as if he never would tire:—

"I panned and I panned in the shiny sand, and I sniped on the river bar;
But I know, I know, that it's down below that the golden treasures are;
So I'll wait and wait till the floods abate, and I'll sink a shaft once more,
And I'd like to bet that I'll go home yet with a brass band playing before."

He was nigh as thin as a sliver, and he whined like a moose-hide cur;
So Clancy clothed him and nursed him as a mother nurses a child;
Lifted him on the toboggan, wrapped him in robes of fur,
Then with the dogs sore straining started to face the Wild.

Said the Wild, "I will crush this Clancy, so fearless and insolent;
For him will I loose my fury, and blind and buffet and beat;
Pile up my snows to stay him; then when his strength is spent,
Leap on him from my ambush and crush him under my feet.

"Him will I ring with my silence, compass him with my cold;
Closer and closer clutch him unto mine icy breast;
Buffet him with my blizzards, deep in my snows enfold,
Claiming his life as my tribute, giving my wolves the rest."

Clancy crawled through the vastness; o'er him the hate of the Wild;
Full on his face fell the blizzard; cheering his huskies he ran;
Fighting, fierce-hearted, and tireless, snows that drifted and piled,
With ever and ever behind him singing the crazy man.

"Sing hey, sing ho, for the ice and snow,
And a heart that's ever merry;
Let us trim and square with a lover's care
(For why should a man be sorry?)
A grave deep, deep, with a moon a-peep,
A grave in the frozen mold.
Sing hey, sing ho, for the winds that blow,
And a grave deep down in the ice and snow,
A grave in the land of gold."

Day after day of darkness, the whirl of the seething snows;
Day after day of blindness, the swoop of the stinging blast;
On through a blur of fury, the swing of staggering blows;
On through a world of turmoil, empty, inane, and vast.

Night with its writhing storm-whirl, night desparingly black,
Night with its hours of terror, numb and endlessly long;
Night with its weary waiting, fighting the shadows back,
And ever the crouching madman singing his crazy song.

Cold with its creeping terror, cold with its sudden clinch;
Cold so utter you wonder if 'twill ever again be warm;
Clancy grinned as he shuddered, "Surely it isn't a cinch
Being wet-nurse to a looney in the teeth of an arctic storm."

The blizzard passed and the dawn broke, knife-edged and crystal clear;
The sky was a blue-domed iceberg, sunshine outlawed away;
Ever by snowslide and ice-rip haunted and hovered the Fear;
Ever the Wild malignant poised and panted to slay.

The lead-dog freezes in harness—cut him out of the team!

The lung of the wheel-dog's bleeding—shoot him and let him lie!
On and on with the others—lash them until they scream!
"Pull for your lives, you devils! On! To halt is to die!"

There in the frozen vastness Clancy fought with his foes;
The ache of the stiffened fingers, the cut of the snowshoe thong;
Cheeks black-raw through the hood-flap, eyes that tingled and closed,
And ever to urge and cheer him quavered the madman's song.

Colder it grew and colder, till the last heat left the earth,
And there in the great stark stillness the bale fires glinted and gleamed,
And the Wild all around exulted and shook with a devilish mirth,
And life was far and forgotten, the ghost of a joy once dreamed.

Death! And one who defied it, a man of the Mounted Police;
Fought it there to a standstill long after hope was gone;
Grinned through his bitter anguish, fought without let or cease,
Suffering, straining, striving, stumbling, struggling on.

Till the dogs lay down in their traces, and rose and staggered and fell;
Till the eyes of him dimmed with shadows, and the trail was so hard to see;
Till the Wild howled out triumphant, and the world was a frozen hell—
Then said Constable Clancy: "I guess that it's up to me."
Far down the trail they saw him, and his hands they were blanched like bone;
His face was a blackened horror, from his eyelids the salt rheum ran;
His feet he was lifting strangely, as if they were made of stone,
But safe in his arms and sleeping he carried the crazy man.

So Clancy got into Barracks, and the boys made rather a scene;
And the O. C. called him a hero, and was nice as a man could be;
But Clancy gazed down his trousers at the place where his toes had been,
And then he howled like a husky, and sang in a shaky key:

"When I go back to the old love that's true to the finger-tips,
I'll say: 'Here's bushels of gold, love,' and I'll kiss my girl on the lips;
'It's yours to have and to hold, love.' It's the proud, proud boy I'll be,
When I go back to the old love that's waited so long for me."

CASABIANCA*

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

*Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion on the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
  The boy—oh, where was *he?*
Ask of the winds, that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea—

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
  Was that young, faithful heart.

FAIR INES

BY THOMAS HOOD

O saw ye not fair Ines?
  She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
  And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
  The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
  And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
  Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
  And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
  That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
  I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
  That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
  And whiper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
  Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
  The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
  Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
  And banners wav'd before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
  And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
  —If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
  She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
  And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
  But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
  To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
  That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
  Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea
  And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
  Has broken many more.

MAUD MULLER

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune,

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-morn hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug.

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.
The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume from the blossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to:

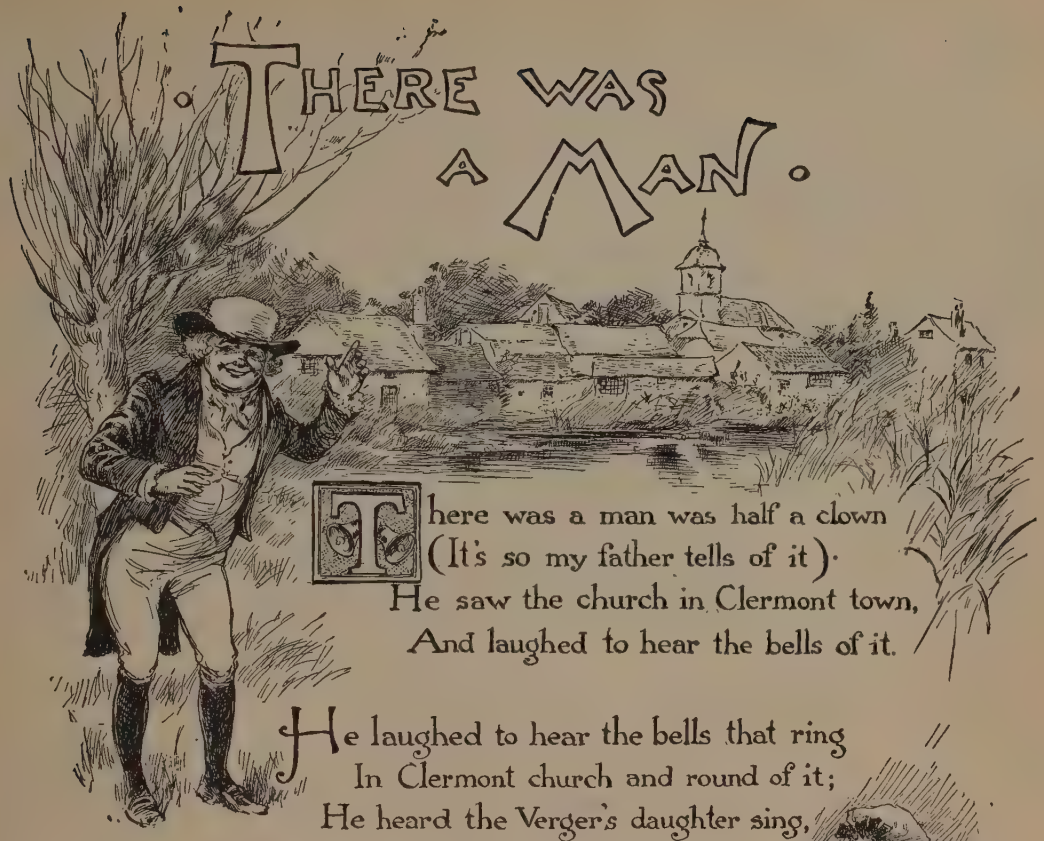
When we should live together in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine:

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

* * * * * * * *

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

There was a Man.



There was a man was half a clown
(It's so my father tells of it).
He saw the church in Clermont town,
And laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
In Clermont church and round of it;
He heard the Verger's daughter sing,
And loved her for the sound of it.

The Verger's daughter said him nay
(She had the right of choice in it);
He left the place at break of day—
He had'nt had a voice in it.

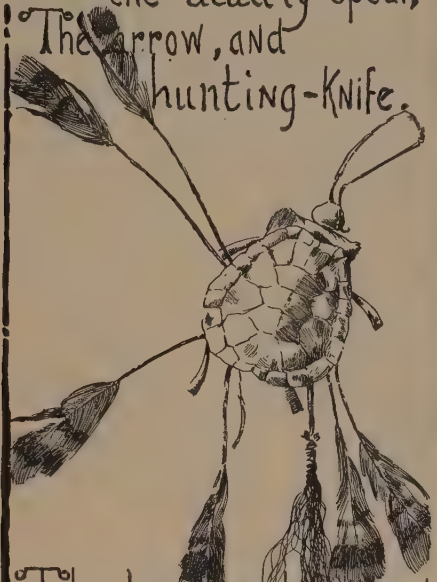
The road went up, the road went down,
And there the matter ended it;
He broke his heart in Clermont town.—
At Pontgibaud they mended it.

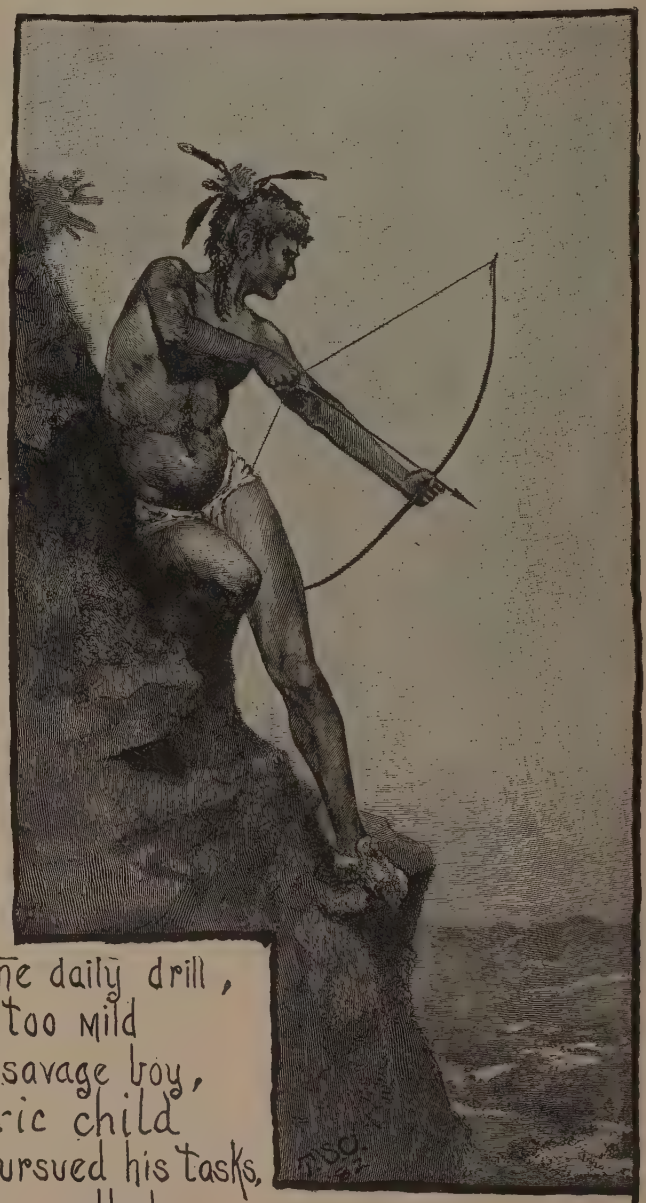
THE INDIAN BOY AT SCHOOL

They brought him away from his prairie home,
From his comrades so wild and free
From the games and sports that were his delight,
And the plains where he longed to be,
For they fain would conquer his savage tastes,
And they hoped he might be beguiled—
Though an Indian boy—to follow along
In the trail of the white man's child.

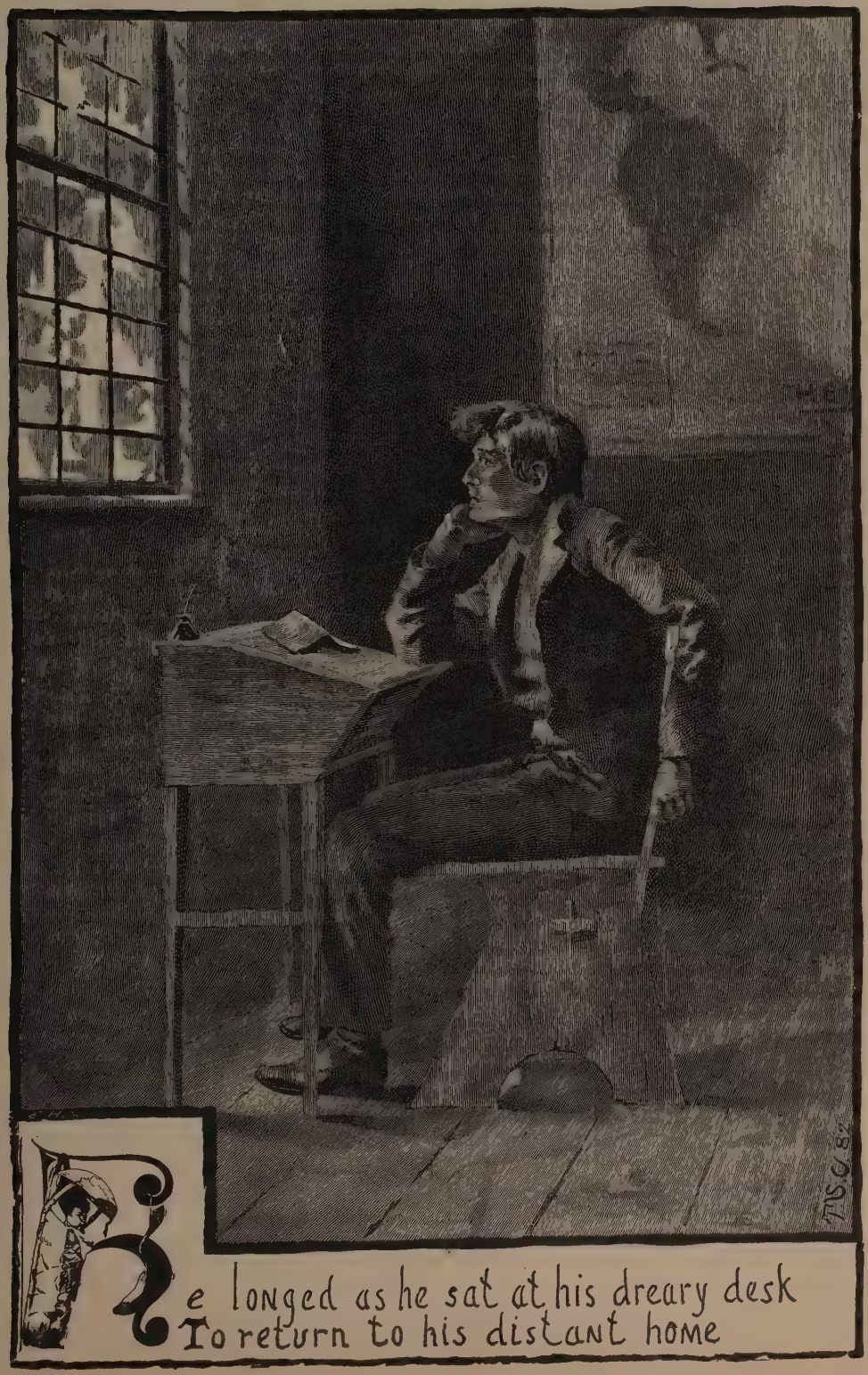
How tame to him were the quiet haunts,
And the hum of the study hour,
When he longed on his bare-backed steed away
O'er the level fields to scour,
Or to poise himself on a giddy height
Where no white man would dare to go,
And send his arrow with fatal aim
To the deer in the vale below!

His people were warriors brave and strong!
His father a Ponca chief!
And many a scalp he had thought to win
Himself, in a warlike fief;
And now as he tossed on his narrow bed
His slumbers with dreams were rife
Of the tomahawk, and the deadly spear,
The arrow, and hunting-knife.

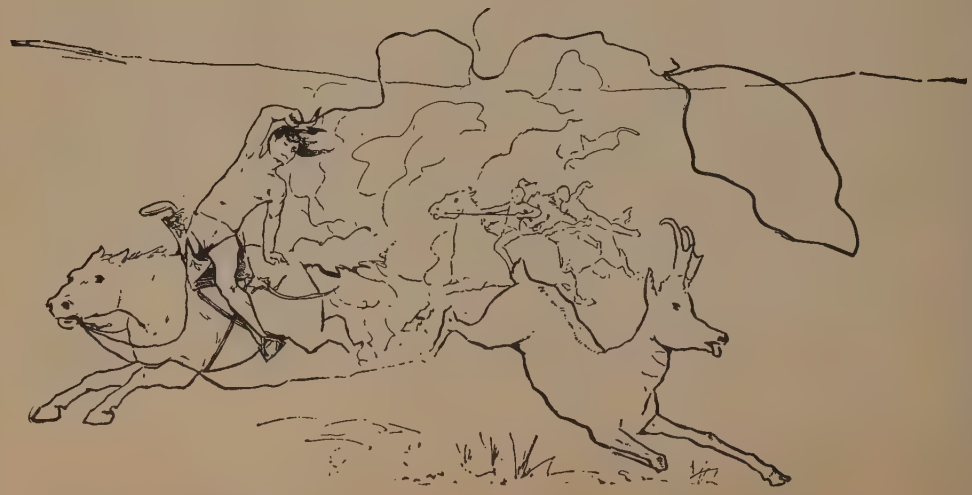


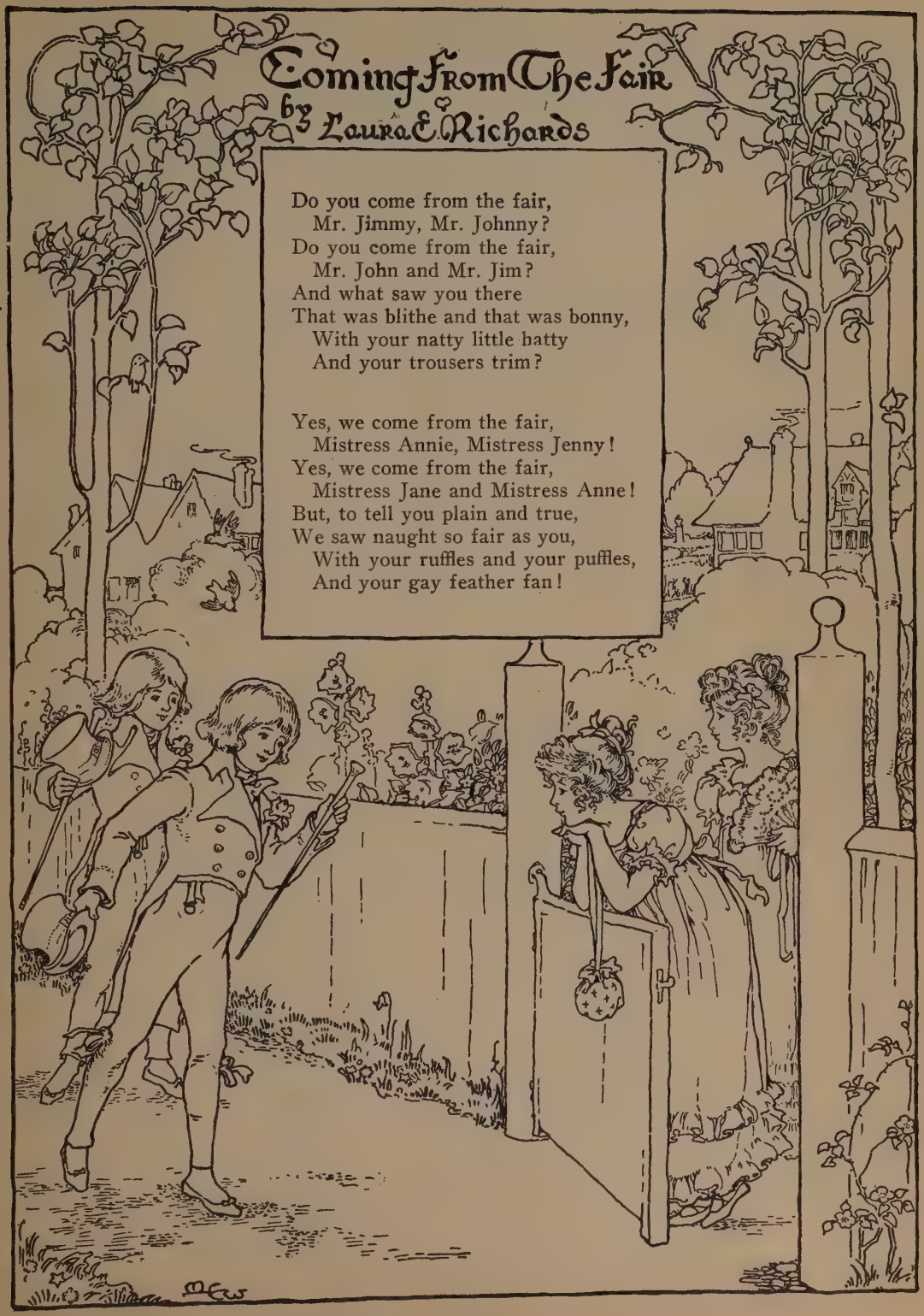


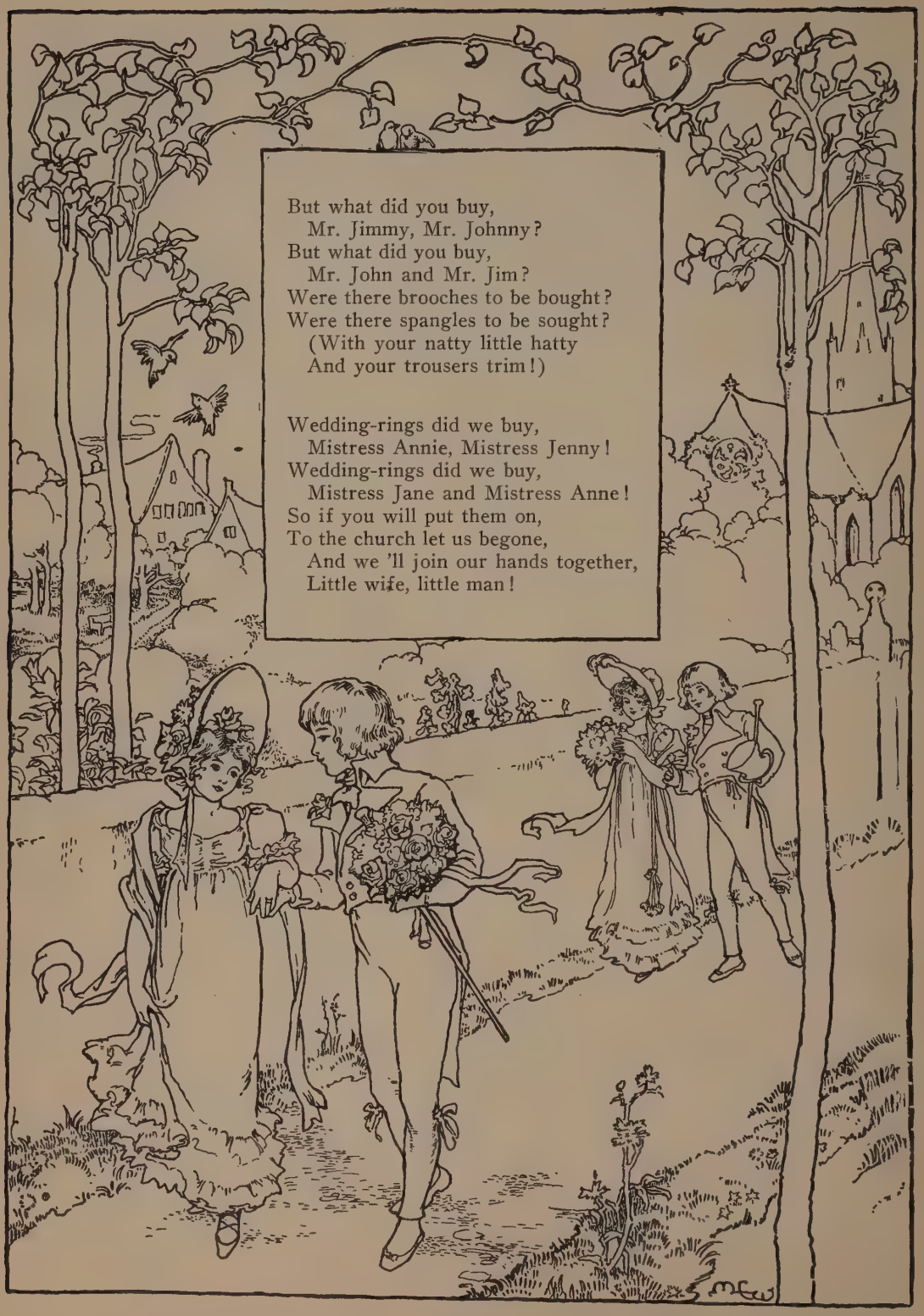
The humdrum lessons, the daily drill,
The training, were far too mild
To suit the taste of this savage boy,
This fierce and barbaric child
And though he daily pursued his tasks,
And daily his lessons spelled,
The spirit within him, still unsubdued,
Each hour at his lot rebelled.


He longed as he sat at his dreary desk
To return to his distant home

To flee from the spiritless, paleface ways
And — again a wild boy — to roam
In the pronghorn chase as in earlier years
— The years that were all too brief —
For his heart was the heart of an Indian brave
And the son of a Ponca chief.




Coming From The Fair
by Laura E. Richards
Do you come from the fair,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
Do you come from the fair,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
And what saw you there
That was blithe and that was bonny,
With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim?
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
But, to tell you plain and true,
We saw naught so fair as you,
With your ruffles and your puffles,
And your gay feather fan!


But what did you buy,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
But what did you buy,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
Were there brooches to be bought?
Were there spangles to be sought?
(With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim!)
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
So if you will put them on,
To the church let us begone,
And we 'll join our hands together,
Little wife, little man!

THE JUMBLIES

BY EDWARD LEAR

I

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

II

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

III

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

IV

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

V

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.
Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

VI

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chanky Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

SEEIN' THINGS

BY EUGENE FIELD

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me " Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seeing things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-looking at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost allus when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein's I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An' I am, oh! *so* sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an seein' things at night!

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY
OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

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THE DEACON'S ONE HOSS SHAY

FROM A PAINTING BY HOWARD PYLE

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down,* but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou,*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese.
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,

Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"
Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore.*
And yet, *as a whole,* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
He got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE

BY GELETT BURGESS

I'd never dare to walk across
A bridge I could not see;
For quite afraid of falling off,
I fear that I should be!

THE HEN

BY OLIVER HERFORD

Alas! my child, where is the pen
That can do justice to the hen?
Like royalty, she goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for public buildings, yet
For custard, cake and omelette.
Or if too old for such a use
They have their fling at some abuse,
As when to censure plays unfit
Upon the stage they make a hit,
Or at elections seal the fate
Of an obnoxious candidate.
No wonder, child, we prize the hen,
Whose egg is mightier than the pen.

THE COW

BY OLIVER HERFORD

The cow is too well known, I fear,
To need an introduction here.
If she should vanish from earth's face
It would be hard to fill her place;
For with the cow would disappear
So much that every one holds dear.
Oh, think of all the boots and shoes,
Milk punches, Gladstone bags, and stews,
And things too numerous to count,
Of which, my child, she is the fount.
Let's hope, at least, the fount may last
Until our generation's past.

THE PURPLE COW

BY GELETT BURGESS

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

MY FEET

BY GELETT BURGESS

My feet, they haul me round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them and
They ride me everywheres.

PERILS OF THINKING

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An' it should nae be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae're should speak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candlelight.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
  Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
  For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
  And syne they ate the black:
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
  Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
  "Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
  And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
  And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo
  That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
  An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
  And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

O up then started our goodwife,
  Gied three skips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word
  Get up and bar the door."

THE FROG

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
  And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin," or "Polly-wog,"
  Or likewise "Uncle James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin," or "Toad-gone-wrong,"
  Or "Billy Bandy-knees":
The frog is justly sensitive
  To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
  A treatment kind and fair,
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and, by the way,
  They are extremely rare).

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A CALL TO JOY

FROM A PAINTING BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

THE LAZY ROOF

BY GELETT BURGESS

THE roof it has a lazy time
A-lying in the sun;
The walls they have to hold him up;
They do not have much fun!

THE CHIMPANZEE

BY OLIVER HERFORD

CHILDREN, behold the Chimpanzee:
He sits on the ancestral tree
From which we sprang in ages gone.
I'm glad we sprang: had we held on,
We might, for aught that I can say,
Be horrid Chimpanzees to-day.

SOME GEESE

BY OLIVER HERFORD

EV-ER-Y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that mat-ter, nor does he.

CASEY AT THE BAT

BY JOSEPH QUINLAN MURPHY

IT LOOKED extremely rocky for the Mudville Nine that day,
The score stood four to six with but an inning left to play.
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.
A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought if only Casey could get a whack at that,
They'd put up even money with Casey at the bat.
But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake.
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.
But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,
And the much despised Blakey tore the cover off the ball,
And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.
Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountaintop and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat,
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face,
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped them on his shirt;
And while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip—
Defiance gleamed from Casey's eye—a sneer curled Casey's lip.
And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That hain't my style," said Casey—"Strike one," the umpire said.
From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone from the stand—

And it's likely they'd done it had not Casey raised
his hand.
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's
visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult and he bade the game
go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and again the spheroid
flew,
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said
"strike two."
"Fraud!" yelled the maddened thousands, and the
echo answered "Fraud,"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience
was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw
his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would not let that ball
go by again.
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips; his teeth are
clenched with hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he
lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.
Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has
"Struck Out."

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN*

BY S. W. GILLILAN

Superintindint wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages—did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
After the kyars had gone on agin,
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin again.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

. . . . . .

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'irntinded by Flannigan,
A rail give way on a bit av a curve
And some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, was Finnigin!
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

*By permission of Forbes & Company.

THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE*

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

*From "The Spell of the Yukon"; copyright, 1907, by Barse & Hopkins, Newark, N. J.; used by special permission.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'taint being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seem to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it harkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my crematoreum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; . . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.

It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the
cold and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's
the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I'M NOT a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember;
The day before, my kite string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat—
For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

My! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground,
As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter—
The earth was like a frying pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying:
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying:
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried—
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

STORY POEMS

SNOW-BOUND

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(Abridged)

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.

Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock in his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,

And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;

While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendant trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "Under the tree
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."
The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.
Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

A STORY FROM "THE GOLDEN LEGEND"

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

One morning all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest, older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix—all about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said:
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas! I do not understand!"
And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing

And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls

Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.
A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years," said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of all His creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow;
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a Monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought back to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate,
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door,
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious word are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped toward the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air.
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the kings' jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea,
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

BY THOMAS GRAY

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

SCENE OF THE IMMORTAL "ELEGY," STOKE POGES CHURCH

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,

But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow drone,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The revered champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Rassaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazzi—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he.
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye ride so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump or tree
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

"If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."

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Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats, before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and call them up.

"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer, and gear, and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray-wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from the mountain crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now, here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp, and board, and bed;
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Borderline.

"And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wondrous names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

JIM BLUDSO*

(Of the "Prairie Belle")

BY JOHN HAY

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the "Prairie Belle"?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The "Movastar" was a better boat,
But the "Belle" she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a niggar squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin,' but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chances with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

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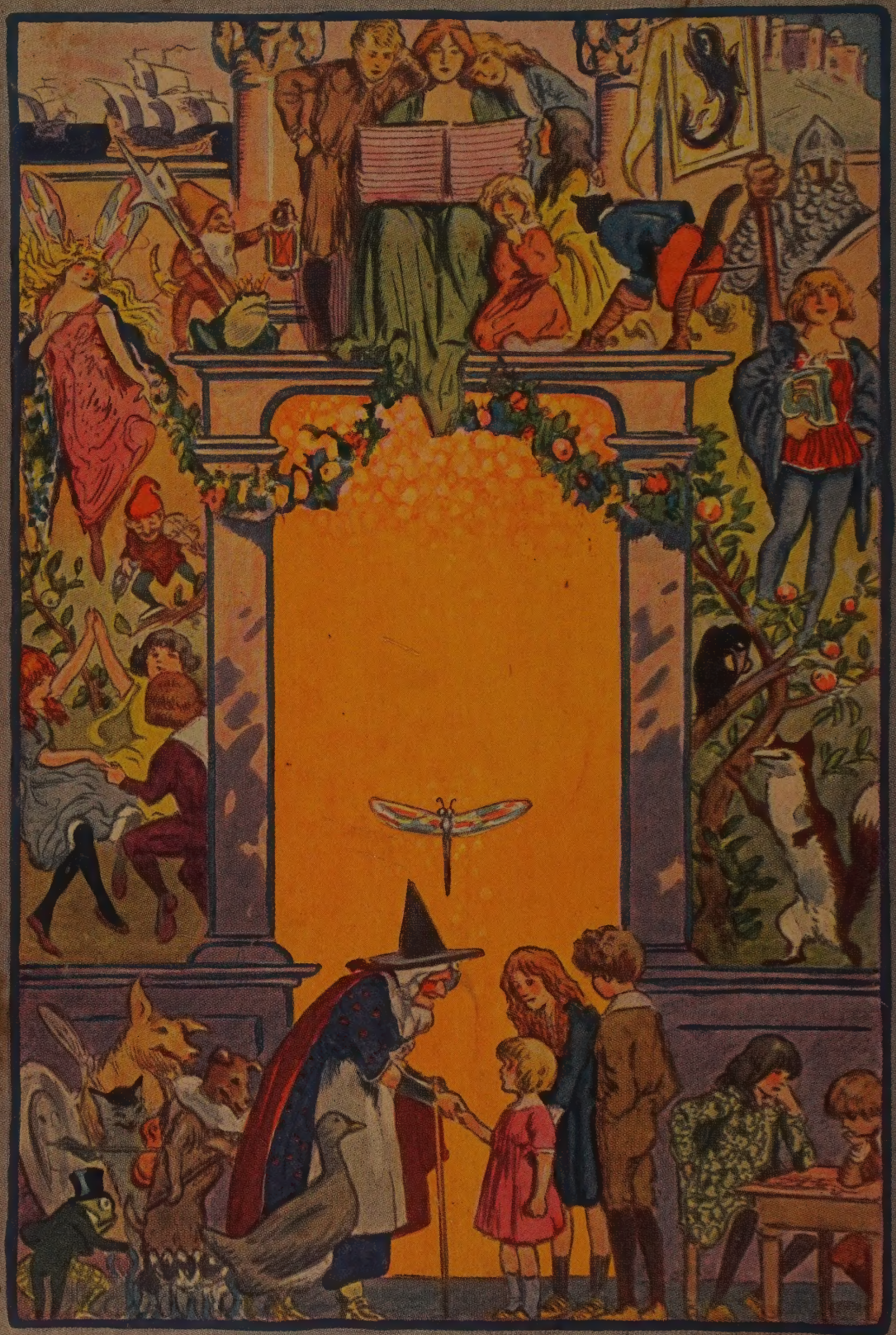

SCIENCE
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